Glen. 125.

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28*th January* 1927.

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W. RODGER
Teacher of the
BANJO AND
GUITAR
47 ST PATRICK SQUARE, EDINBURGH

Glen 125

The Musical and Vocal Cabinet

Comprising a Selection of the most Favorite

English Scotch & Irish Melodies

Arranged for the Voice, Violin Flute &c.

As Sung at the Theatres & Harmonic Meetings

LONDON.
Published by Thos Kelly 17 Paternoster Row 1820

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W. RODGER
Teacher of the
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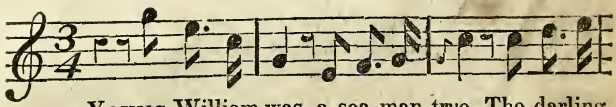
47 ST. PATRICK STREET, EDINBURGH

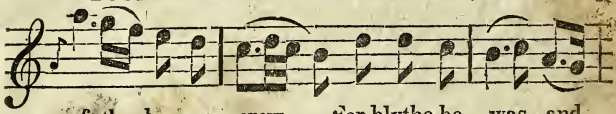
THE NEW MUSICAL AND VOCAL CABINET.

YOUNG WILLIAM.

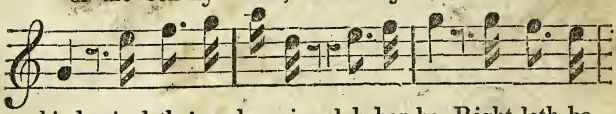
SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.



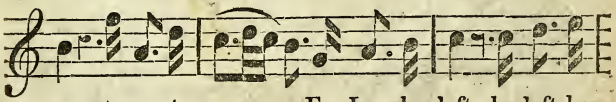
YOUNG William was a sea-man true, The darling



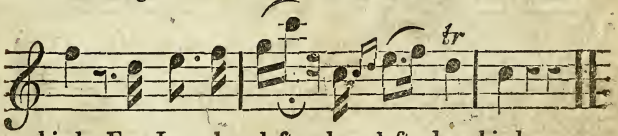
of the bon-ny crew, For blythe he was and



kind; And tho' no lag-ging lub-ber he, Right loth he



was to go to sea, - - For Jane he left, he left be-



hind, For Jane he left, he left be - hind.

2

And Jenny lov'd, but all by stealth;
Her father had much store of wealth,
Of Will he would not hear.
Till cruel chance at length reveal'd
The passion they so long conceal'd,
And William lost his dear.

3

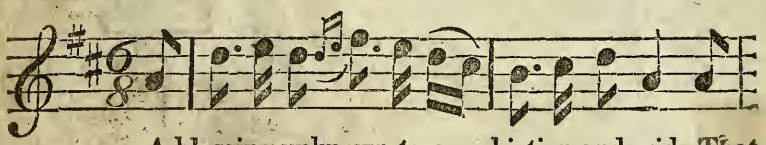
A friendly voice poor William hail'd,
A ruffian gang the youth assail'd—
'Twas done by cursed gold:
The tender for the offing stood,
The cutter skimm'd the yielding flood,
They hatch'd him in the hold.

4

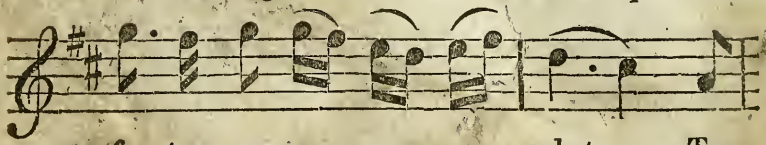
She troubled walks the beach in haste,
And troubled look'd the wat'ry waste;
And by the floating wave
A corpse was wash'd upon the shore—
'Twas William! and with tears they bore
Two lovers to the grave.

THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE.

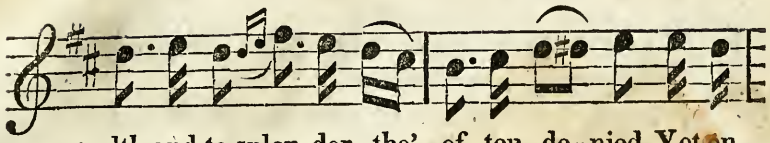
SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON, COMPOSED BY MR. REEVE.

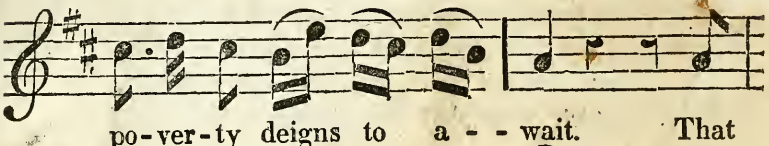


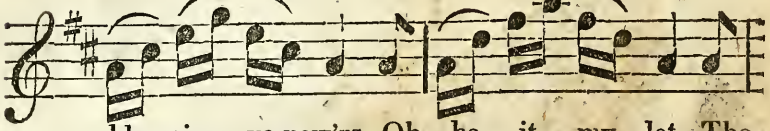
A blessing unknown to am - bi-tion and pride, That

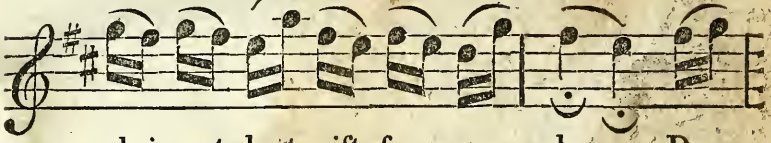


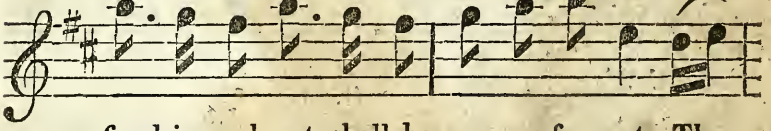
for - tune can ne - ver a - - bate; To

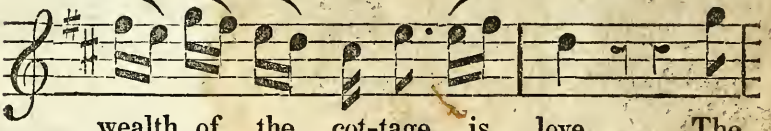

wealth and to splen-dor tho' of-ten de-nied, Yet on

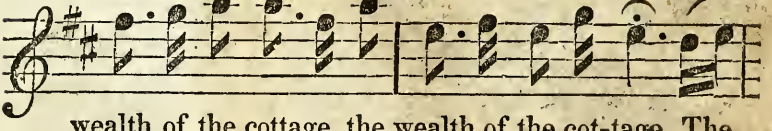

po-ver-ty deigns to a - - wait. That

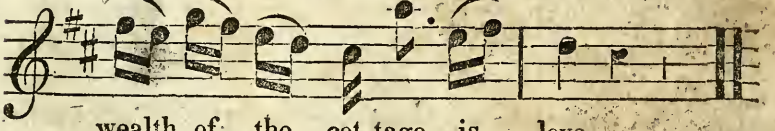

bles-sing, ye pow'rs, Oh, be it my lot, The


choi-cest best gift from a - - bove; Deep


fixed in my heart, shall be ne-ver for-got, The


wealth of the cot-tage is love, The

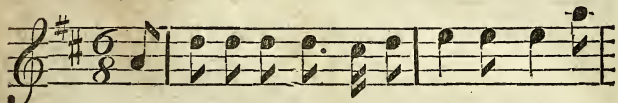

wealth of the cottage, the wealth of the cot-tage, The


wealth of the cot-tage is love.

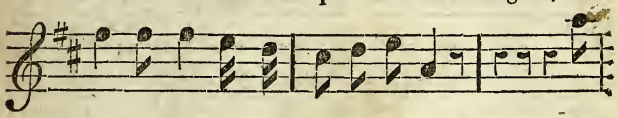
2

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine,
By poverty never distress'd;
Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine,
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
That blessing, ye pow'rs, still be it my lot,
The choicest best gifts from above;
Still fixed in my heart, shall be never forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love.

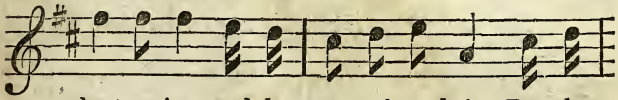
A TRAVELLER STOPP'D AT A WIDOW'S GATE.



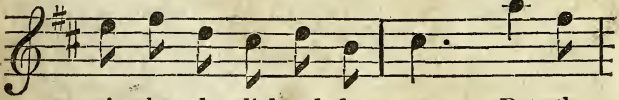
A tra-vel-ler stopt at a widow's gate; She



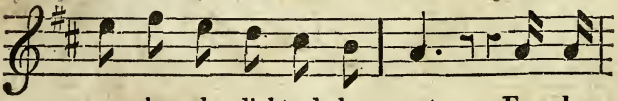
kept an inn, and he want-ed to bait, She



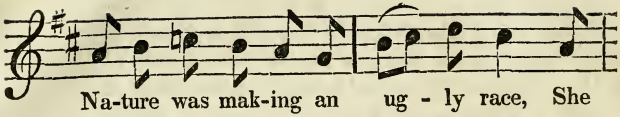
kept an inn, and he want-ed to bait; But the

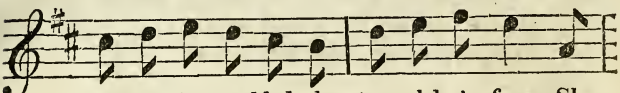


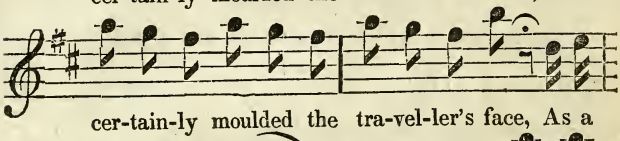
wi-dow she slight-ed her guest, But the

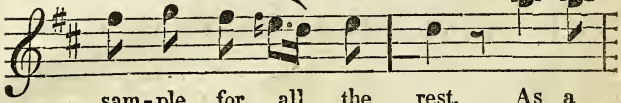


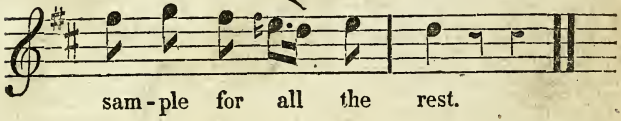
wi-dow she slight-ed her guest. For when











2

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose and the hump on his back—
A hump is'n't handsome, no doubt:
And tho' 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

3

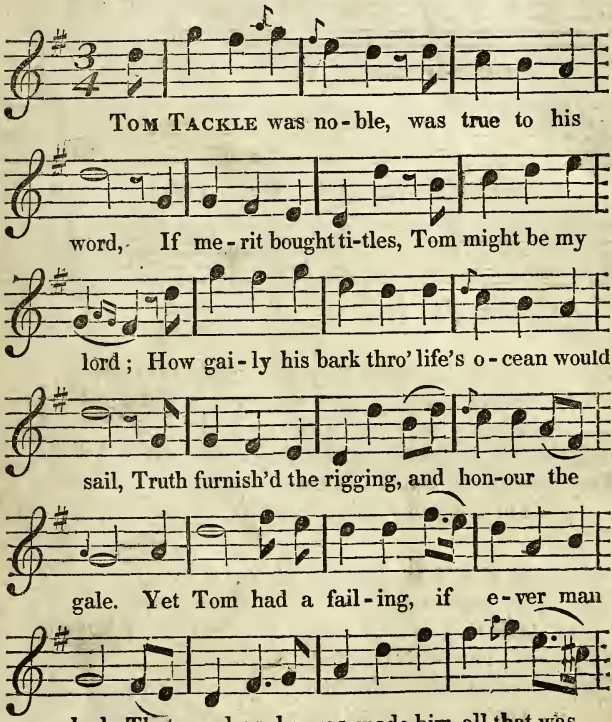
A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
Thad a wondrous effect on the widow and maid,
And they quickly grew marvellously civil.
The money immediately alter'd the case,
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and his face,
Tho' he still might have frighten'd the devil.

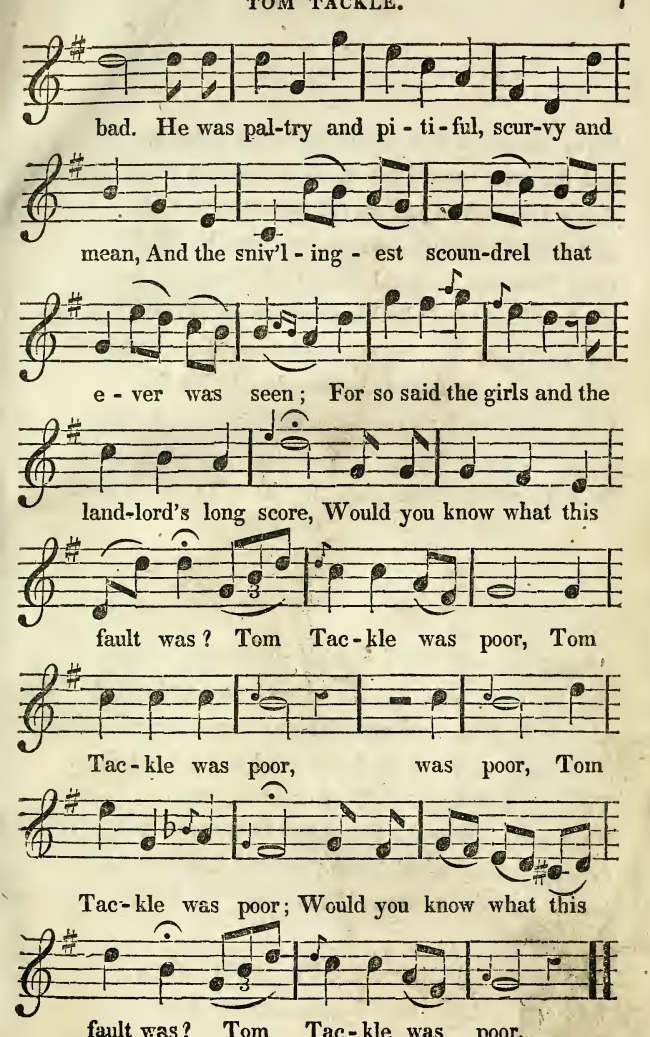
4

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
And flopp'd on his horse at the door like a sack;
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried, "Sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

TOM TACKLE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN




bad. He was pal-try and pi - ti - ful, scur-vy and
mean, And the sniv'l - ing - est scoun-drel that
e - ver was seen; For so said the girls and the
land-lord's long score, Would you know what this
fault was? Tom Tac-kle was poor, Tom
Tac-kle was poor, was poor, Tom
Tac-kle was poor; Would you know what this
fault was? Tom Tac-kle was poor.

2

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galloon,
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,
Tom a trip took to jail an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee.
Then Tom was an angel down right from heav'n sent;
While they'd hands he his goodness should never repent.
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face.
Why d'ye wonder! cried one; you're serv'd right, to be sure,
Once Tom Tackle was rich, now Tom Tackle is poor.

3

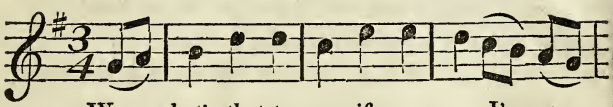
I ben't, you see, vers'd in high maxims and sitch,
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see wherefrom,
And, damme, if e'er tar had a good heart, 'twas Tom.
Yet, somehow or other, Tom never did right,
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight;
He, by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,
Sav'd the commodore's life—then he made such rare flip;
And yet for all this, no one Tom could endure,
I fancies as how, 'twas because he was poor.

4

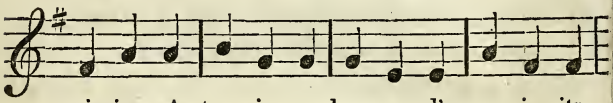
At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune that shook in the wind;
He gave him enough through life's ocean to steer,
Be the breeze what it might, steady thus or no near;
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends; and may all honest hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the door,
Just enough to be gen'rous, too much to be poor.

TRUE COURAGE.

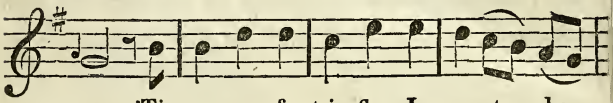
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.



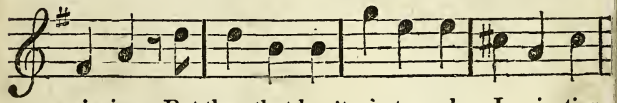
WHY, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a



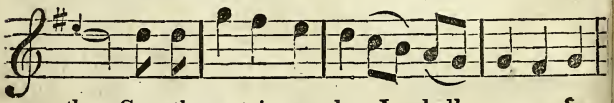
wip-ing, A tear is a plea-sure, d'ye see in its



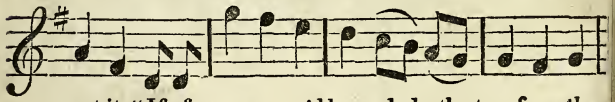
way; 'Tis nonsense for tri - fles I own to be



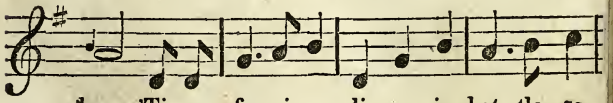
pip-ing, But they that han't pi - ty, why I pi - ties



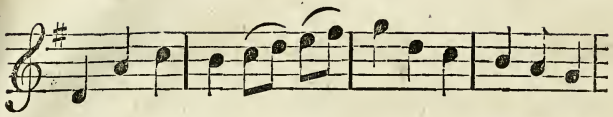
they. Says the captain, says he, I shall ne - ver for-



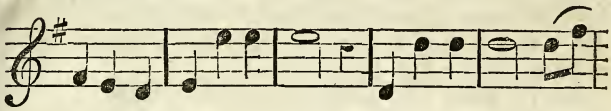
get it, "If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the



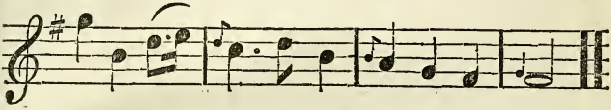
sham, 'Tis a fu - ri - ous li - on in bat - tle so



let it, a fu - ri - ous li - on in bat-tle, so



let it, But du - ty ap - peas'd, du - ty ap-peas'd, But



du - ty ap - peas'd, 'tis in mer - cy a lamb."

2

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the Old One not caring,
Helter-skelter to work, pelt away, cut and drive,
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive !
But when that he'd found an old prisoner he'd wounded,
That once sav'd his life, as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded—
He cried over him just as meek as a lamb.

3

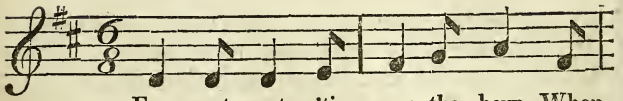
That my friend Jack or Tom I would rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all—'tis the poor wounded stranger,
And the poorer the more I should succour distress.
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy as a bugbear or flam,
Tho' the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd to a lamb

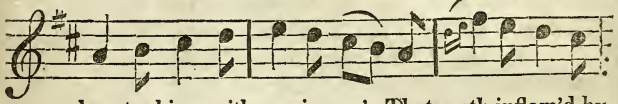
4

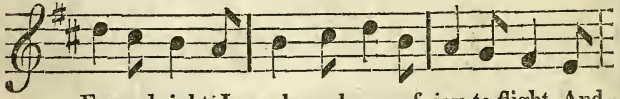
The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn;
In me let the foe find the paw of a lion,
But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

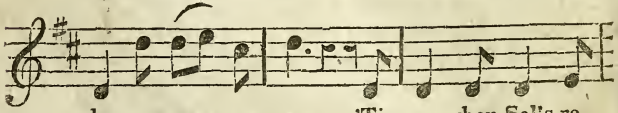
FLY NOT YET.

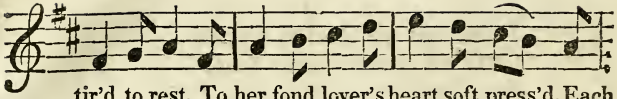
A FAVOURITE IRISH MELODY.



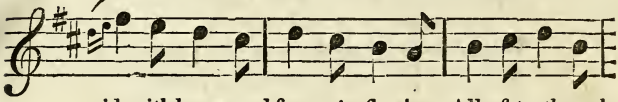




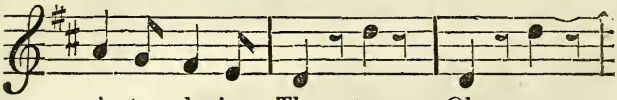




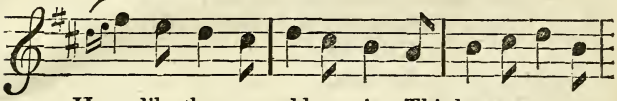
tir'd to rest, To her fond lover's heart soft press'd, Each



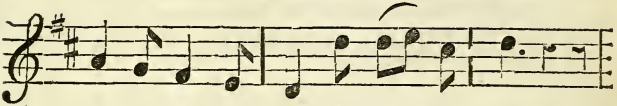
maid, with hopes and fears o'erflowing, All of truth and



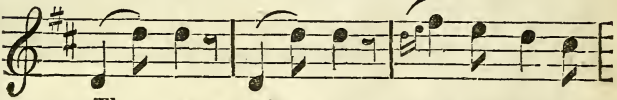
vir-tue glowing, Then stay, Oh stay;



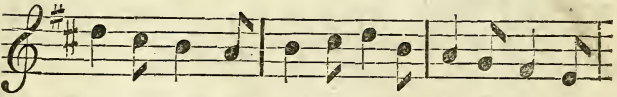
Hours like these so seldom reign, This hour we ne-ver



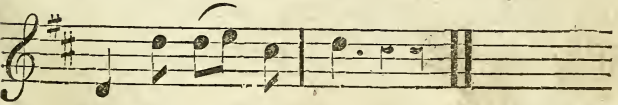
can re-gain, Oh where-fore go we hence?



Then stay, Oh stay; Hours like these so



sel-dom reign, This hour we ne-ver can re-gain, Oh

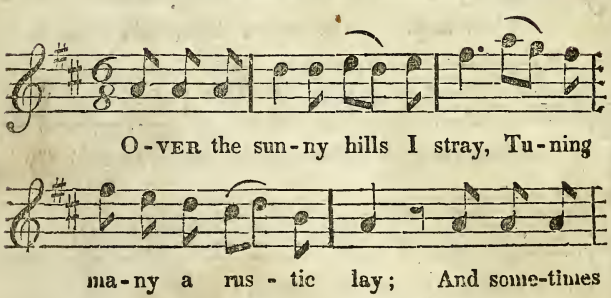


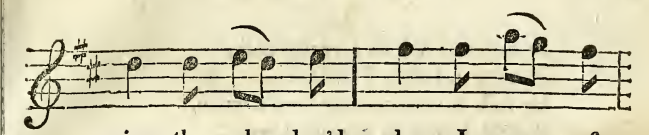
where-fore go we hence?

2

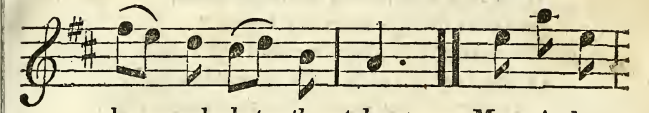
Fly not yet the glass with scorn,
Or lovely woman's angel form,
Such beauteous forms as erst of old
Fam'd Erin's sons did oft behold;
Oh wherefore go we hence!
While other minstrels seek the glade,
And pine in some dark sylvan shade,
Here woman reigns, young Cupid smiling
Ev'ry roseate hour beguiling;
Then stay,
Oh stay.
Hours like these so seldom reign.
This hour we never can regain;
Oh wherefore go we hence!
Then stay,
Oh stay.
Hours like these so seldom reign,
This hour we never can regain;
Oh wherefore go we hence!

THE WELCH HARPER.

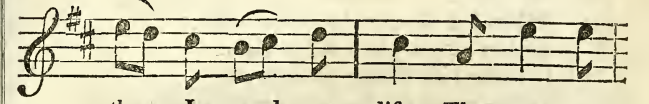




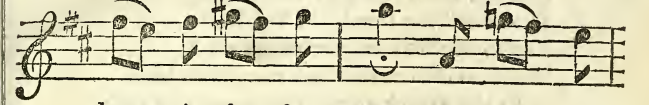
in the sha-dow'd vales, I sing of



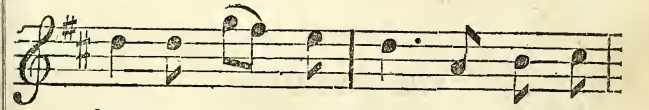
love and bat-tle tales. Mer-ri-ly



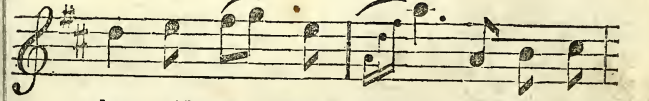
thus I spend my life, Tho' poor, my



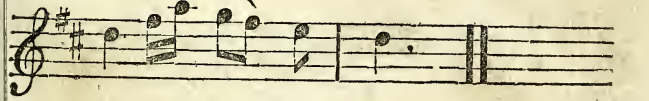
breast is free from strife: The blythe old



har-per call'd am I, In the Welch



vales, 'mid moun-tains high, In the Welch



vales, 'mid moun-tains high.

2

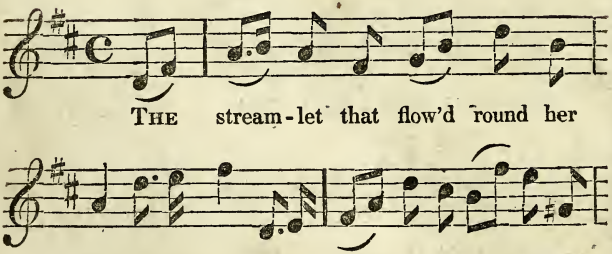
Sometimes before a castle gate,
In song a battle I relate;
Or how a lord, in shepherd's guise,
Sought favour in a virgin's eyes.
With rich and poor a welcome guest,
No cares intrude upon my breast;
The blythe Old Harper call'd am I,
In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high,
In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.

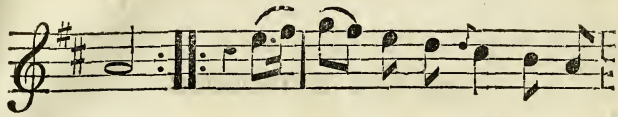
3

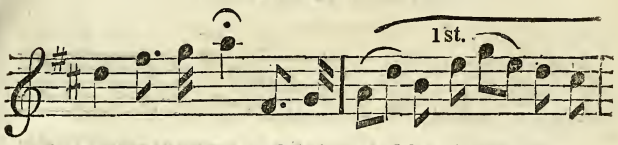
When Sol illumes the western sky,
And ev'ning zephers softly sigh,
Oft-times on village green I play,
While round me dance the rustics gay;
And oft, when veil'd by sable night,
The wond'ring shepherds I delight;
The blythe Old Harper call'd am I,
In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high,
In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.

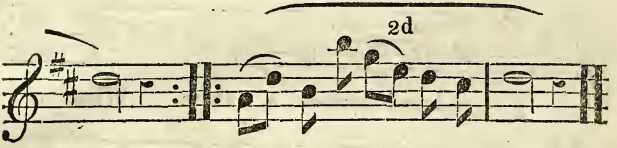
THE STREAMLET.

COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD.









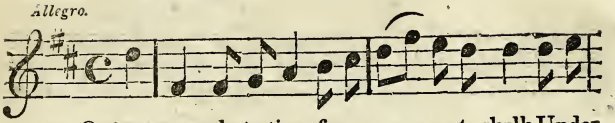
2

Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;
For, silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

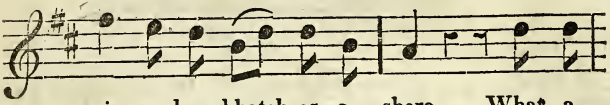
THE OLD COMMODORE.

COMPOSED BY MR. REEVE.

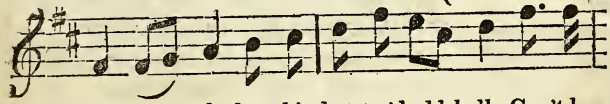
Allegro.



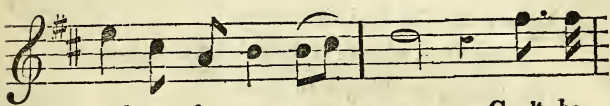
OD'SBLOOD what a time for a seaman to skulk Under



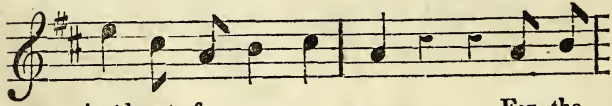
gin-ger-bread hatch-es a - shore, What a



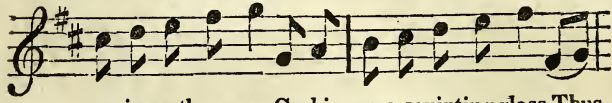
dam'd bad job that this bat-ter'd old hulk, Can't be



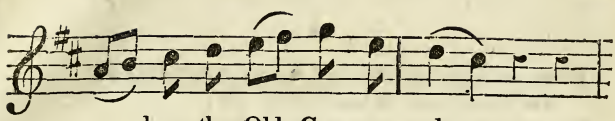
rigg'd out for sea once more; Can't be



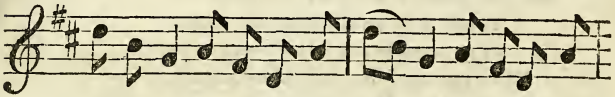
rigg'd out for sea once more. For the



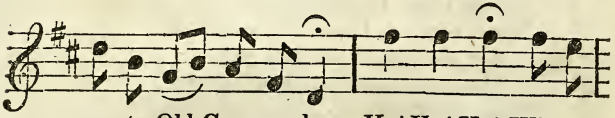
pupies as they pass, Cocking up a squinting glass, Thus



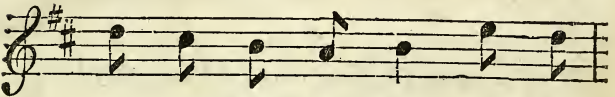
run down the Old Com-mo - dore,



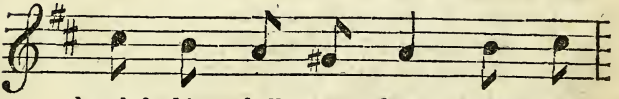
That's the Old Commodore, The Old rum Commodore, The



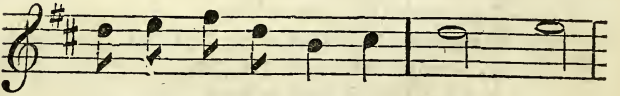
gou-ty Old Com-mo-dore. He! He! He! Why the



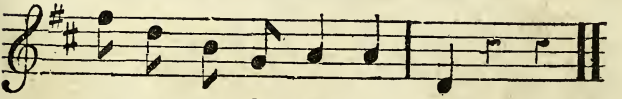
bul - lets and the gout, Have so



knock'd his hull a - bout, That he'll



ne - ver more be fit for sea, He'll



ne - ver more be fit for sea.

2

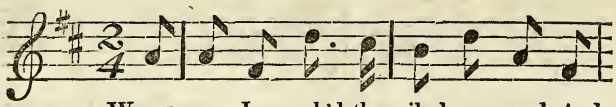
Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
Not a tow-rope at hand or an oar;
I'm left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
But the doctor's a son of a whore:
While I'm swallowing his slops,
How nimble are his chops,
Thus queering the Old Commodore,
Bad case, Commodore;
Can't say, Commodore;
Mustn't flatter, Commodore, says he;
For the bullets and the gout,
Have so knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea.

3

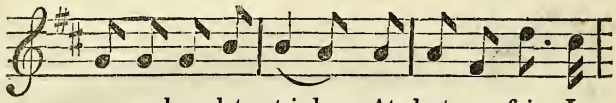
What! no more be afloat? blood and fury, they lie.
I'm a seaman, and only threescore;
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Odzooks! let me not die ashore.
As to death, 'tis all a joke,
Sailors live in fire and smoke,
So at least says the Old Commodore;
The Old rum Commodore,
The tough Old Commodore,
The fighting Old Commodore, says he;
Whom the bullets nor the gout,
Nor the French dogs to boot,
Shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON GREEN.

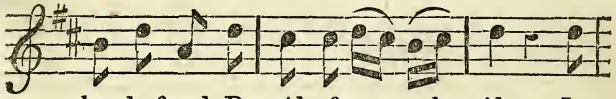
COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.



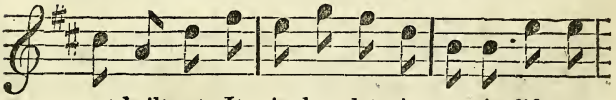
WITH care I search'd the vil-lage round, And



ma-ny ham-lets tried, At last a fair I

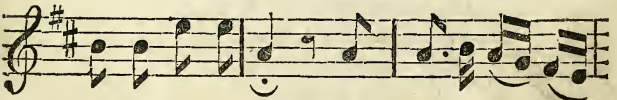


hap-ly found, De-void of art and pride. In

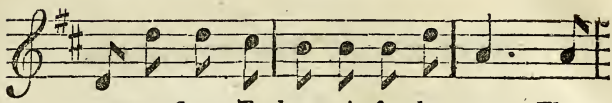


neat built cot, It is her lot A rus-tic life to

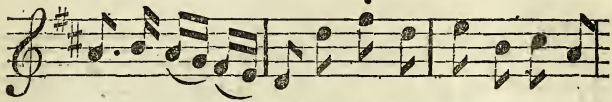
lead, With ten-der care her lambkins rear, And



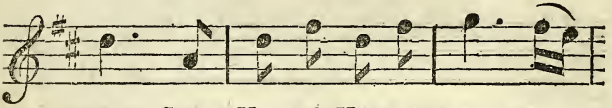
watch her ewes at feed. Where Thames in sil - ver



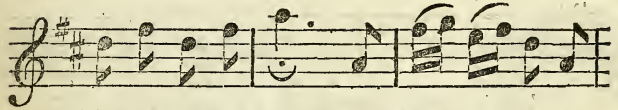
cur-rent flows, To beau-ti-fy the scene; There



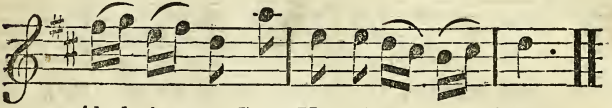
blooms this fair, a blushing rose, Sweet Nan of Hampton



green, Sweet Nan of Hampton Green, Sweet



Nan of Hampton Green; There blooms this fair, a



blush-ing rose, Sweet Nan of Hamp-ton Green.

2

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love,
Her manners form'd to please;
In mildness equal to the dove,
With innocence and ease.
To paint her face,
Her form and grace,

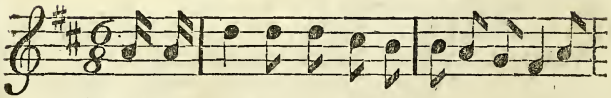
All words are weak and vain;
Enough to tell
She does excel
The daughter of the main.
Where Thames, &c.

3

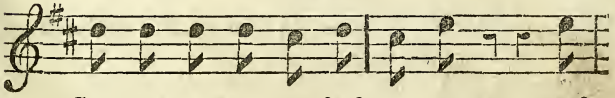
When first this charmer I survey'd,
With doubt my heart was fraught;
Fancy the beaut'ous maid portray'd
A goddess to my thought.
In am'rous bliss
I stole a kiss,
Which banish'd all alarms;
Then joyful found
My wishes crown'd—
A mortal in my arms.
Where Thames, &c.

JACKEY AND THE COW.

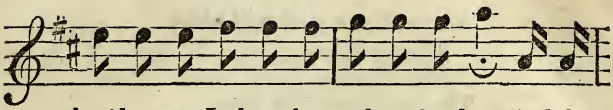
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.



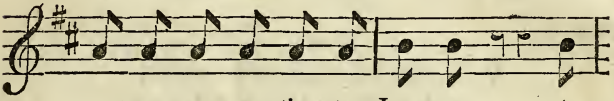
THERE were farmer Thrasher, and he had a cow, And



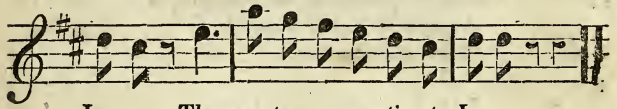
Gam-mer were ve - ry fond on un; And



they'd a son Jackey, that made a fine bow, And they



sent un a pren-tice to Lun - un, to



Lun-un, They sent un a prentice to Lunun.

2

Jackey's master a barber and hair-dresser were,
Than some squires cod he thought himself bigger;
In the day through the town he would dress and cut hair,
And dress'd out at night cut a figure.

3

To ape Jackey's master were all his delight,
The soap-suds and razor both scorning;
He's been took't by the nose by the same fop at night
That he took't by the nose in the morning.

4

Now to see the cow moan, would have made a cat laugh,
Her milk was his food late and early;
And even if Jackey had been her own calf,
She could not have lov'd un more dearly.

5

She moan'd, and she moan'd, nor knew what she did ail.
To heart so she took this disaster;
At last, roaming about, some rogues cut off her tail,
And then sent her back to her master.

6

Here's the kiaw come home, Gammer, come bring out the pail.
Poor creature, I'ze glad we have found her;
Cried Dame, Ten't our kiaw, she's got never a tail:
Here, Roger, go take her and pound her.

7

'Tis our kiaw, but you see she's been maim'd by some brute:
Why, dame, thou'rt a vool—give me patience;
So to squabbling they went, when to end the dispute,
Came home Jackey to see his relations.

8

His spencer he sported, his hat round he twirl'd,
As whistling a tune he came bolt in;
And bedock'd and belopp'd, wounds, he look'd all the world
Like trimm'd bantams or magpies a-moulting.

9

Oh dear, 'tis our Jackey! come bring out the ale;
So Gammer fell skipping around un;
Our Jackey! why, dam't, he's got never a tail;
Here, Roger, go take un, and pound un

10

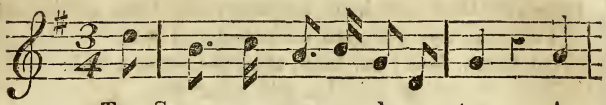
'Tis the kick, I say, old one, so I brought it down,
Wore by jemmies so neat and so spunky;
Ah, Jackey, thou went'st up a puppy to town,
And now thou be'st come down a monkey.

11

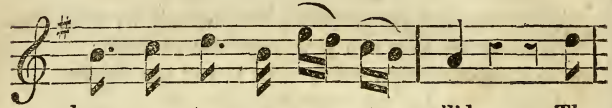
Gammer storm'd, Gaffer swore, Jackey whistled, and now
'Twas agreed, without any more passion,
To take Jackey in favour as well as the cow,
Because they were both in the fashion!

TOM STARBOARD.

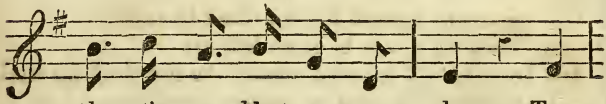
SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON, COMPOSED BY MR. REEVE.



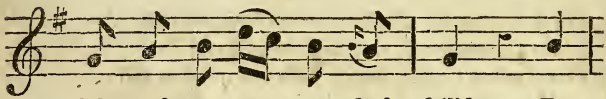
TOM STARBOARD was a lo-ver true, As



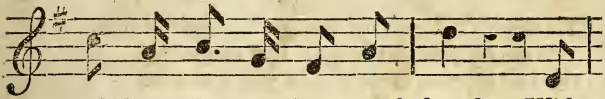
brave a tar as e - ver sail'd; The



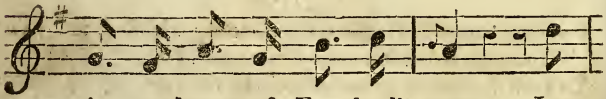
du - ties a - blest sea - men do, Tom



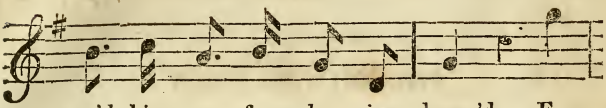
did, and ne - ver yet had fail'd. But



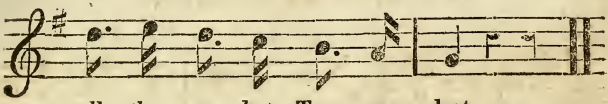
wreck'd as he was home-ward bound, With-



in a league of Eng-land's coast, Love



sav'd him, sure, from be - ing drown'd, For



all the crew but Tom were lost.

2

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,
  True to his love as e'er was man;
Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
  Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.
But scarce five miles had poor Tom got,
  When he was press'd; he heav'd a sigh,
And said, though cruel was his lot,
  Ere flinch from duty he would die.

3

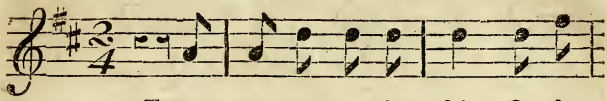
In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
  Nay, when he lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
  Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
  His lost limb serv'd him for a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
  With love—his heart was heart of oak.

4

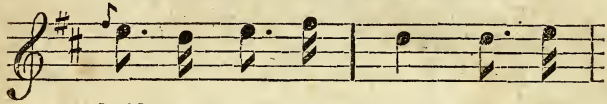
Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran,
  To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
  Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
  No remedy her life could save;
And Tom arriv'd the very day
  They laid his Nancy in the grave.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

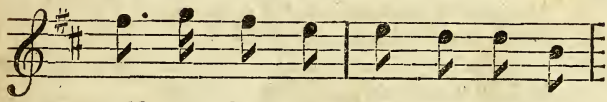
AS SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.



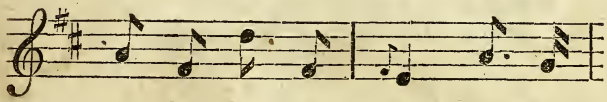
THERE was an an-cient fair, O she



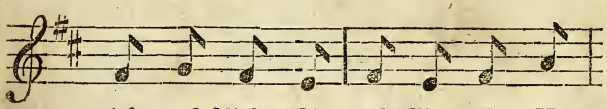
lov'd a nate young man, And she



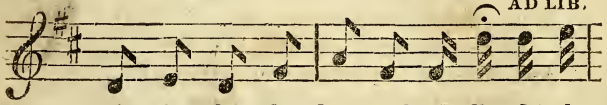
could not throw sly looks at him, but



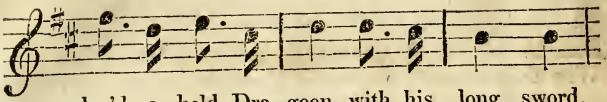
on - ly thro' her fan; With her



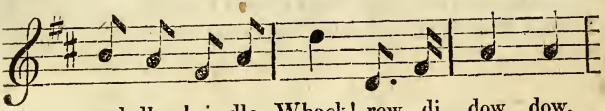
winks and blinks, this wad-dling minx, Her



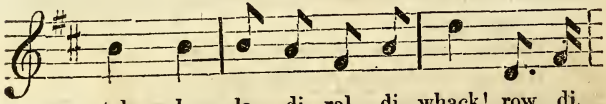
quiz - zing glass, her leer, and si - dle, O! she



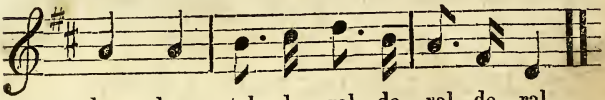
lov'd a bold Dra-goon, with his long sword,



sad-dle, bri-dle, Whack! row di dow dow,



tal la la di ral di, whack! row di



dow dow, tal de ral de ral de ral.

2

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none,
Would you know the reason why, it was because she had but one;
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
She couldn't keep her one eye idle;
O! she leer'd at this Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle.

3

Now he was tall and slim, she squab and short was grown,
He look'd just like a mile in length, she just like a mile-stone;
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
Her quizzing glass, her leer, and sidle,
Oh! she sigh'd to this Dragoon, "Bless your long sword,
saddle, bridle!"

4

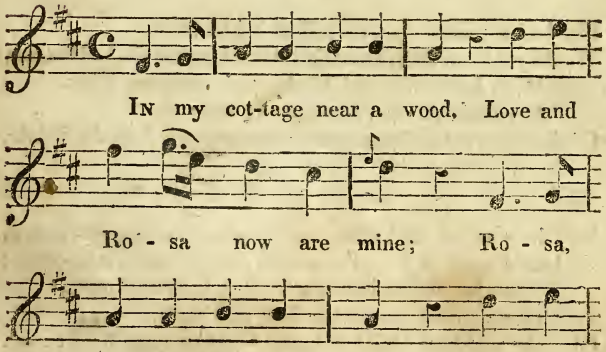
Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Flinn,
Who a walnut could have crack'd between her nose and chin;
O then such winks, in marriage links,
The four-foot bride from church did sidle,
As the wife of this Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle.

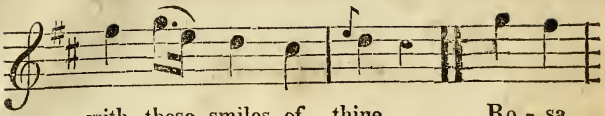
5

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd when he laid her under ground,
Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, and touch'd ten thousand pounds;
For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,
He does not let her cash lie idle;
So long life to this Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle.

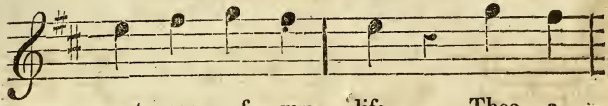
IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

COMPOSED BY R. A. MORELAND.

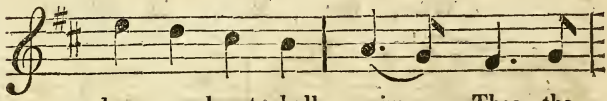




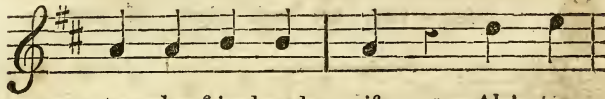
with those smiles of thine. Ro - sa,



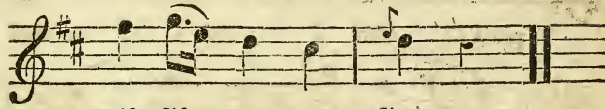
part - ner of my life, Thee a-



lone my heart shall prize; Thee, the



ten - der friend and wife, Ah! too



swift life's cur - rent flies!

2

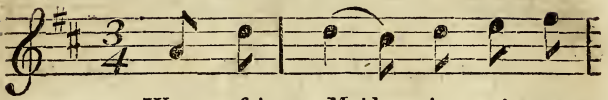
Longer yet ye moments stay,
Why so rapid is your wing?
Whither would ye haste away?
Stay and hear my Rosa sing.

3

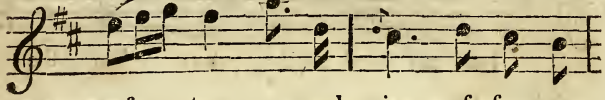
Love and you still bless my cot,
Fortune's frowns are for our good;
May we live by pride forgot,
In our cottage near a wood.

CRAZY JANE.

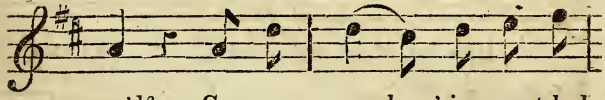
COMPOSED BY MISS ABRAMS.



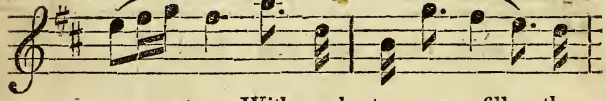
Why, fair Maid, in ev' - ry



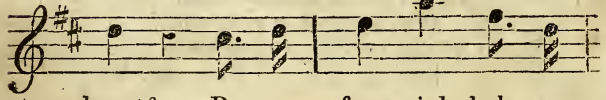
fea - ture, are such signs of fear ex-



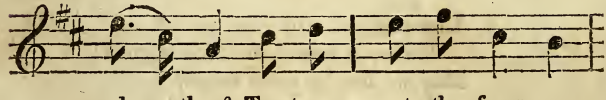
press'd? Can a wand - 'ring wretched



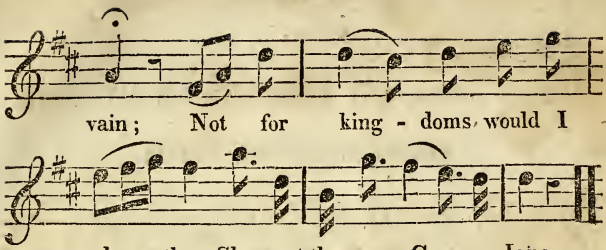
crea - ture, With such ter - ror fill thy



breast? Do my fren - zied looks a-



larm thee? Trust me, sweet, thy fears are



2

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
  Mark me, and avoid my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
  Think them false—I found him so.
For I lov'd; O, so sincerely,
  None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
  Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

3

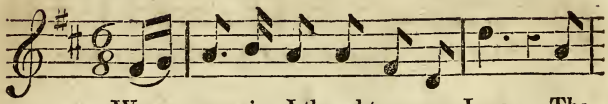
Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
  Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him;
  He was false, and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
  Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled—with him for ever
  Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

4

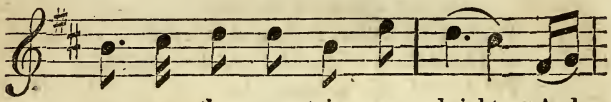
Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
  And with frenzied thoughts beset;
On that spot where last we parted,
  On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
  Still I slowly pace the plain;
Whilst each passer by, in pity,
  Cries, God help thee, Crazy Jane.

WHEN PENSIVE I THOUGHT ON MY LOVE.

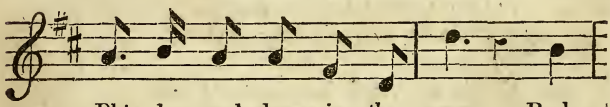
COMPOSED BY MR. KELLY.



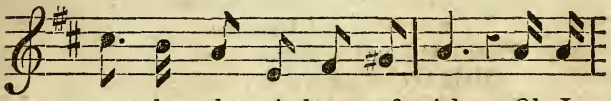
WHEN pen-sive I thought on my Love, The



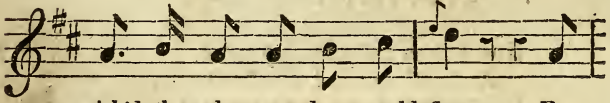
moon on the moun-tains was bright, And



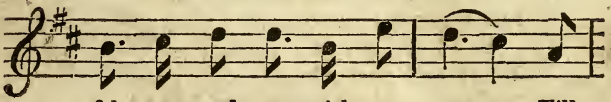
Phi - lo - mel down in the grove, Broke



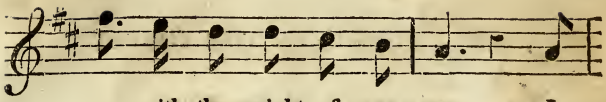
sweet-ly the si - lence of night. Oh I



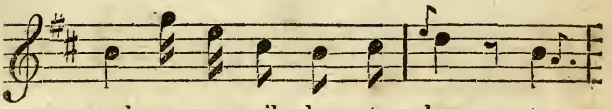
wish'd that the tear-drop would flow, But



felt too much an-guish to weep, Till

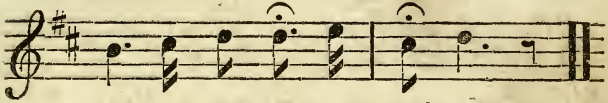


worn with the weight of my woe, I



sank on my pil - low to sleep, to

sleep, to - - - - sleep, I



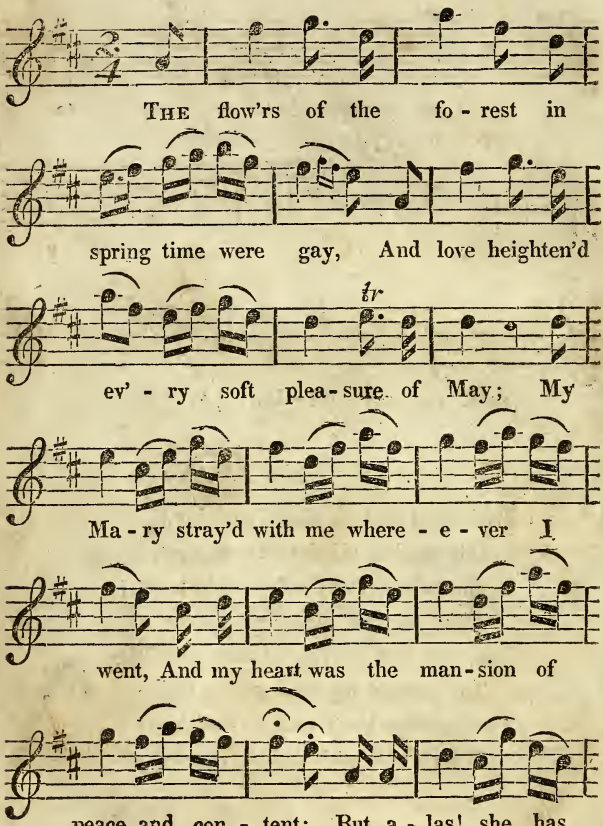
sank on my pil - low to sleep.

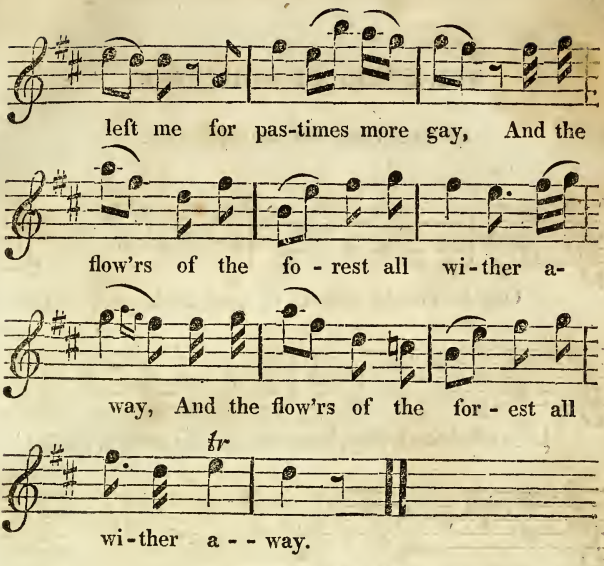
2

Methought that my Love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
Alas! we shall never meet more.
Yes, yes, my belov'd, we must part,
The steel of my rival proves true;
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beat with such fervour for you.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.





2

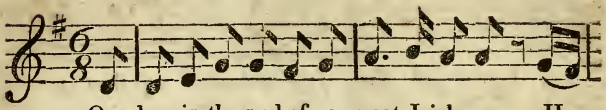
The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay,
And the smile of my Mary gave wings to the day;
But past are those pleasures, no more to return—
Her charms I adore, and her falsehood I mourn;
For, alas! she has left me for pastime more gay,
And the flow'rs of the forest all wither away.

3

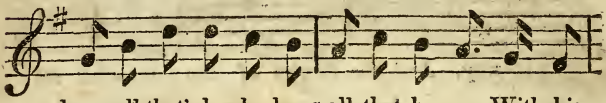
The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay;
Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass away,
Fond hopes which I caught from the glance of her eye,
Now, blighted by sorrow, fade, wither and die;
For, alas! she has left me for pastime more gay,
And the flow'rs of the forest all wither away.

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

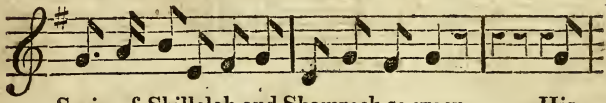
AS SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.



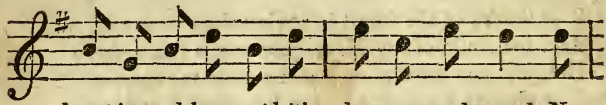
Oh, love is the soul of a neat Irish-man, He



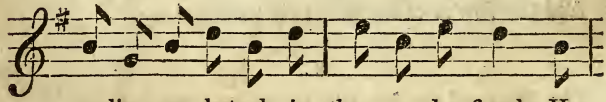
loves all that's lovely, loves all that he can, With his



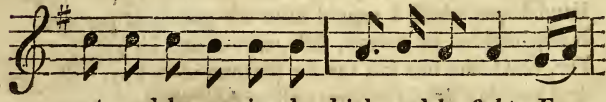
Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green. His



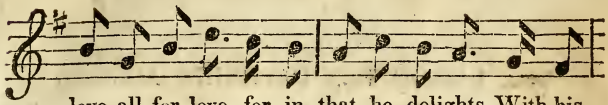
heart is good humour'd, 'tis ho-nest and sound, No



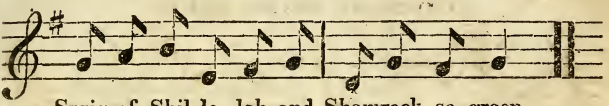
malice or hatred is there to be found; He



courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights, For



love all for love, for in that he delights, With his



Sprig of Shil-le-lah and Shamrock so green.

2

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his nice neck,
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

3

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,
From a Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green,
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, "Get along, Pat," yet consents all the while:
To the Priest soon they go, and nine months after that
A fine baby cries, "How d'ye do, father Pat?"
With your Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

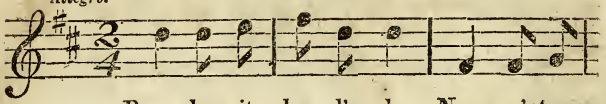
4

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth;
Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,
Where grows the Shillelah and Shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foe who dare plant at our confines a cannon:
United and happy at Loyalty's shrine,
May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and twine
Round a Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green!

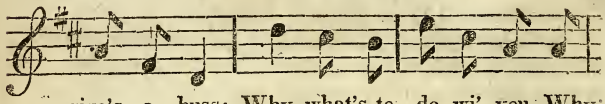
THE SAILOR BOY CAPERING ASHORE

COMPOSED BY MR. REEVE.

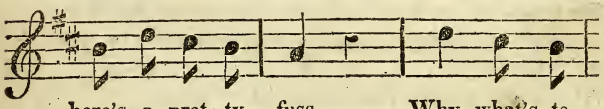
Allegro.



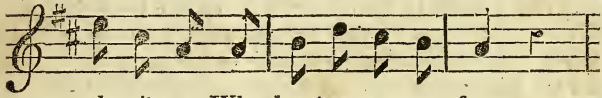
POLL, dang it, how d'ye do, Nan, wo'nt you



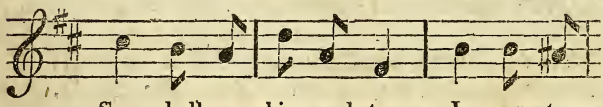
give's a buss; Why, what's to do wi' you, Why



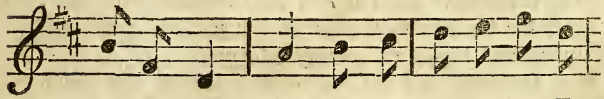
here's a pret-ty fuss, Why, what's to



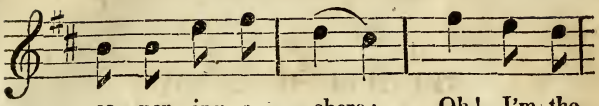
do wi' you, Why, here's a pret-ty fuss.



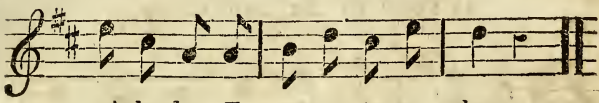
Say, shall we kiss and toy, I goes to



sea no more, Oh! I'm the sai-lor boy, For



ca - per - ing a - - shore; Oh! I'm the



sai - lor boy For ca - per - ing a - shore.

2

Father he apprentic'd me
All to a coasting ship;
I b'ing resolv'd, d'ye see,
To give 'em all the slip,
I got to Yarmouth fair,
Where I had been before;
So father found me there,
A capering ashore.

3

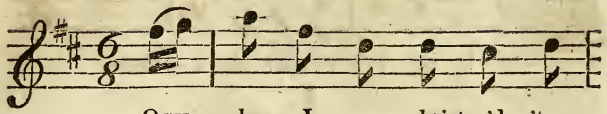
Next out to India,
I went a Guinea-pig;
We got to Table Bay,
But mind, a pretty rig:
The ship, driving out to sea,
Left me and many more
All among the Hottentots,
A capering ashore.

4

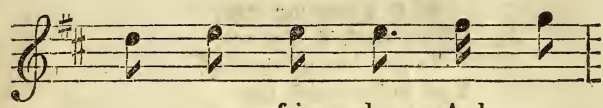
I loves a bit of hop,
Life's ne'er the worser for't;
If in my wake should drop
A fiddle, that's your sort!
Thrice tumble up a-hoy,
Once get the labour o'er,
Then see the sailor boy
A capering ashore.

THE TIGHT IRISH BOY.

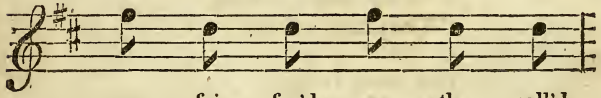
AS SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.



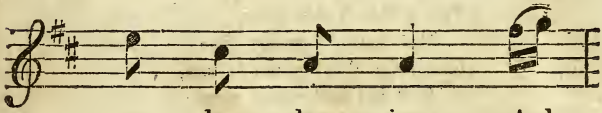
OCH, when I was christen'd, 'twas



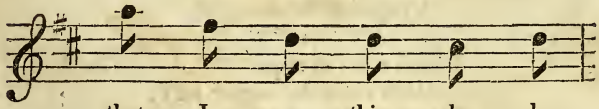
on a fair day, And my



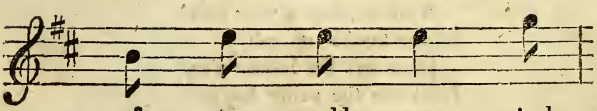
own fair - fac'd mo - ther call'd



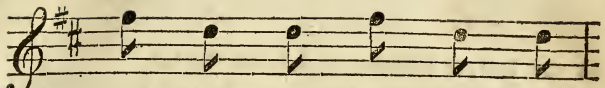
me her dear joy, And



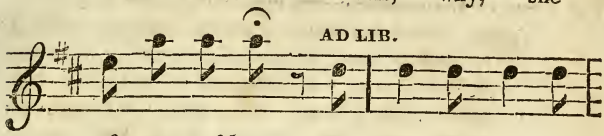
that I was this, why, she



of - - ten would say, And

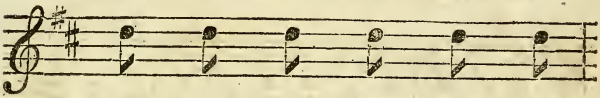


that I was this, why, she

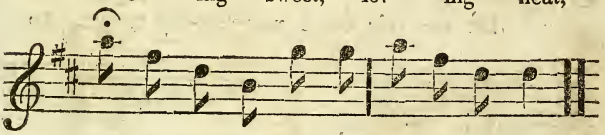


of - ten would say, A gay - ful, play - ful,

prat-tling, tat - tling, du - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,



look - ing sweet, lov - ing neat,



O bo - de - ra - tion, a tight I - rish boy.

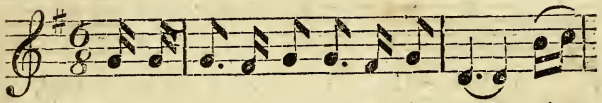
2

Arrah! when I grew up, I grew always in love,
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy;
So true to ten thousand, I'd constantly prove,
A sighing, dying, complying, pressing, caressing,
distressing, adoring, imploring, encoring, die away,
sigh away, looking sweet, loving neat,
O boderation! a tight Irish boy.

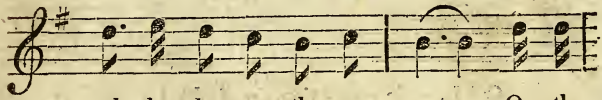
3

At war, love, or drinking, myself am the lad,
Who the wide world itself wou'd go near to destroy,
For a cup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,
Then I'm a laughing, quaffing, smoking, joking, swearing, tearing, rumical, comical, sightable, fightable, sing away, ding away, roll about, troll about, looking sweet, loving neat, die away, sigh away, dash away, thrash away, flash away, smash away,
O boderation! a tight Irish boy.

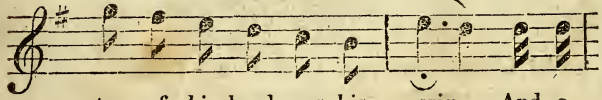
THE WIG, THE HAT, AND THE CANE.



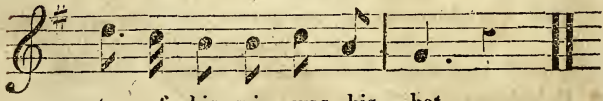
By the side of a mur-mur-ing stream, An



el - der - ly gen - tle - man sat, On the



top of his head was his wig, And a



top of his wig was his hat.

2

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice,
And plung'd in the river his hat.

3

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat;
And he dropp'd in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.

4

His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

5

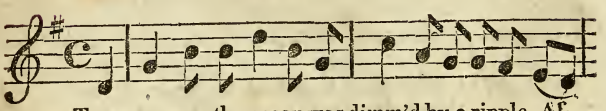
Cool reflection at length came across,
While this elderly gentleman sat;
So he thought he would follow the stream,
And look for his cane, wig, and hat.

6

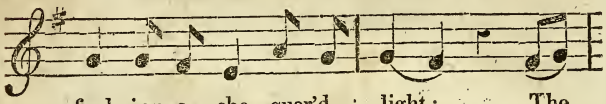
His head being thicker than common,
O'er-balanc'd the rest of his fat;
And in plump'd this son of a woman,
To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

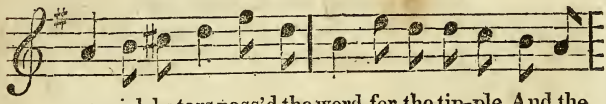
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.



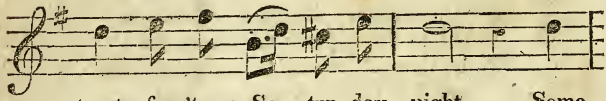
THE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple, Af-



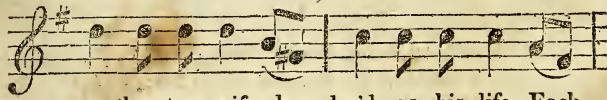
ford-ing a che-quer'd light; The



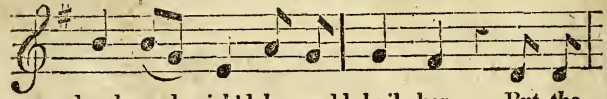
gay jol-ly tars pass'd the word for the tip-ple, And the



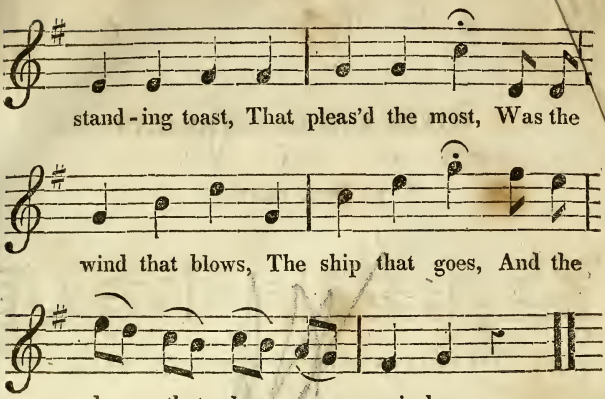
toast, for 'twas Sa-tur-day night. Some



sweetheart or wife he lov'd as his life, Each



drank, and wish'd he could hail her; But the



2

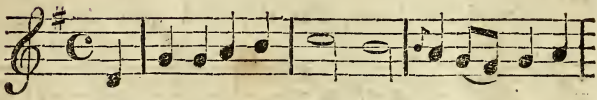
Some drank the King, some his brave ships,
And some the Constitution;
Some "May the French, and all such rips,
Yield to English resolution."
That fate might bless
Some Poll and Bess,
And that they soon might hail her.
But the, &c.

3

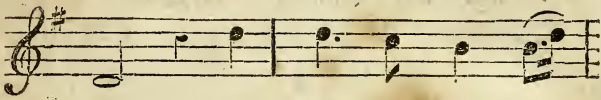
Some drank the Prince, and some our land
This glorious land of freedom;
Some that our tars may never want
Heroes brave to lead 'em.
That she who's in distress may find
Such friends who ne'er will fail her.
But the, &c

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS

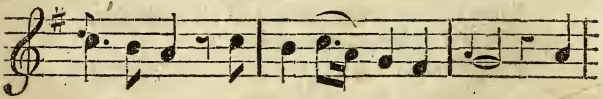
BY MR. DIBDIN.



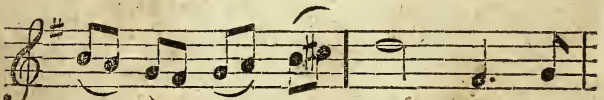
'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave the



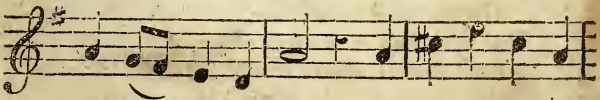
shore, Our friends should mourn lest



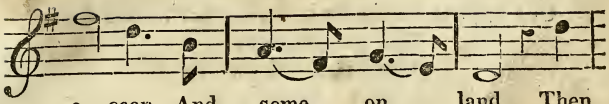
we re-turn to bless their sight no more. But



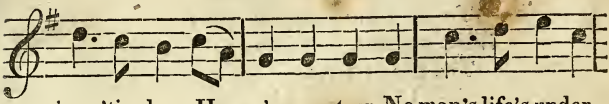
this is all a no - - tion Bold



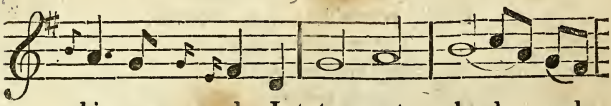
Jack can't un-der-stand, Some die u-pon the



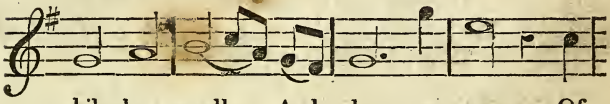
o - cean, And some on land. Then



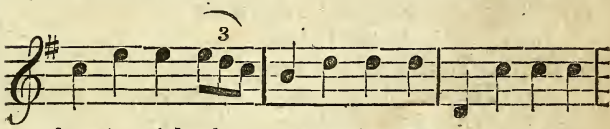
since 'tis clear, How-e'er we steer, No man's life's under



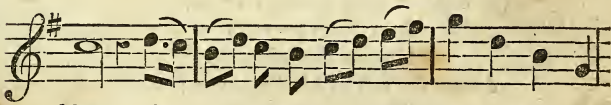
his com - mand; Let tem-pests howl, and



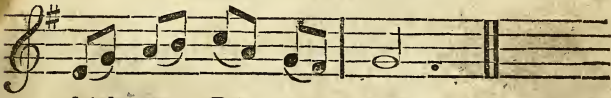
bil - lows roll, And dan - ger press, Of



those in spight there are some joys, Us jol - ly tars to



bless; For Sa - turday night still comes, my boys, To



drink to Poll and Bess.

2

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log
The purser swops
Our pay for slops,
The landlord sells us grog.
Thus each man to his station
To keep life's ship in trim;
What argufies noration,
The rest is fortune's whim.
Cheer'ly, my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And dangers press;
Of those in spight there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless:
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

3

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a ship:
Each man's rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip:
The shrouds, and stays, and braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halliards, sheets, and traces,
Still as each passion veers;
And whim prevails
Directs the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers:
Then let the storm
Heav'n's face deform,
And danger press;
Oft those in spight there are some joys,
All jolly tars to bless:
For Saturday night still comes, my boys
To drink to Poll and Bess.

THE LAST SHILLING.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

As pen - sive one night in my

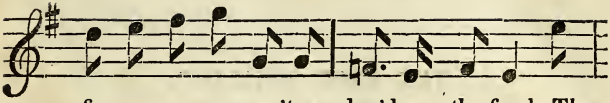
garret I sat, My last shilling produc'd on the

ta - ble, That ad - vent'rer, cried I, might a

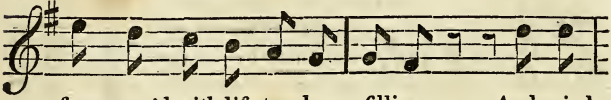
hist'ry re - late, If to think and to speak it were

a - ble, it were a - ble; If to

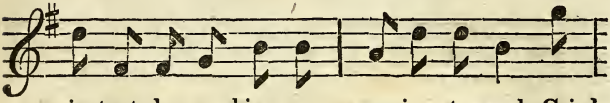
think and to speak it were a - ble. Whethe-



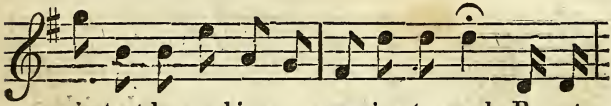
fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak, The



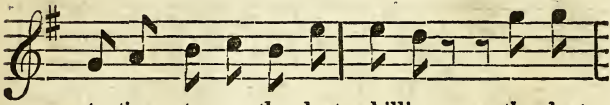
face seem'd with life to be filling, And cried



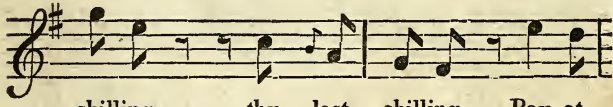
instant-ly speaking or seeming to speak, Cried



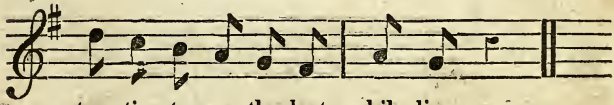
instant-ly speaking, or seeming to speak, Pay at-



tention to me thy last shilling, thy last



shilling, thy last shilling, Pay at-



ten-tion to me thy last shil-ling.

2

I was once the last coin of the law, a sad limb
  Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter;
Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,
  And he paid me to buy him a halter.
A Jack Tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
  With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,
  Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling.

3

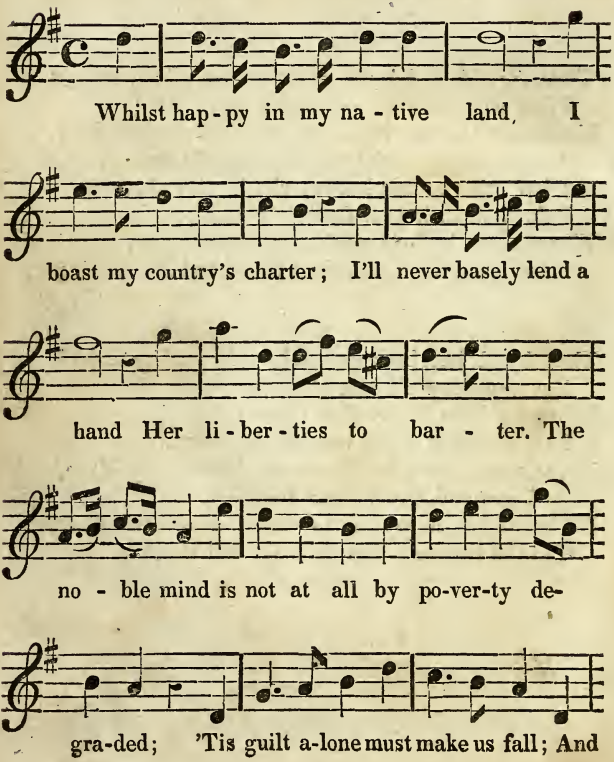
'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening eye
  With pleasure ran o'er, as she view'd me;
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
  And at parting with tears she bedew'd me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
  Pale want their poor families chilling;
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,
  Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last shilling

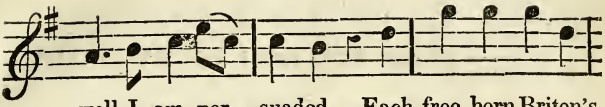
4

Thou thyself hast been thoughtless, for profligates bail,
  But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little hist'ry thou offerest for sale;
  In the interim spend me, and be merry.
Never, never, cried I; thou'rt my Mentor, my Muse,
  And, grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart,—thus men counsel refuse,
  Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

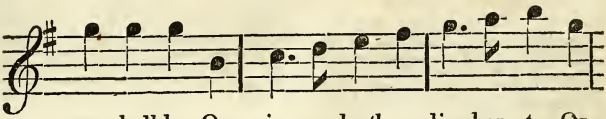
WHILST HAPPY IN MY NATIVE LAND.

AS SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

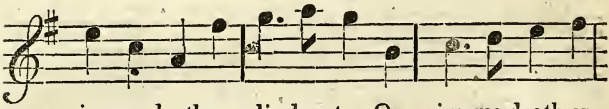




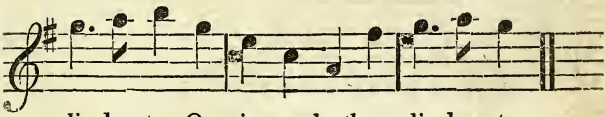
well I am per - suaded, Each free-born Briton's



song shall be, Or give me death or li - ber - ty, Or



give me death or li - ber-ty, Or give me death or



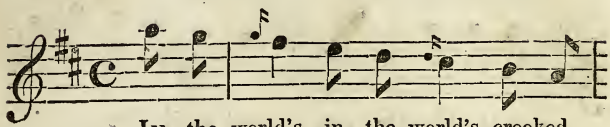
li - ber-ty, Or give me death or li - ber - ty.

2

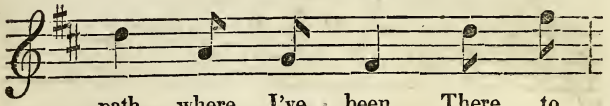
Tho' small the pow'r which Fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us;
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us.
By law secure from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum;
Thus, bless'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell 'em?
No! ev'ry Briton's song shall be,
Or give me death or liberty.

A SMILE FROM THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

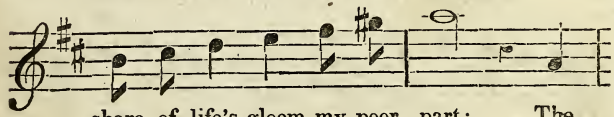
COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD.



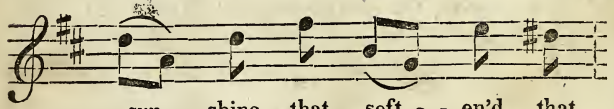
In the world's, in the world's crooked



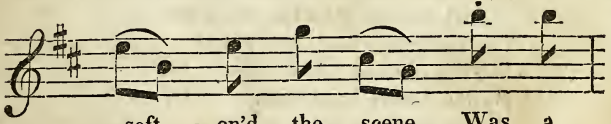
path where I've been, There to



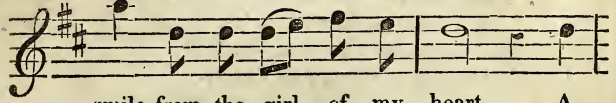
share of life's gloom my poor part; The



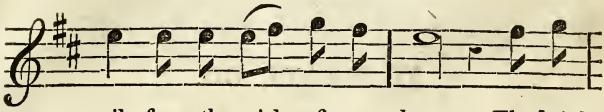
sun - shine that soft - - en'd, that



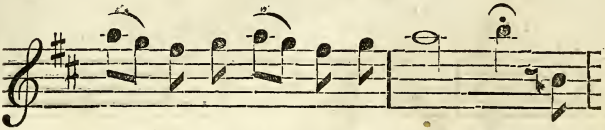
soft - - en'd the scene, Was a



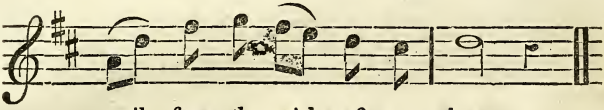
smile from the girl of my heart, A



smile from the girl of my heart; The bright



sunshine that soft-en'd the scene, Was a



smile from the girl of my heart.

2

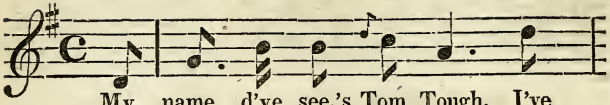
Not a swain, not a swain, when the lark quits his nest,
But to labour with glee will depart;
If at eve he expects, he expects to be bless'd
With a smile from the girl of his heart.

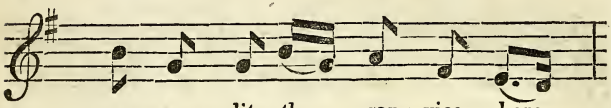
3

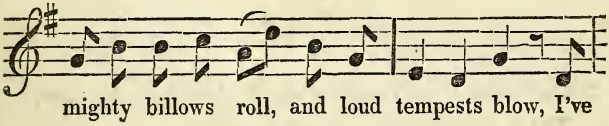
Come, then, losses and crosses, come cares as they may,
Let my mind still this maxim impart
That the comfort, the comfort of man's fleeting day,
Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

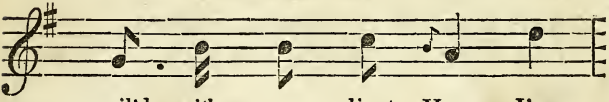
YO HEAVE HO.

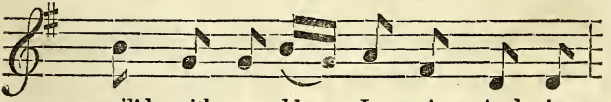
BY MR. DIBDIN.

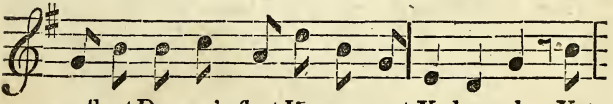












more shall ye be knowing, I was

coxon to Boscawen, And e-ven with brave Hawke have

no - bly fac'd the foe; Then

put round the grog, So we've

that and our prog, We'll

laugh in care's face, and sing Yo heave ho; We'll

laugh in care's face, and sing out, Yo heave ho.

2

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seen on the beach below,
I'd like to catch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrow up with a Yo heave ho.
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go
So I seiz'd the capstern bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out Yo heave ho.

3

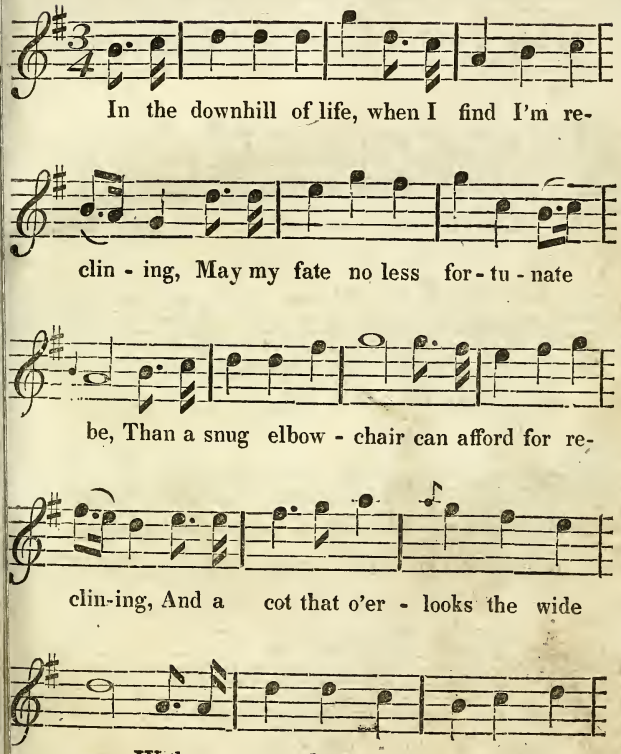
But the worst on't was that when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was guv'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung Yo heave ho.
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must;
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out Yo heave ho.

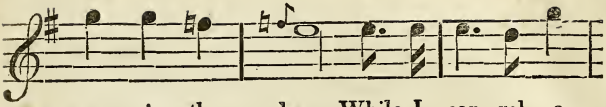
4

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a Yo heave ho.
So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs,
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And girls shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe;
Then to country and King
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out Yo heave ho.

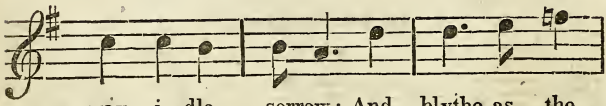
TO-MORROW.

BY MR. COLLINS.

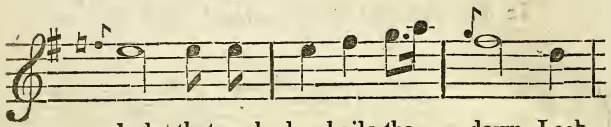




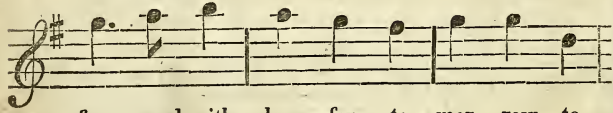
pace o'er the lawn, While I car - rol a -



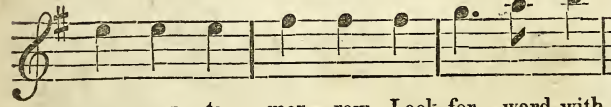
way i - dle sorrow; And blythe as the



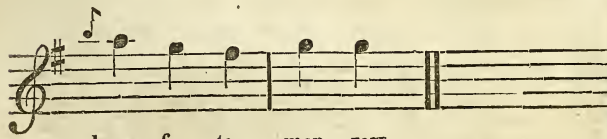
lark, that each day hails the dawn, Look



for - ward with hope for to - mor - row, to-



mor - row, to mor - row, Look for - ward with



hope for to - mor - row.

2

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail.
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

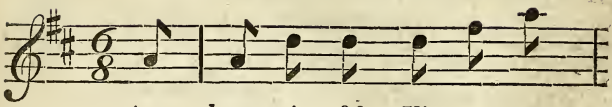
3

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill.
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

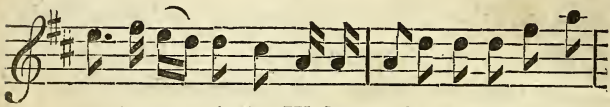
4

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

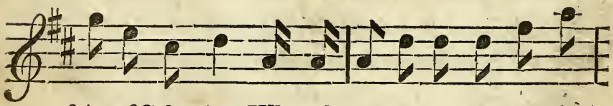
KITTY OF COLERAINE.



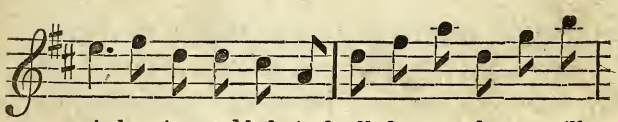
As beau - ti - ful Kit - ty one



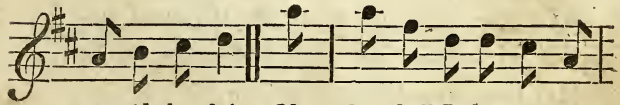
morning was tripping, With a pitcher of milk from the



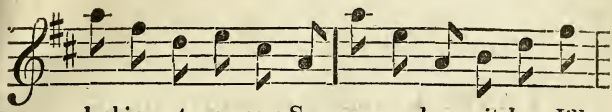
fair of Coleraine; When she saw me she stumbled, the



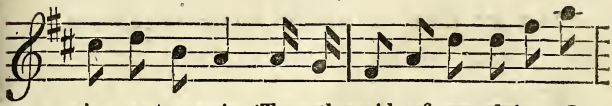
pitcher it tumbled, And all the sweet butter-milk



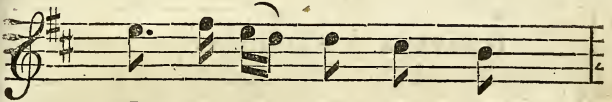
water'd the plain. Oh, what shall I do now, 'twas



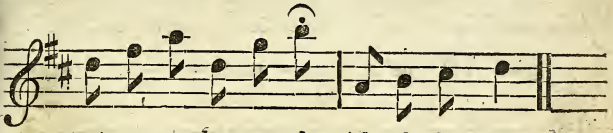
looking at you now, Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll



ne'er meet a - gain; 'Twas the pride of my dairy, O



Bar - ney Mac Clea - ry, You're



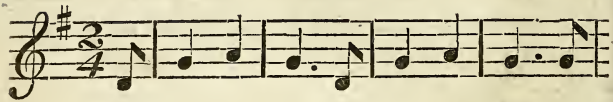
sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

2

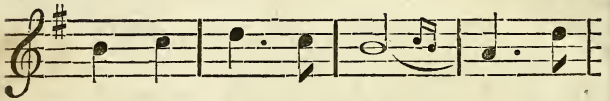
I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

I HAVE A SILENT SORROW HERE.

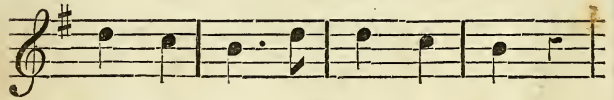
SUNG BY MRS. BLAND IN "THE STRANGER."



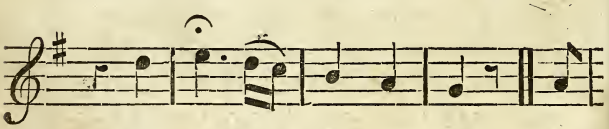
I HAVE a si - lent sor - row here, A



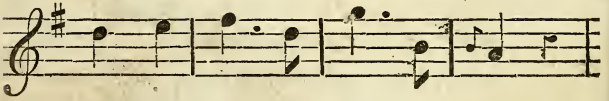
grief I'll ne'er im - part; - - - - It



breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,

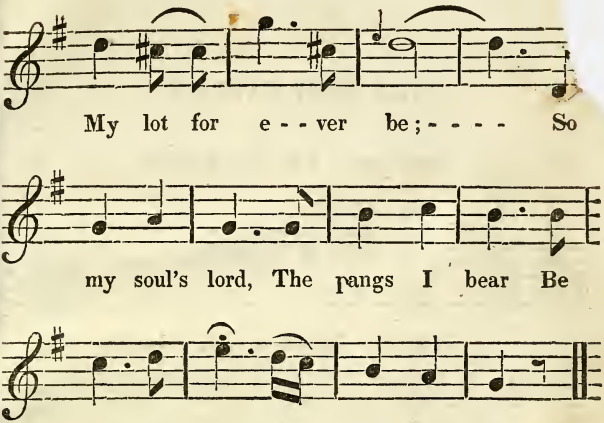


But it con - sumes my heart. This



cherish'd woe, this lov'd de - spair,

I HAVE A SILENT SORROW HERE.

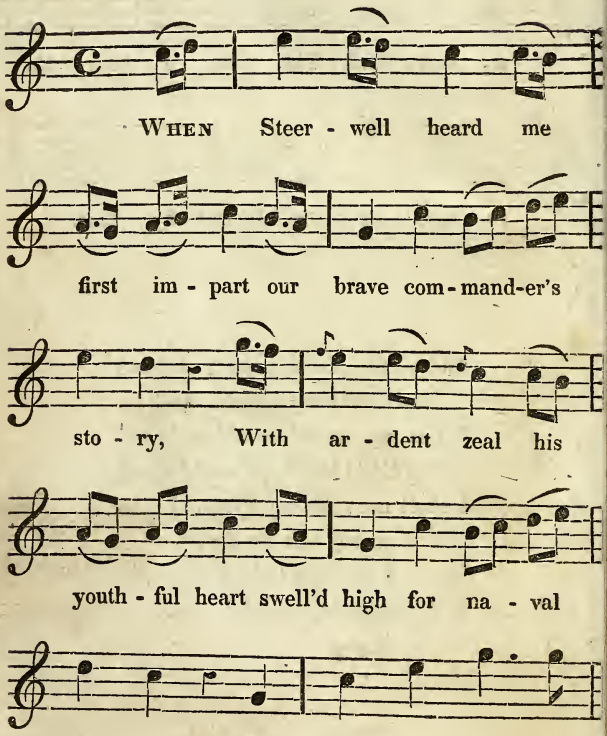


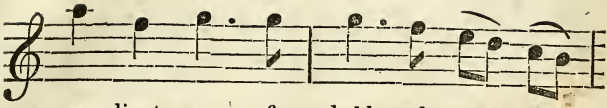
2

And when pale characters of death
  Shall mark my alter'd cheek;
When my wasted trembling breath
  My life's last hope would speak,—
I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
  Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
  Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

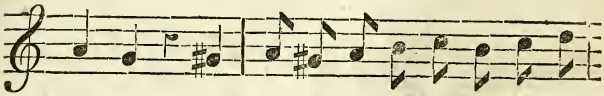
THE POST CAPTAIN.

COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD.

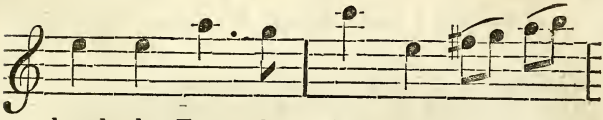




va - liant name, for bold ad - ven - tures

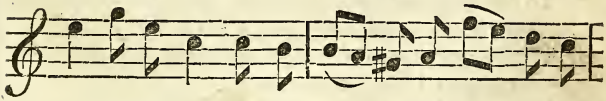


eager; When first a lit - tle ca - bin-boy on

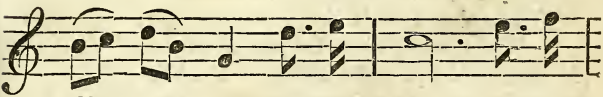


board the Fame, he would hold on the

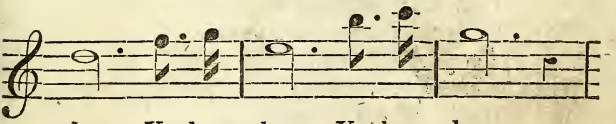
jig - ger, While ten jol - ly tars, with



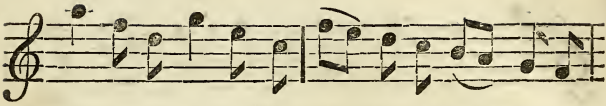
mu - si - cal Joe, Hove the an - chor a peak, singing



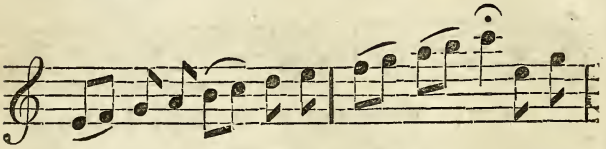
Yo heave ho, Yo heave ho, Yo heave



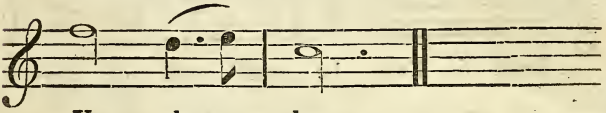
ho, Yo heave ho, Yo heave ho;



Ten jolly tars with a mu - si - cal Joe, heave the



an - chor a peak, singing Yo heave ho, singing



Yo heave ho.

2

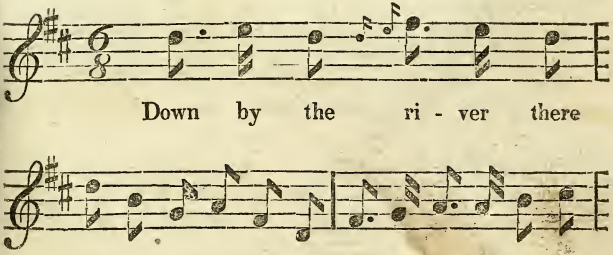
To hand top-gall'nt sail next he learn'd,
With quickness, care, and spirit;
Whose gen'rous master then discern'd,
And priz'd his dawning merit.
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
When storms convuls'd the ocean;
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
Which mark'd him for promotion.
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command, Hard a port, Helm a lee.
Luff, boys, luff, keep her near—
Clear the buoy, make the pier.
None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command in the pool or at sea,
Hard a port, Helm-a-lee.

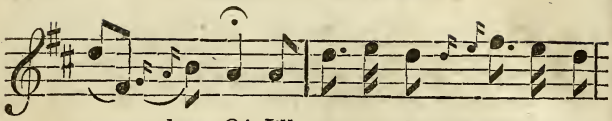
3

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
The foe he oft defeated;
And now with fame and fortune crown'd,
Post Captain he is rated.
Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
Still bravely will defend her;
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart is tender:
Unaw'd, yet mild to high or low,
To poor or wealthy, friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth,
All the fleet drink his health.
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to shew
To a brave conquer'd foe.

DOWN BY THE RIVER THERE GROWS A GREEN WILLOW.

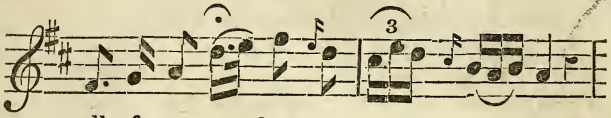
COMPOSED BY S. STORACE.



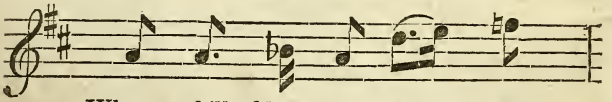


true love, O! I'll weep out the night there, the

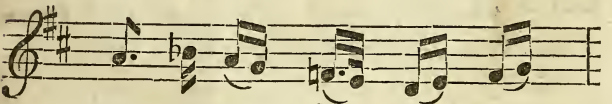
bank for my pil - low, And



all for my true love, my true love, O!

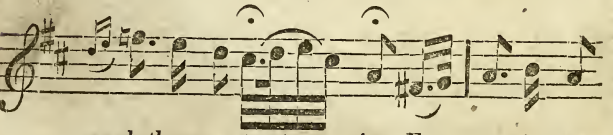


When chill blows the wind, and

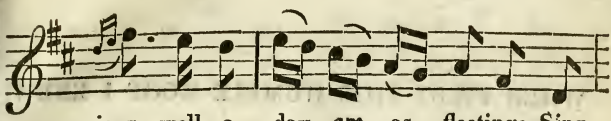


tem - pests are beat - ing, I'll

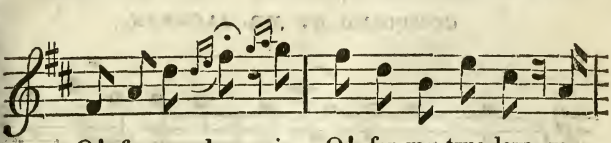
count all the clouds as I



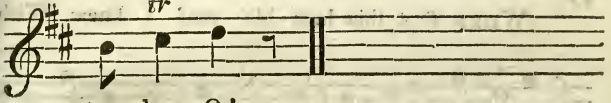
mark them re - treat - - ing, For true lover's



joys well-a-day are as fleeting; Sing



O! for my love, sing O! for my true love, my



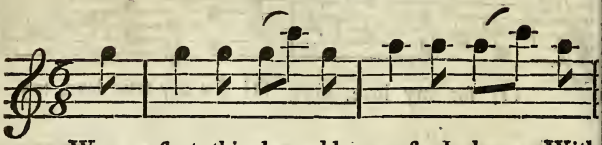
true love O!

2

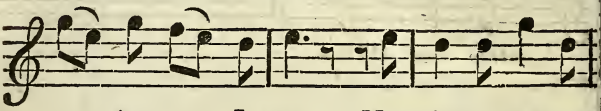
Maids, come in pity, when I am departed;
Sing all for my true love! my true love O!
When dead on the banks I am found broken-hearted,
And all for my true love! my true love O!
Make me a grave, all while the winds blowing,
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing.
And over my corpse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my true love! my true love O!

WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF I KNEW.

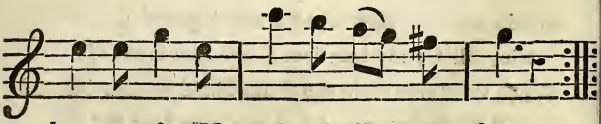
COMPOSED BY MR. JACKSON.



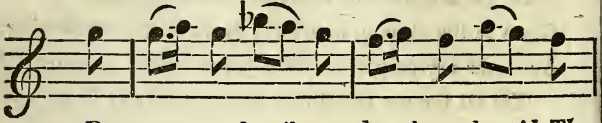
WHEN first this hum-ble roof I knew, With



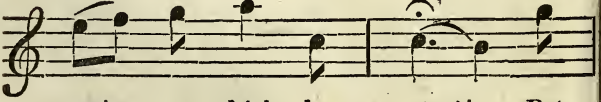
va-rious cares I strove; My grain was scarce, my



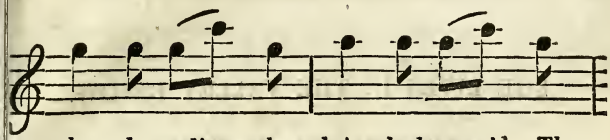
sheep were few, My all of life was love.



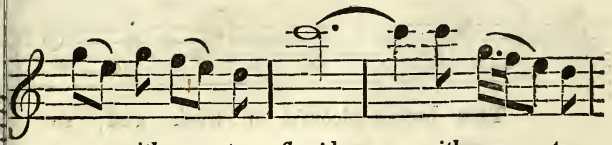
By mu-tual toil our board was dress'd, The



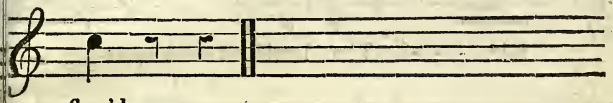
spring our drink be - - - stow'd, But



when her lip the brim had press'd, The



cup with nec - tar flow'd, - - - with nec - tar



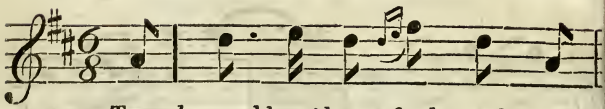
flow'd.

2

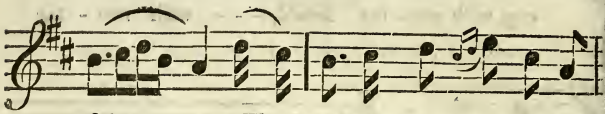
Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh ;
In them was giv'n, tho' gold was spar'd,
What gold could never buy.
No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove,
That, from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

SHE LIVES IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

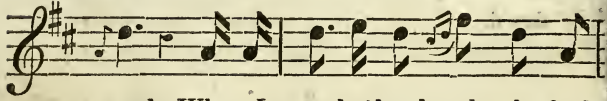
COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.



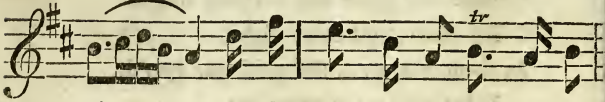
THE broom bloom'd so fresh and so



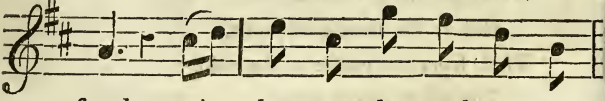
fair, - - - The lambkins were sport-ing a-



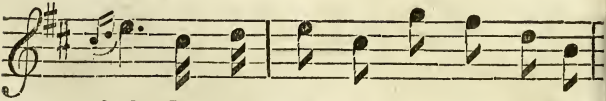
round, When I wander'd to breathe the fresh



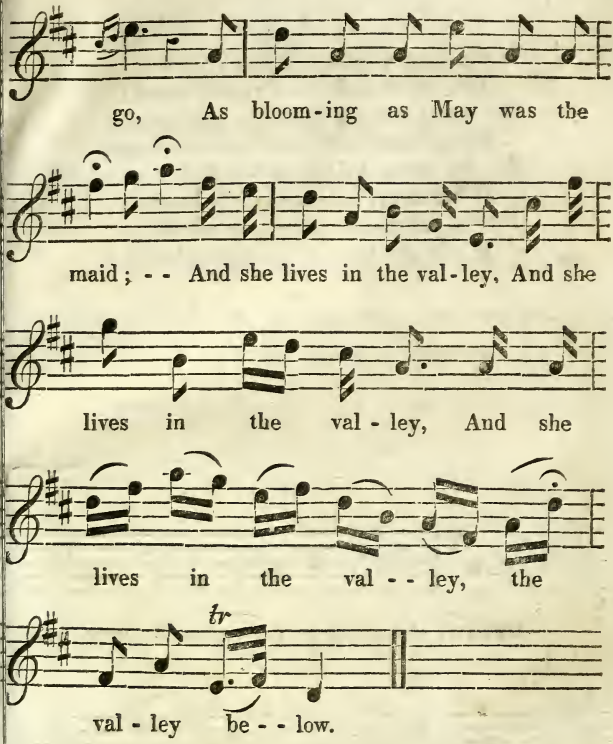
air, - - - And by chance a rich trea-sure I



found: A lass sat be-neath a green



shade, For whose smiles the whole world I'd fore-



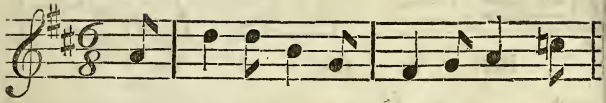
2

Her song struck my ear with surprise,
Her voice like the nightingale sweet;
But love took his seat in her eyes,
Where beauty and innocence meet.
From that moment my heart was her own,
For her ev'ry wish I'd forego;
She's beaut'ous as roses just blown,
And she lives in the valley below.

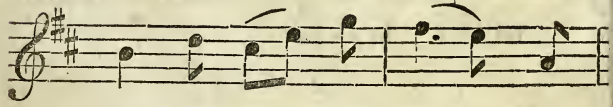
2

My cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
  The sweet turtle dove cooing round;
My flocks and my herds are my own,
  My pastures with hawthorn are bound
All my riches I'll lay at her feet,
  If her heart in return she'll bestow;
For no pasture can cheer my retreat,
  While she lives in the valley below.

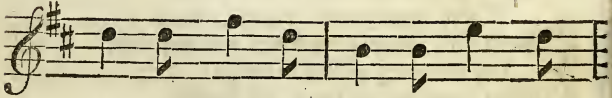
OLD TOWLER.



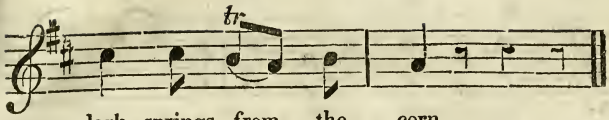
BRIGHT chan-ti-cleer pro-claims the dawn, And



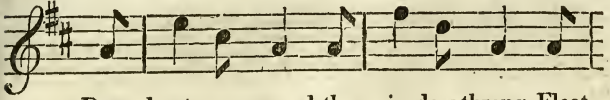
span - gles deck the thorn The



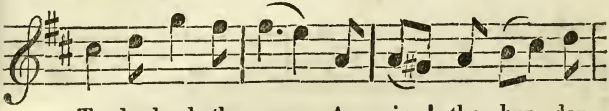
low - ing herd now quit the lawn, The



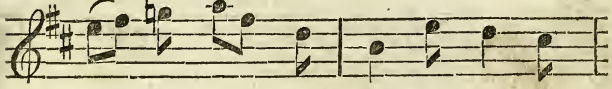
lark springs from the corn.



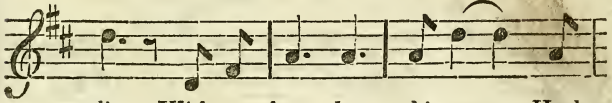
Dogs, huntsmen, round the win-dow throng, Fleet



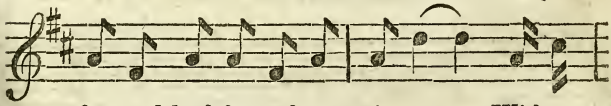
Towler leads the cry, A - rise! the bur - den



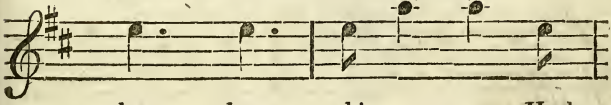
of their song, This day a stag must



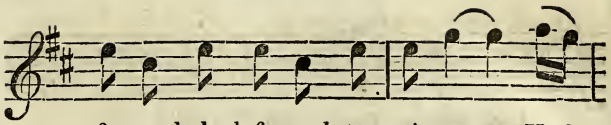
die, With a hey, ho, chi - vey, Hark



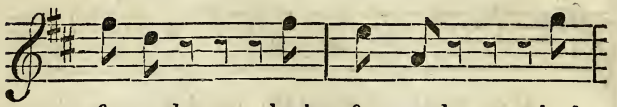
for-ward, hark forward, tan - ti - vey, With a



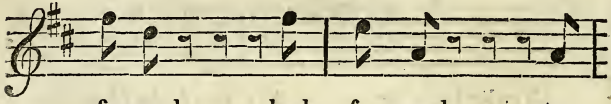
hey, ho, chi - - vey, Hark



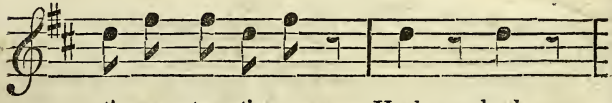
for-ward, hark forward, tan - ti - vey, Hark



for-ward, hark for - ward, hark

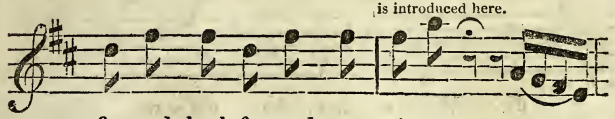


for-ward, hark for - ward, tan-

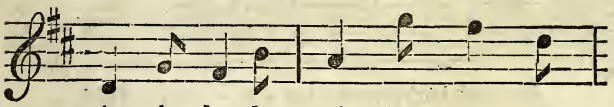


ti - vey, tan - ti - vey, Hark, hark

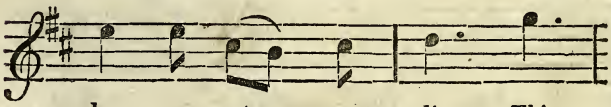
The Huntsman's hallo is introduced here.



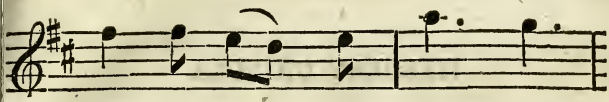
forward, hark forward, tan - ti - vey, A - - -



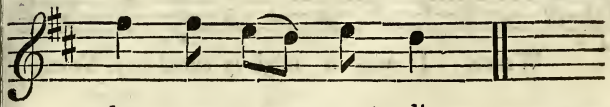
rise the bur-den of their song, This



day a stag must die, This



day a stag must die, This



day a stag must die.

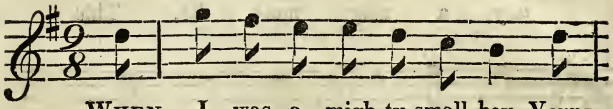
2

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale.
The upland lawns they sweep along
O'er fields, thro' brakes, they fly
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

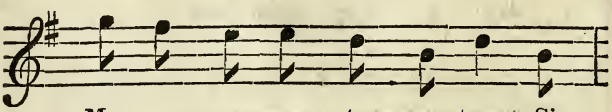
3

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace.
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey, ho, &c.

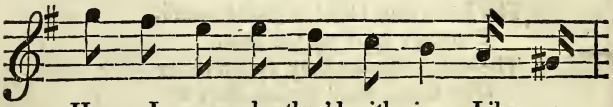
MARGERY GRINDER.



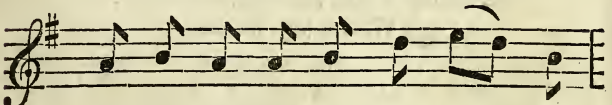
When I was a migh-ty small boy, Young



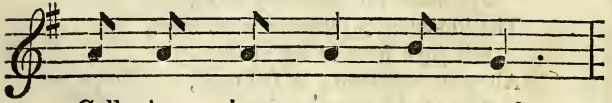
Mar - ge - ry came to our town, Sir;



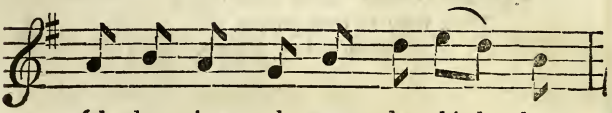
How I was bo-ther'd with joy, Like a



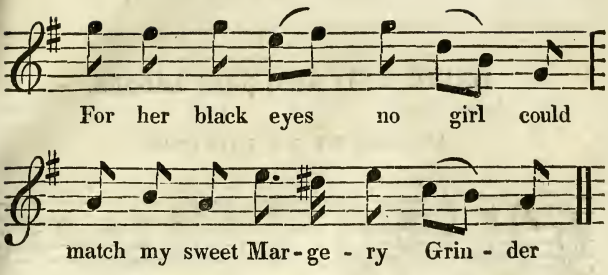
kit - ten I frisk'd up and down, Sir;



Call - ing her my sweet pearl,



fol - low - ing al - ways be - hind her,



2

My mother in vain bade me work,
Nor work nor eat could poor Barney;
So she went to old Father O'Rourke,
Told her story; and after some blarney,
Give me advice, says she; no friend than you can be kinder;
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast on Margery Grinder.

3

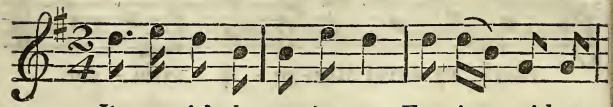
What devil has got in the place,
The folks are all mad, cries my mother;
There's Captain Dermot M'Shean,
And that deaf lawyer, Patrick, his brother,
Thedy, the purblind beau, and old O'Donavan blinder,
They're dancing and hobbling all after pert little Margery Grinder.

4

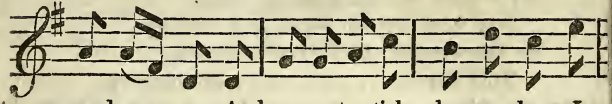
This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,
For grave was the father tho' frisky:
Mrs. Liffy, says he, take my word—
But he first took a noggin of whiskey:
Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he can find her;
So by his advice I was married next day to sweet Margery Grinder.

DRINK AND KISS THE LASSES.

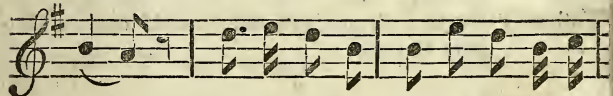
AS SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.



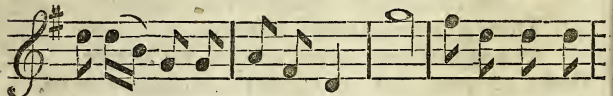
I'M a jol - ly rov-ing tar, Fear-ing neither



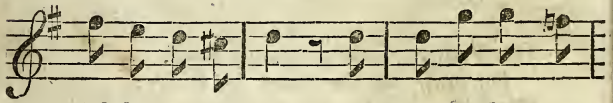
wound nor scar; And many tor-tish breezes have I



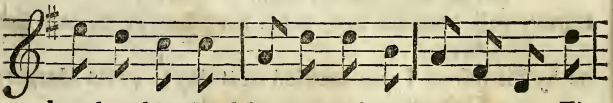
seen; When the grog is given out At a



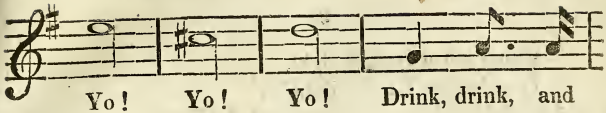
bat-tle or a boozing bout, Tom ne-ver was the

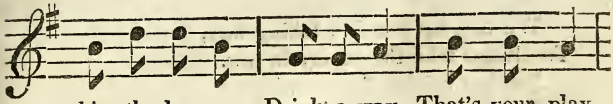


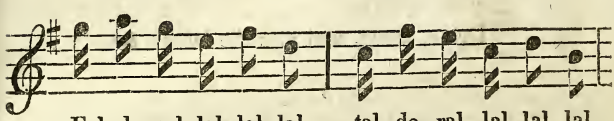
lub-ber to give in; On shore, my heart, or

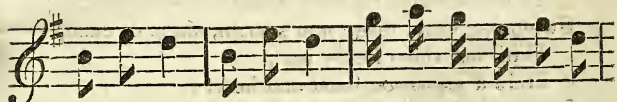


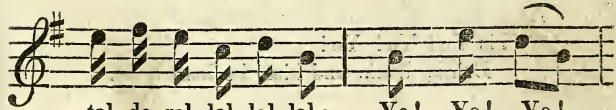
board a ship, Good humour with me keeps a trip. 'Tis

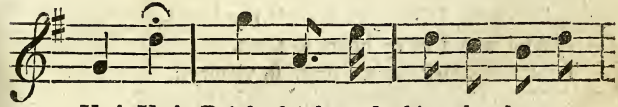

Yo! Yo! Yo! Drink, drink, and

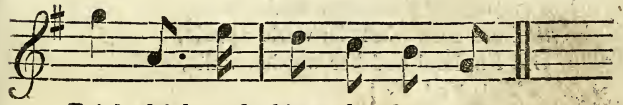

kiss the las-ses, Drink a-way, That's your play,


Fal de ral lal lal lal, tal de ral lal lal lal,


Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo! Fal de ral lal lal lal,


tal de ral lal lal lal; Yo! Yo! Yo!


Yo! Yo! Drink, drink, and kiss the las-ses,


Drink, drink, and kiss the las-ses

2

Fitted out a cruiser tight,
In a breeze I takes delight,
And fighting's my fair weather, I allow;
Just like new ones at a play,
We tars have such a taking way,
To always take the enemy in tow.
Fearing neither fin nor wing
At our guns we gaily sing
Yo! Yo! Yo!
Drink, drink, and kiss the lasses, &c.

3

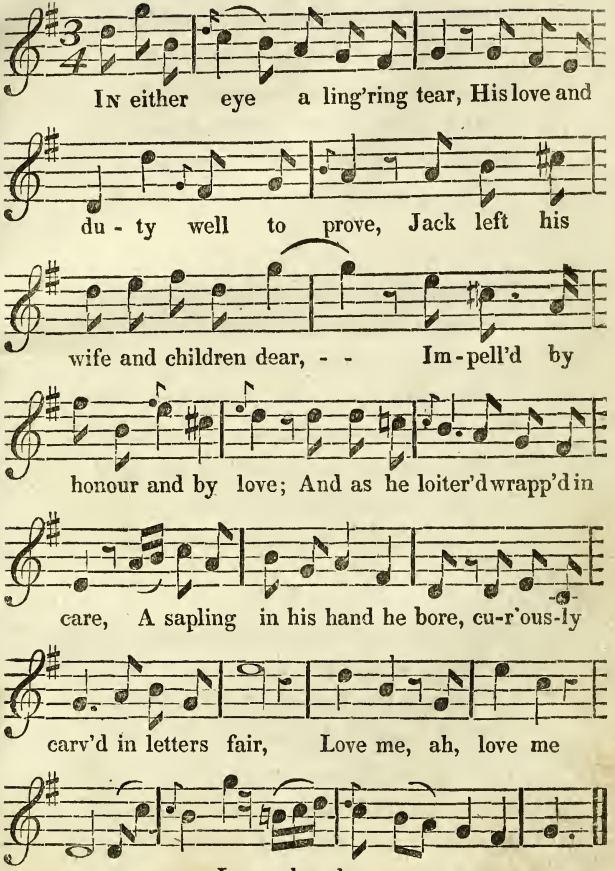
An't we built the main to rule?
In warm births we take it cool;
Swimming easy, rough and smooth, storm or calm,
With our rhino freely part,
Help a messmate hand and heart;
In friendship nought can cool us, we're so warm;
On shore our jolly cargo's glee,
And in the trough of Neptune's sea,
'Tis Yo! Yo! Yo!
Drink, drink, and kiss the lasses, &c.

4

The grog I love you know's my boast,
And was I ev'ry heart to toast,
That leads Britannia's crew to victory;
Make the sea grog their healths to quaff,
Before that I could drink 'em half,
I'm sartin that the ocean would be dry
So here goes what the world appals,
Old England and her wooden walls,
Yo! Yo! Yo!
Drink, drink, and kiss the lasses, &c

THE SAPLING

BY MR. DIBDIN.



2

At leisure to behold his worth,
  Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,
He plung'd the sapling firm in earth,
  And o'er and o'er his treasure told.
The letters spelt, the kindness trac'd,
  And all affection's precious store,
Each with the fav'rite motto grac'd,
  "Love me, ah! love me, evermore."

3

While on this anx'ous task employ'd,
  Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are suddenly annoy'd,
  The boatswain's whistle cleaves the air.
'Tis duty calls, his nerves are brac'd,
  He rushes to the crowded shore;
Leaving the sapling in his haste,
  That bids him love for evermore.

4

The magic branch thus unreclaim'd,
  Far off at sea, no comfort near,
His thoughtless haste he loudly blam'd,
  With many a sigh and many a tear;
Yet why act this unmanly part?
  The words the precious relic bore;
Are they not mark'd upon my heart?
  "Love me, ah! love me evermore."

5

Escap'd from treach'rous waves and winds,
  That three years he had felt at sea,
A wond'rous miracle he finds:
  The sapling is become a tree.
A goodly head that graceful rears,
  Enlarg'd the trunk, enlarg'd the core;
And on the rind enlarg'd appears
  "Love me, ah! love me, evermore."

6

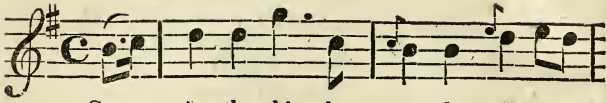
While gazing on the spell-like charms
  Of this most wonderful of trees,
His Nancy rushes to his arms,
  His children cling about his knees.
Increas'd in love, increas'd in size,
  Taught from the mother's tender store,
Each little urchin lisping cries,
  "Love me, ah! love me, evermore."

7

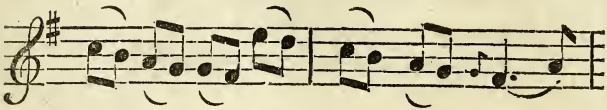
Amazement seiz'd th' admiring crowd:
  "My children," cried a village seer,
"These signs, though mute, declare aloud
  The hand of Providence is here.
Whose hidden, yet whose sure decrees,
  For those its succour who implore,
Can still the tempest, level seas,
  And crown true-love for evermore."

LOVELY NAN.

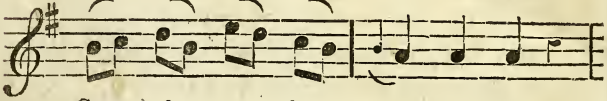
BY MR. DIBDIN



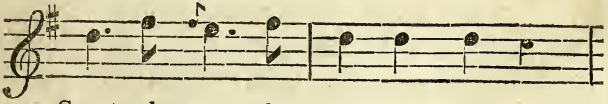
Sweet is the ship that, un - der sail, spreads



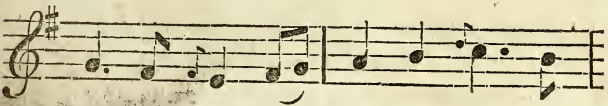
her white bo - som to the gale;



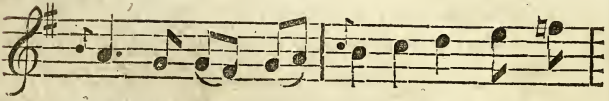
Sweet, oh sweet's the flowing can;



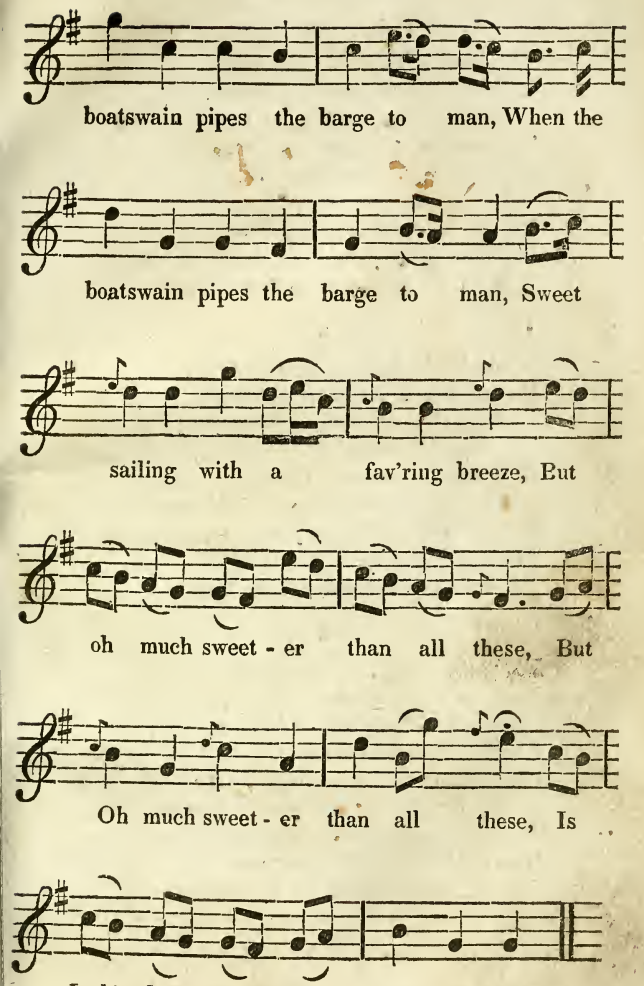
Sweet, oh sweet's the flowing can;



Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar, That



tugs us to our native shore, When the


boatswain pipes the barge to man, When the
boatswain pipes the barge to man, Sweet
sailing with a fav'ring breeze, But
oh much sweet - er than all these, But
Oh much sweet - er than all these, Is
Jack's de - light, his love - ly Nan.

2

The needle faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man:
The needle time may rust, a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:
My life in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth for lovely Nan.

3

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man;
But tho' false friendship's sails were furl'd
Tho' cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

4

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man,
To sail through life by honour's breeze,—
'Twas all along of lovin' these
First made me doat on lovely Nan

ANNA; OR, THE ADIEU.

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK

When the sails catch the breeze, and the

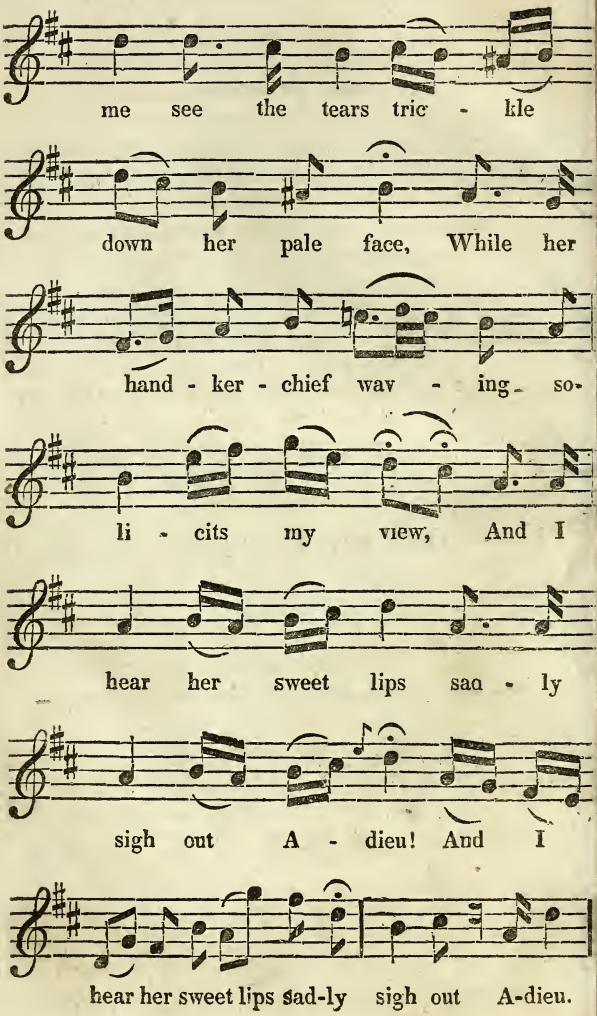
anchor is weigh'd, To bear me from An - na my

beau - ti - ful maid; The top-mast as - cending I

look for my dear, And sigh that her features im-

perfect ap - pear; Till aid - ed by fan - cy in

charms I still trace, And for


me see the tears tric - kle
down her pale face, While her
hand - ker - chief wav - ing so-
li - cits my view, And I
hear her sweet lips sad - ly
sigh out A - dieu! And I
hear her sweet lips sad-ly sigh out A-dieu.

2

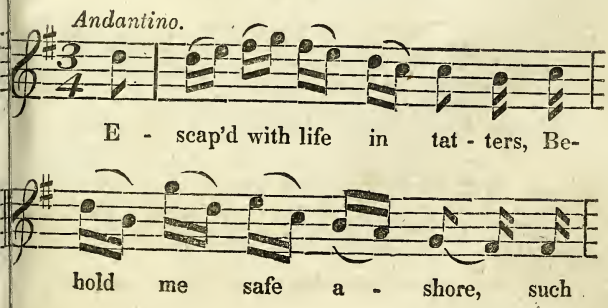
The pleasing delusion not long can prevail,
High rise the proud waves, and more brisk blows the gale;
The gale that regards not the sigh that it bears,
The proud waves still unmov'd, tho' augmented by tears.
Ah! will ye not one single moment delay!
Oh! think from what rapture you bear me away!
Then my eyes strain in vain my dear Anna to view,
And a tear drops from each as I sigh out, Adieu!

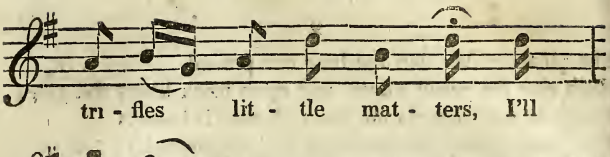
3

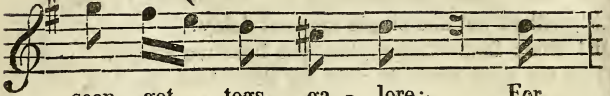
Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,
That I still see the land where I left her behind,—
The land that gave birth to my charmer and me,
Though less'ning, my eyes beam with pleasure to see:
'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my heart—
'Tis the heaven where yet we shall meet ne'er to part,
If the Fates are propitious to lovers so true;
But if not, dearest Anna, a long, long Adieu.

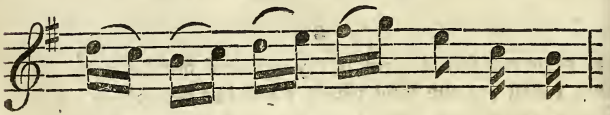
THE SHIP-WRECKED TAR.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

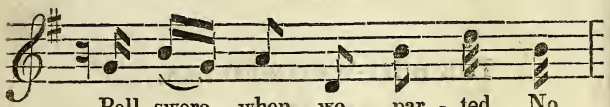


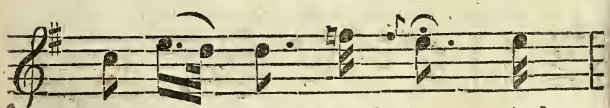

tri - fles lit - tle mat - ters, I'll

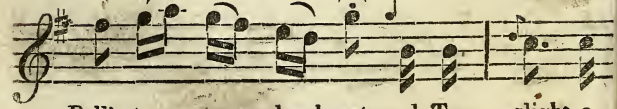

soon get togs ga - lore; For

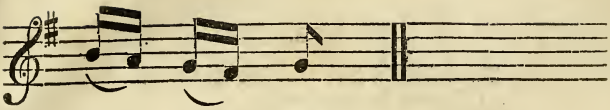

Poll swore when we par - ted, No

chance her faith should jar,


Poll swore when we par - ted, No


chance her faith should jar, And


Poll's too ten - der heart - ed To slight a



ship - wreck'd Tar.

2.

To Poll his course straight steering,
He hastens on apace;
Poor Jack can't get a hearing,
She never saw his face.
From Meg, and Doll, and Kitty,
Relief is just as far;
Not one has the least pity
For a poor shipwreck'd Tar.

3.

This, whom he thought Love's needle,
Now his sad mis'ry mocks;
That wants to call the beadle,
To set him in the stocks.
Cried Jack, This is hard dealing;
The elements at war
Than this had kinder feeling—
They spared a shipwreck'd Tar.

4.

But all their taunts and fetches
A judgment are on me;
I, for these harden'd wretches,
Dear Nancy, slighted thee.
But see, poor Tray assails me,
His mistress is not far;
He wags his tail and hails me,
Though a poor shipwreck'd Tar.

5.

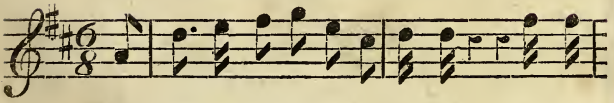
Twas faithful love that brought him,
O lesson for mankind!
'Tis one, cried she, I taught him
For on my constant mind
Thy image dear was graven;
And now, remov'd each bar,
My arms shall be the haven
For my poor shipwreck'd Tar.

6.

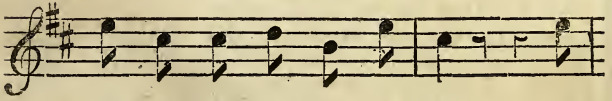
Heav'n and love reward thee!
I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich;
All shall with pride regard thee,
Thy love shall so bewitch
With wonder each fond fancy
That children, near and far,
Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
That sav'd her shipwreck'd Tar.

WHEN LOVE GETS YOU FAST

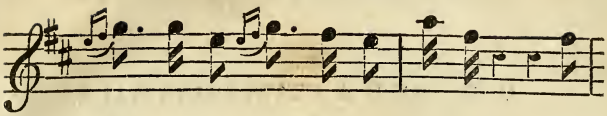
COMPOSED BY DR. ARNOLD.



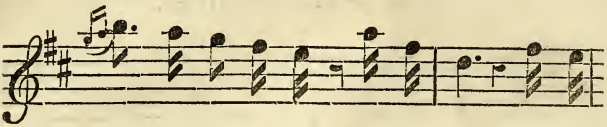
When Love gets you fast in his clutches, And you



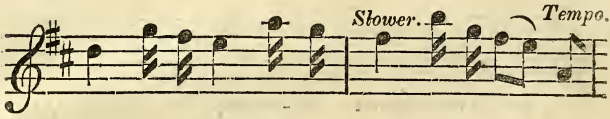
sigh for your sweetheart a - way, Old



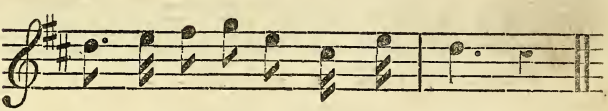
Time cannot move without crutches, A-



lack how he hobbles, Well-a-day, Well-a-



day, Well-a-day, Well-a - day, Well-a-day, A-



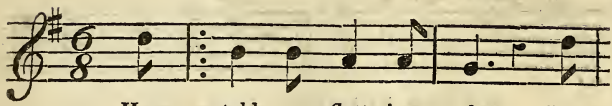
lack how he hobbles, Well - a - day.

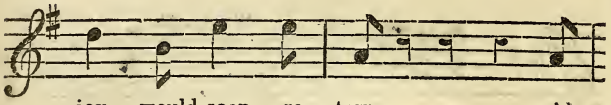
2.

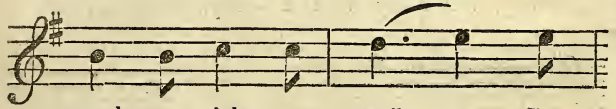
But when Walter my trembling hand touches,
And love's colourings o'er my cheeks stray,
Old Time throws aside both his crutches,
Alack! how he gallops, Well-a-day.

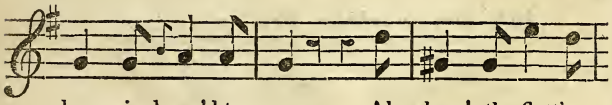
HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

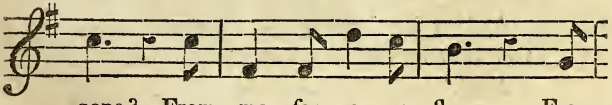
SUNG BY MADAME CATALANI.

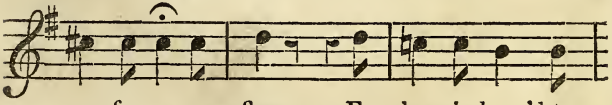












mourn; Ah, nought my sighs a - vail, For

love is doom'd to mourn. The hap-py

dream of love is o'er, Life, - - a-

las! can charm no more.

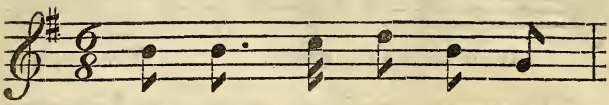
The hap - py dream - - - of love is

o'er, Life - a - las! can

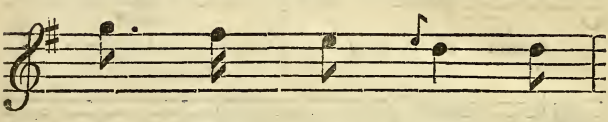
tr

charm no more. Hope— *Da Capo.*

O MOLLY, DEAR MOLLY.

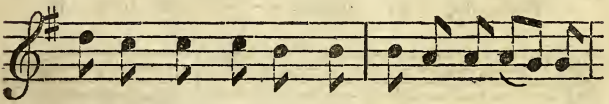


Wil - liam in ac - cents of

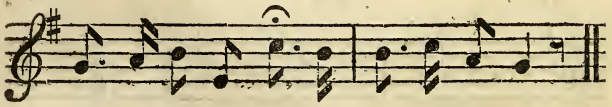


love would com - plain, And

thus to the fair one ad-dress the fond strain: O



Mol - ly, dear Mol-ly, my heart is so true, I



die of de-spair, if I live without you.

2.

'Tis your idea that gladdens each hour,
Your voice alone that gives music pow'r;
For Molly, dear Molly, my heart is so true,
I die of despair if I live not for you.

3.

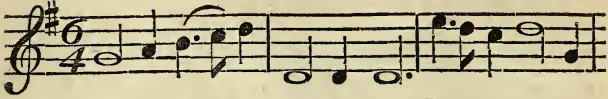
I'll cull each flow'ret from garden or grove,
And twine thee a wreath, the emblem of love;
For Molly, dear Molly, my heart is so true,
I die of despair if I live not for you.

4.

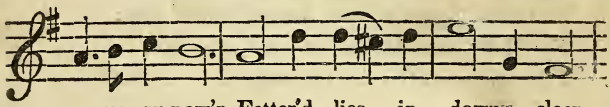
Deign then, dearest maiden, my gift to approve,
And cherish with hope the blossoms of love;
For Molly, dear Molly, my heart is so true,
I die in despair if I live not for you.

THE WOLF

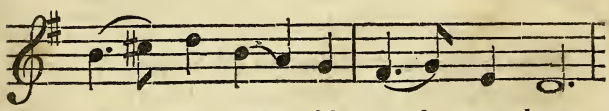
SUNG IN THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.—COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD.



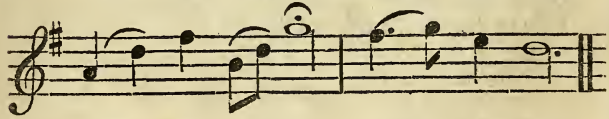
At the peace-ful midnight hour, Ev-e-ry sense and



e-ve-ry pow'r Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,

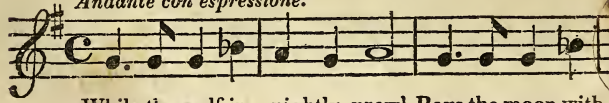


Then our care-ful watch we keep,

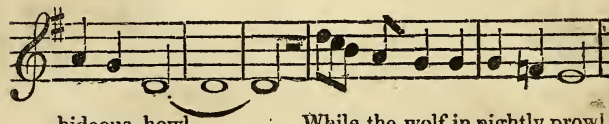


Then our care-ful watch we keep.

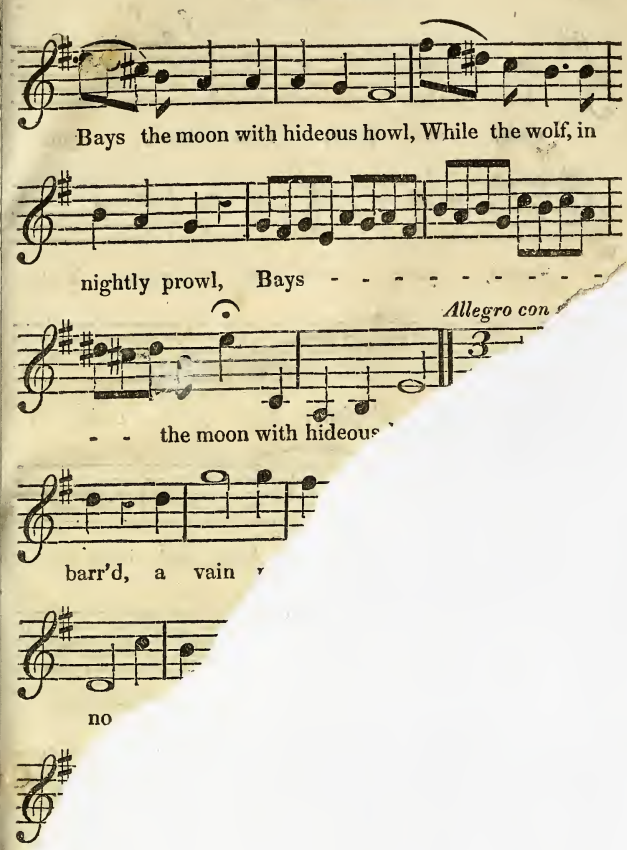
Andante con espressione.

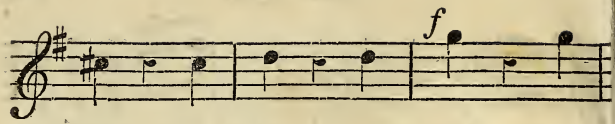


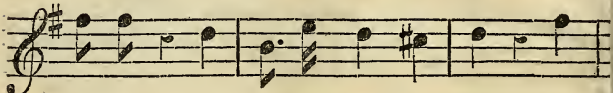
While the wolf in nightly prowl Bays the moon with

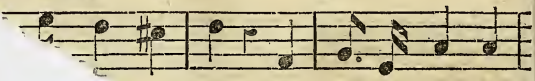


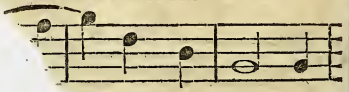
hideous howl - - - While the wolf in nightly prowl


Bays the moon with hideous howl, While the wolf, in
nightly prowl, Bays - - - - - - - - -
Allegro con
- - the moon with hideous
barr'd, a vain
no

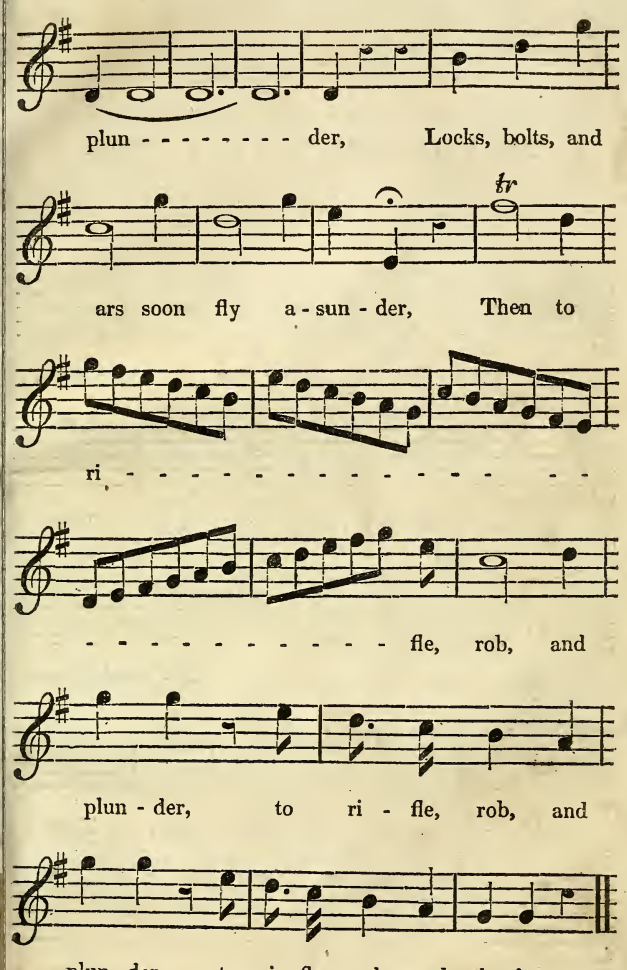

f
cash, and plate, Your keys, your


jewels, your jewels, cash, and plate, Your

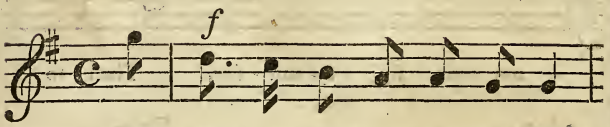

nd plate, Your jewels, cash, and


bolts, and bars soon

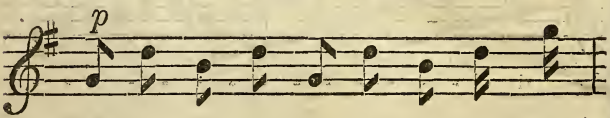
rs soon


plun - - - - - - - - der, Locks, bolts, and
tr
ars soon fly a - sun - der, Then to
ri - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - fle, rob, and
plun - der, to ri - fle, rob, and
plun - der, to ri - fle, rob, and plunder.

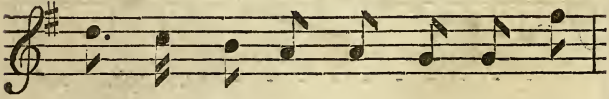
THE YORKSHIRE MAN IN LONDON.



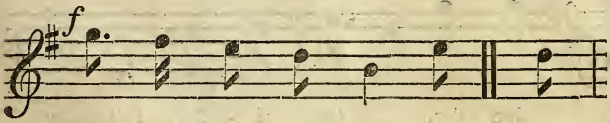
When first in Lun - nun I ar - rived,



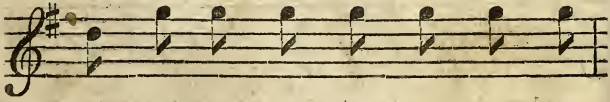
On a vi - sit, on a vi - sit, When



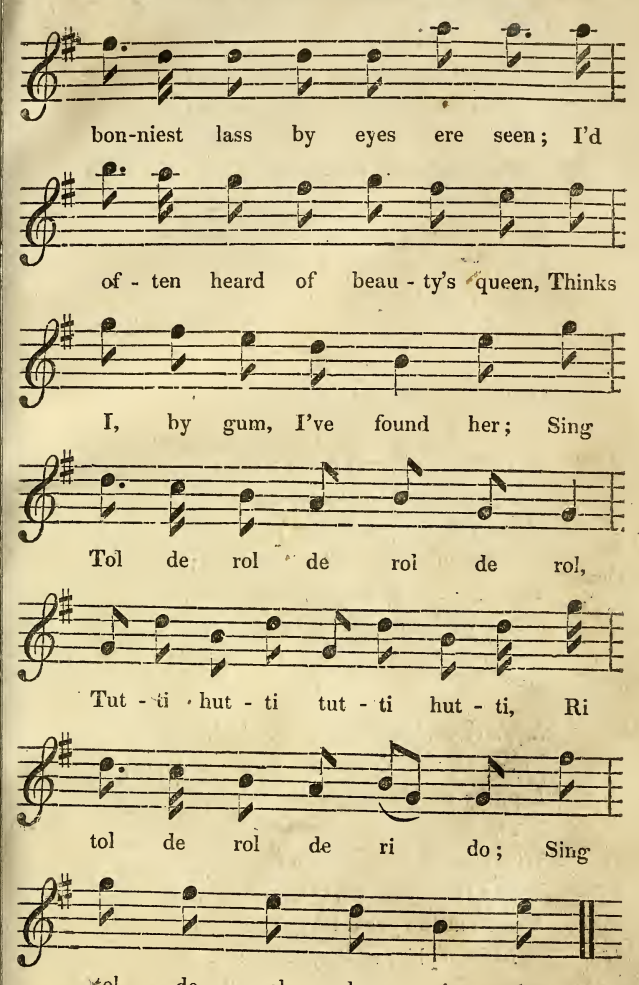
first in Lun - nun I ar - rived, Midst



hea - vy rain and thun - der; Then



I es - py'd a lass in green, The


bon-niest lass by eyes ere seen; I'd
of - ten heard of beau - ty's queen, Thinks
I, by gum, I've found her; Sing
Tol de rol de rol de rol,
Tut - ti hut - ti tut - ti hut - ti, Ri
tol de rol de ri do; Sing
tol de rol de ri do.

2.

She stood stock still, I did the same,
Gazing on her, gazing on her,
She stood stock still, I did the same,
We both look'd mighty simple.
Her cheeks were like the blushing rose,
Which on the hedge neglected blows—
Her eyes were black as any sloes,
And nigh her mouth a dimple.
Tol de rol, &c.

3.

Madam, says I, and made a bow
Scraping to her, scraping to her,
Madam, says I, and made a bow,
I quite forgot the weather;
If you will me permission give,
I'll see you home where'er you live;
With that she took me by the sleeve,
And off we trudg'd together.
Tol de rol, &c.

4.

A pratty wild goose chase we had,
Up and down, sirs, in and out, sirs,
A pratty wild goose chase we had,
The cobbled stones so gall'd me;
Whereon we came unto a door,
Where twenty lasses, aye, or more,
Came out to have a bit galore
At Bumpkin, as they call'd me.
Tol de rol, &c.

5.

Walk in, kind Sir, says she to me,
Quite politely, quite politely,
Walk in, kind Sir, says she to me;
Poor lad, they cried, he's undone.
Walk in, kind Sir. Not so, says I,
For I've got other fish to fry,
I've seen you home, so now good bye
I'ze Yorkshire, tho' in Lunnun.
Tol de rol, &c.

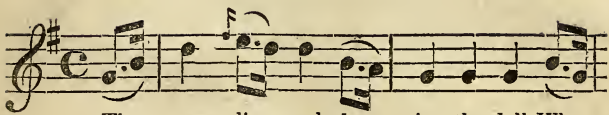
6.

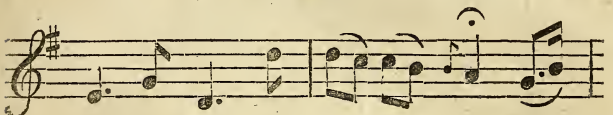
My pockets soon I rummaged o'er,
Cautious ever, cautious ever,
My pockets soon I rummaged o'er,
Where I a diamond ring found:
For I had this precaution took,
To stick in each a small fish-hook;
In groping for my pocket-book,
The hook it stript her finger.
Tol de rol, &c,

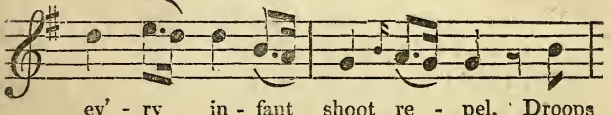
7.

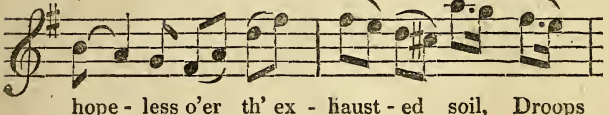
Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
Living idle, living idle,
Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
'Tis time to strike to work, sure.
I sold the ring and got the brass,
And so I did not play the ass;
'Twill do to toast the Lunnun lass,
When I get back to Yorkshire.
Tol de rol, &c.

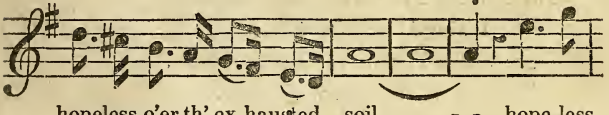
THE SAPLING OAK.

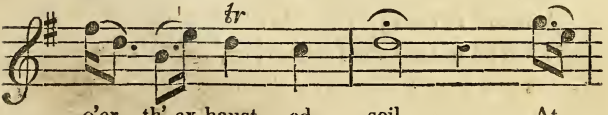


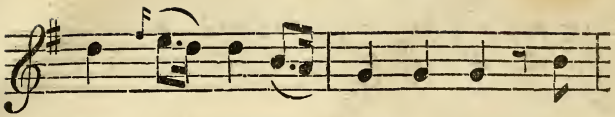




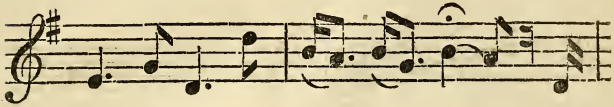






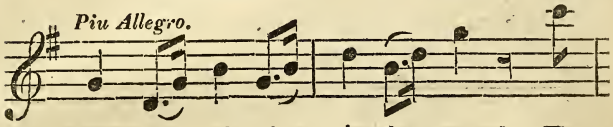


length the wood-man clears a - round, Where-

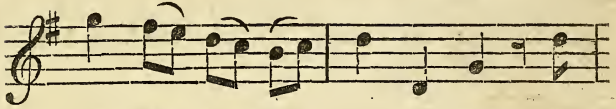


e'er the noxious thick - ets spread, And

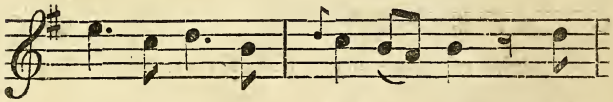
Piu Allegro.



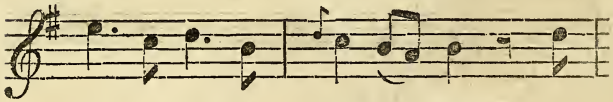
high re - viv - ing o'er the ground, The



fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, At

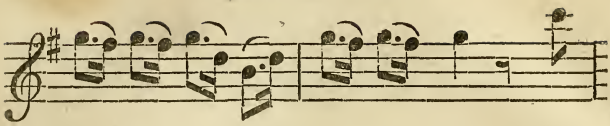


length the woodman clears a - round, Where-

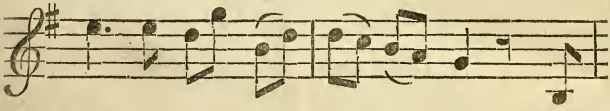


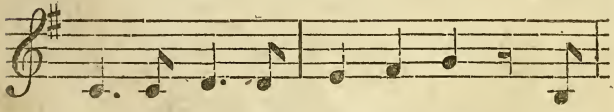
e'er the noxious thick-ets spread, And

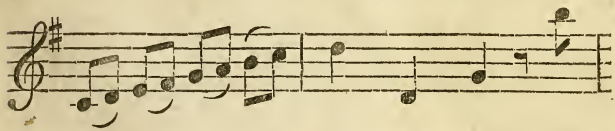
high re - viv - ing o'er the ground, The

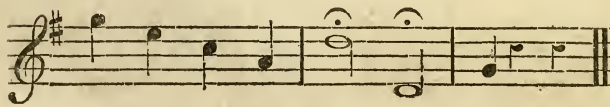

fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, And

high re - viv - ing o'er the ground, - - - The


fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, And

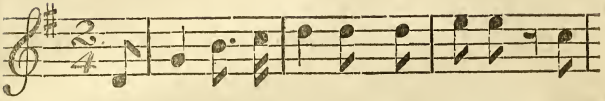

high re - viv - ing o'er the ground, The


fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, The

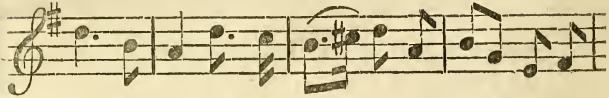

fo - rest monarch lifts his head.

MY FRIEND IS THE MAN; OR, THE MODEL.

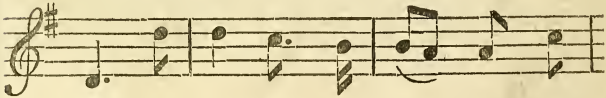
COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.



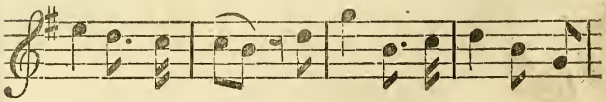
My friend is the man I would co-py thro'



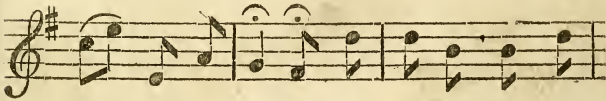
life, He harbours no en - vy, he cau-ses no



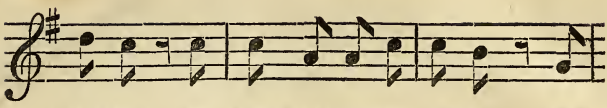
strife; No murmurs es - cape him, though



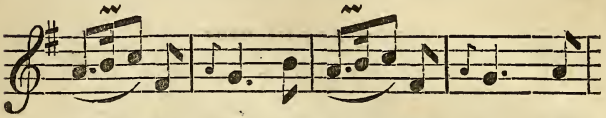
Fortune bears hard, Con-tent is his portion, and



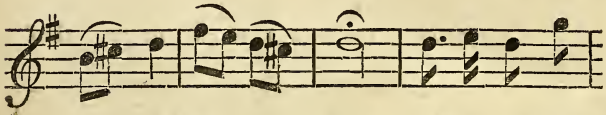
peace his re - ward; Still happy in his



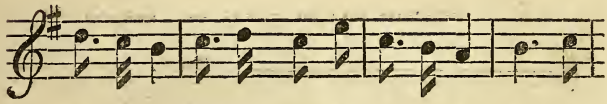
station, He minds his oc - cu - pation, Nor



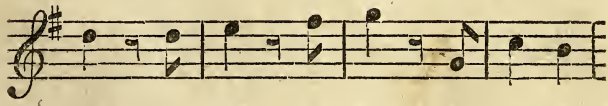
heeds the snares, Nor knows the cares, Which



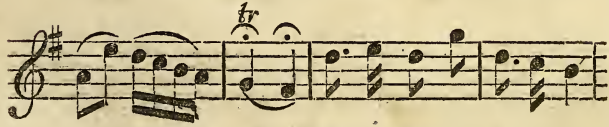
vice and fol - ly bring; Daily working



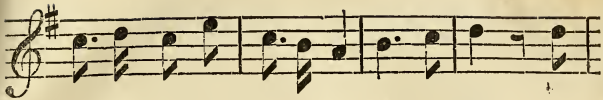
wea - ri - ly, Nightly singing cheer-i - ly, Dear to

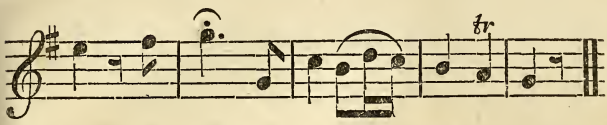


him his wife, his home, his coun-try,



and his - king; Dai-ly working wea-ri-ly,





2.

His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,
He lessens his little for others that want;
Though his children's dear claims on his industry press,
He has something to spare for the child of distress.
He seeks no idle squabble,
He joins no thoughtless rabble;
To clear his way,
From day to day,
His honest views extend;
When he speaks 'tis verily,
When he smiles 'tis merrily,
Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his friend.

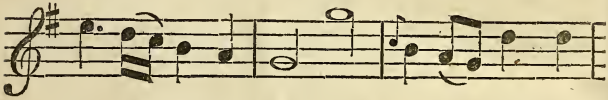
3.

How charming to find, in his humble retreat,
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great;
The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful endearments of infantine love.
Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jest and tale;
No vain schemes confounding him,
All his joys surrounding him,
Dear he holds his native land its laws, and liberty.

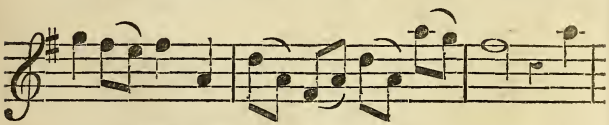
REST, BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS.

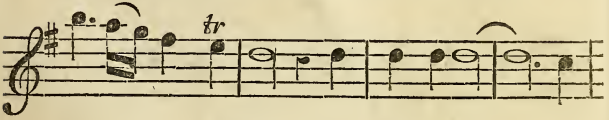
Rest, beauteous flow'r, and bloom a - new, To



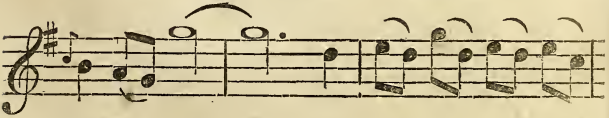
court my passing love; Glow in his eye with



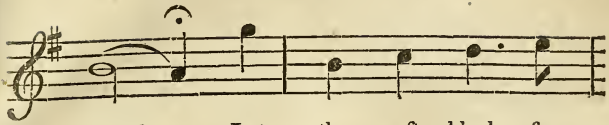
brighter hue, And all thy form im - prove, And



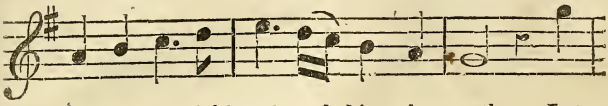
all thy form improve: And while thy bal - - my



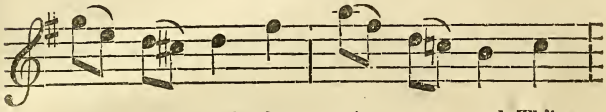
odours steal - - To meet his e - qual



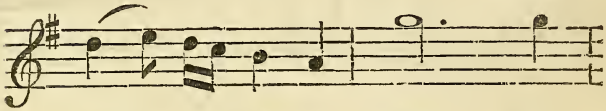
breath, - Let thy soft blush for



mine reveal Th' imprint-ed kiss be-neath, Let



thy soft blush for mine re - veal Th'im-

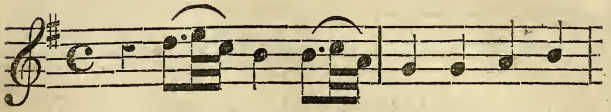


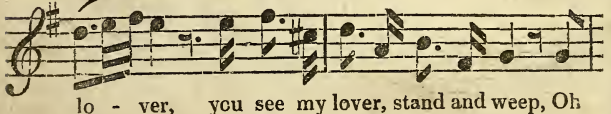
print - ed kiss be - neath, Th'im-

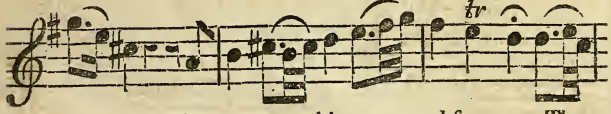
print-ed kiss be - - neath.

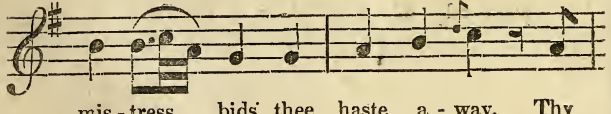
YE STREAMS THAT ROUND MY PRISON CREEP.

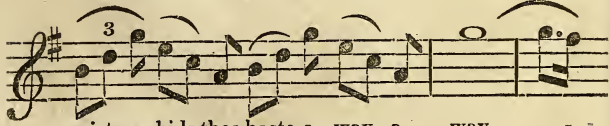
COMPOSED BY S. STORACE.

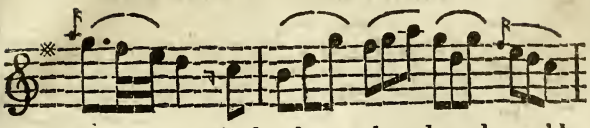










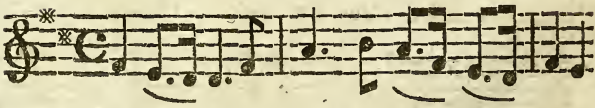


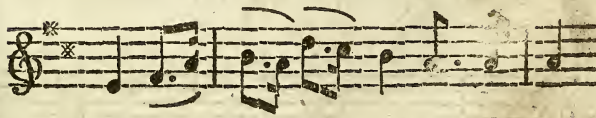
2

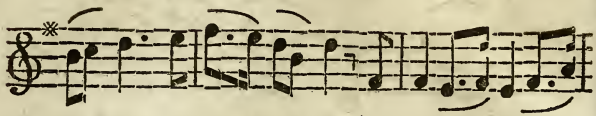
Ye gales that love with me to sigh,
If in your breezy flight you see
My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
Oh whisper this command from me:
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day.

MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.

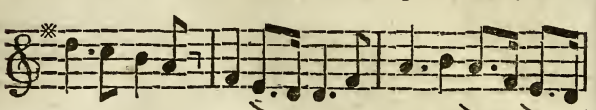
Words by T. Moore.—Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.



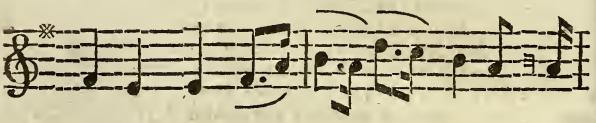




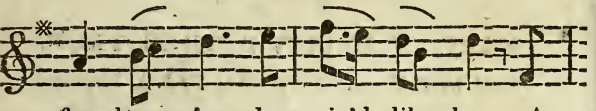
I mourn that e'er I knew A girl so fair, and



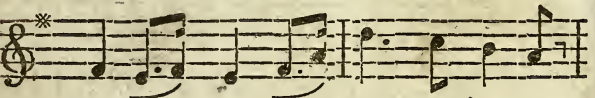
so deceiving; Few have ever lov'd like me, O!



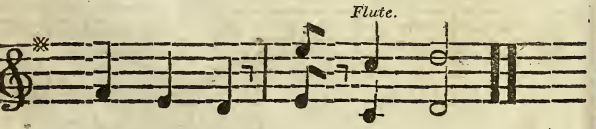
I have lov'd thee too sin - cere-ly, And



few have e'er de - ceiv'd like thee. A-



las! de - ceiv'd me too se - vere - ly.



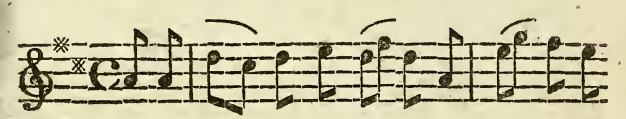
Fare thee well, Fare thee well.

2

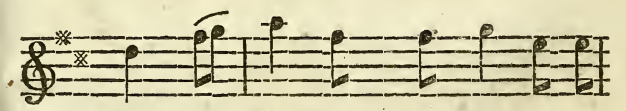
Fare thee well, yet think awhile
  On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
  And die with thee than live without thee.
Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
  Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see,
  My peace is gone, my heart is broken.
    Fare thee well.

Knowing Joe and the Show Folk.

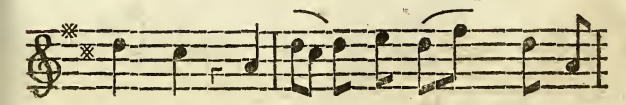
Sung by Mr. Emery at Covent Garden Theatre.



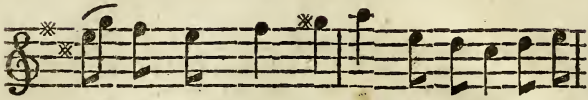
I was call'd Knowing Joe by the boys of our



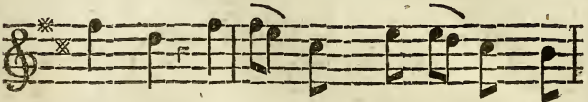
town, Old dad taught me wise - ly to



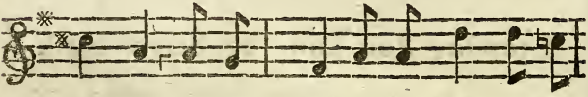
know folk; Cod, I was so sharp, when they



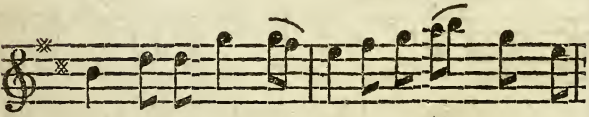
laughing came down, I ax't how dost do to the



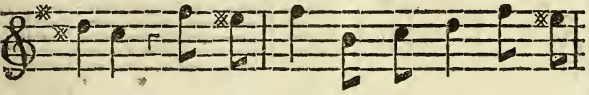
show-folk, I ax't how dost do to the



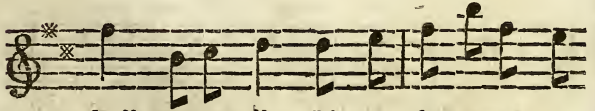
show-folk. I could chaunt a good stave, that I



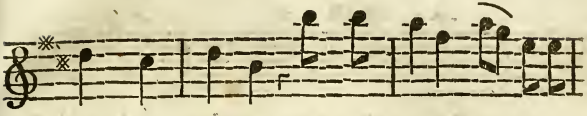
know ve-ry well, No boy of my age could talk



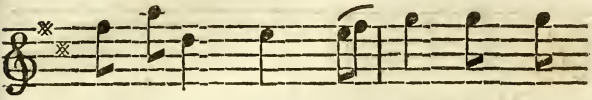
louder; Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a



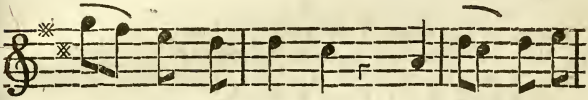
droll sto-ry tell; Of my cle-verness too



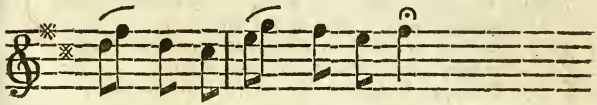
none were prouder: So thinks I, it's bet-ter nor



fol-low-ing plough, To try with these

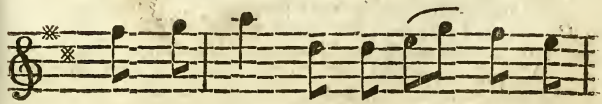


youths to queer low folk; Their meas-ter I

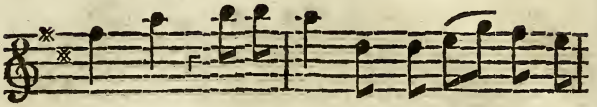


met, and I made him a bow,

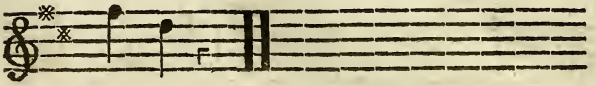
(Speaking.)—How do you do, Sir? says I; I've a mighty notion of turning actor-man: I'm main lissom, boxes, wrestles, and cudgels very pratty, dances a good jig, and can play the very devil. Then I



ax't a place, and so join'd with the



show-folk, ax't a place, and so join'd with the



show-folk.

2

The place that I got I determin'd to keep,
  But, odzooks, they all were so drollish;
Kings, coblers, or tailors, a prince, or a sweep,
  And jaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish.
Their daggers and swords, cod, they handled so cute,
  And their leadies were all so bewitching;
When I thought to be droll, I was always strück mute,
  As the bacon-rack hangs in our kitchen.
They ask'd me to say, how the coach was at doór,
  (When were seated above and below folk,)
Feggs, I was so sheam-feac'd, I flopp'd on the floor,
  (Spoken.)—A kind of a sort of giddiness seiz'd me all over—the candles danc'd the hays—'twere as dimmish as a Scotch mist, so I dropp'd down as a shot,
  And swounded away 'mong the show-folk.

3

They laugh'd so and jeer'd me, as never were seen,
  All manner of fancies were playing:
One night I was sent for to wait on a Queen,
  I believes 'twas Queen Hamlet of Dunking.
  (Spoken.)—(Not thinking the plan they were laying)
My Leady she died on a chair next her spouse,
  While with pins me behind they were pricking;
All at once I scream'd out, gave her Grace such a douse,
  That alive she was soon, aye, and kicking.

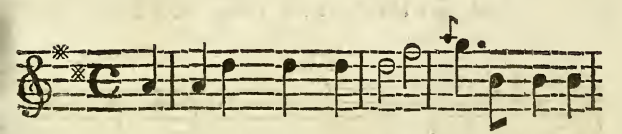
The people all laugh'd at and hooted poor I,
And the comical dogs did me so joke,
That I made but one step, without bidding good bye,

(Spoken.)—From their steage, cod, I never so much as once looked behind me, tumbled over a barrel of thunder, knocked down a hail storm, rolled over the sea, darted like lightning through the infernal regions,

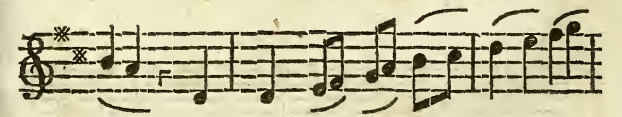
And so took my leave of the show-folk.

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

By Mr. Dibdin.

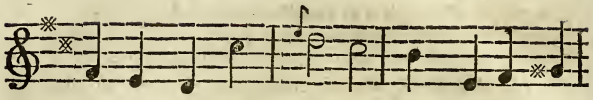


Like Etna's dread vol-cano see the am-ple

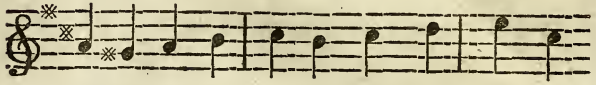


forge Large heaps up - on large heaps of

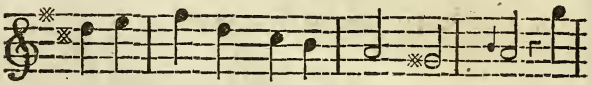
jet-ty fuel gorge; While sa-la-man-der



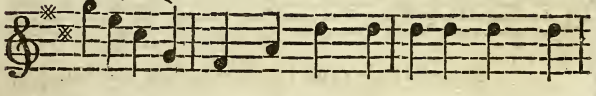
like the pond'rous an-chor lies, Glutted with



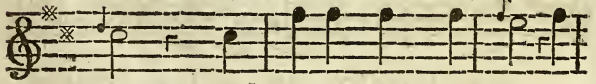
vi - vid fire thro' all its pores that flies, with



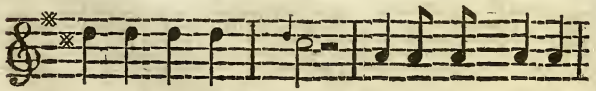
vi-vid fire thro' all its pores that flies, The



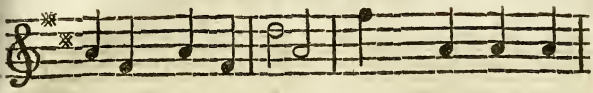
din - gy an-chorsmiths to re-no-vate their



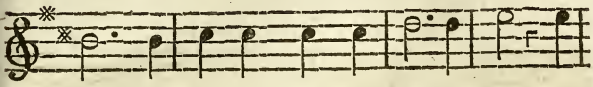
strength, Stretch'd out in death-like sleep, lie



snoring at their length, Wait-ing the master's



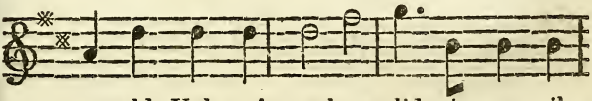
signal, when the tackles force, Shall like split



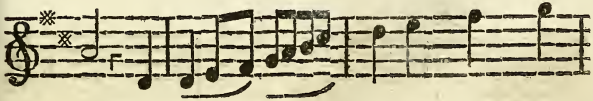
rocks, the an-chor from the fire divorce, Shall

like split rocks the an - - - - chor from the

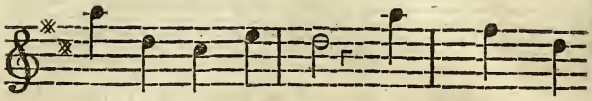
fire di - - vorce, from the fire divorce; While



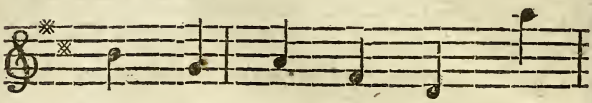
as old Vul-can's cyclops did the an - vil



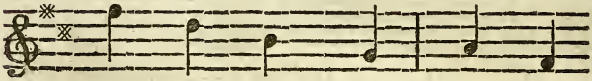
bang, In deaf - - ning concert shall their



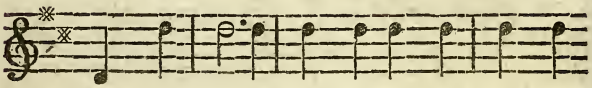
pond'rous hammers clang, Clang, clang, clang,



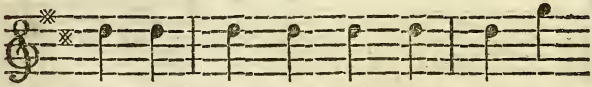
clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang,



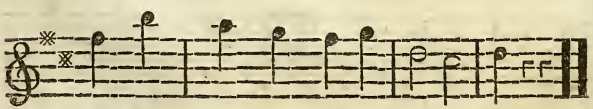
clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang,



clang, And in-to sym-me-try the mass in-



congr'ous beat, To save from ad - verse



winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

2

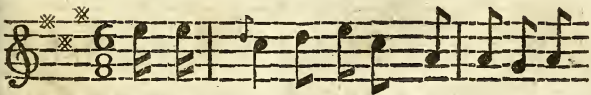
Now as more vivid and intense each splinter flies,
The temper of the fire the skilful master tries;
And as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
The heated anchor feeds the fire on which it fed.
The huge sledge-hammers round in order they arrange,
And waking anchorsmiths await the look'd-for change;
Longing, with all their force, the ardent mass to smite,
When issuing from the fire array'd in dazzling white.
And as old Vulcan's cyclops did the anvil bang,
To make in concert rude their pond'rous hammers clang,
The huge mishapen lump to symmetry they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

3

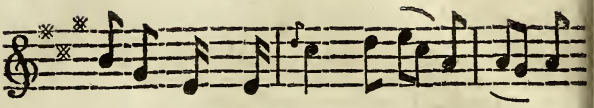
The preparations thicken, with forks the fire they goad,
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows load;
While arm'd from ev'ry danger, and in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for their prey,
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
Which on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts hurraw:
And now the scorch'd beholders want the pow'r to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazz'ed with its pow'rful rays.
While as old Vulcan's cyclops did the anvil bang,
To forge Jove's thunderbolts their pond'rous hammers clang;
And till its fire's extinct the monstrous mass they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

A LITTLE.

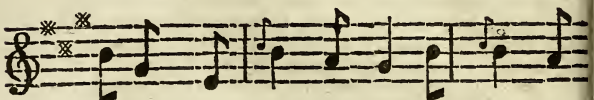
Written and Composed by Mr. Dibdin.



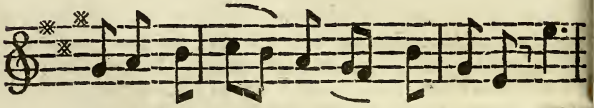
Wid my Lor Anglois I come o-ver un



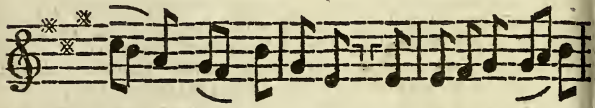
valet, From my own coun-try to 'scape the



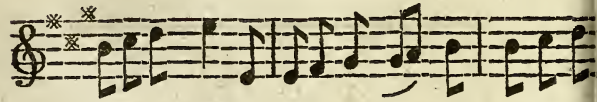
gal-ley; By'n - by grow rich, I teach the



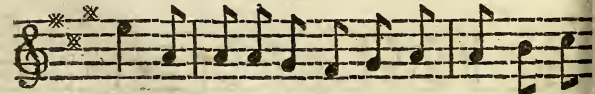
ballet, All while I play mine fit-tle, all



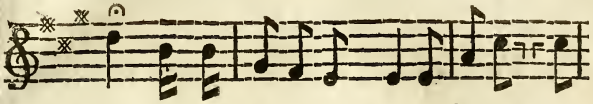
while I play mine fittle. A lit-tle I earn, a

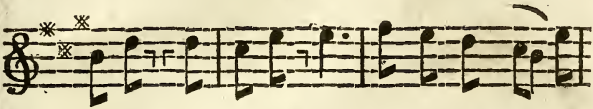


little I cheat, a little sometime I lodge in the



Fleet, A lit-tle I roll in my sha-riot the





2

I go de governess de school,
I want to teach you know de rule;
I find de governess no fool,—
  She say, Vell, pring your fittle.
A little soon I teach de dance,
A little they jump, a little they prance;
By'n-by, when I touch a little entrance,
  The governess touch a little.

3

To the dinner they ask this man such merit,
I stuff the turtle, the beef, and the carrot;
And with the ale, the punch, and the claret,
  I figure away the first fittle.
A little give toast 'bout politic bawl,
A little they sing, Tol lol de rol lol;
So my ticket I sell, while I sing small,
  And pocket de guinea a little.

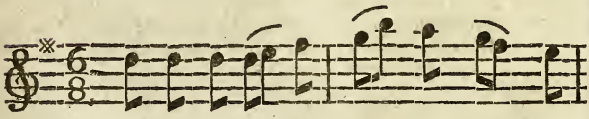
4

By'n-by, he come grand benefice,
Where the aunt, and the mother, the daughter, the niece;
Ev'ry body good nature so come to be fleece,
While I scrape away de fittle.
A little they jump, a little they jig,
A little de lady sometimes lose her wig;
While their head grow empty, my purse he grow big,
And I take in the flat a little.

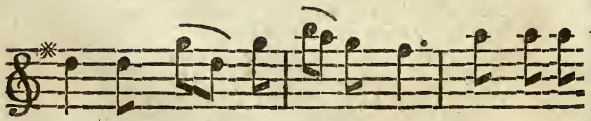
5

So den at last my scholar he flock,
That I get my banker, and puy de stock;
And their head for good sense in vain they may knock,
I drive it all out with my fittle.
A little I flash at the opera, de play,
In my shariot a little I figure away;
And keep, like mineself, un damn'd rogue de valet,
To laugh at the English a little.

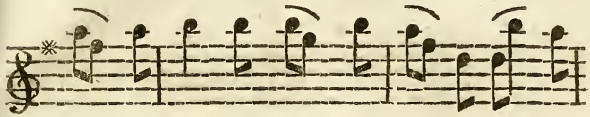
Dear is my little Native Vale.



Dear is my lit-tle na - tive vale, The

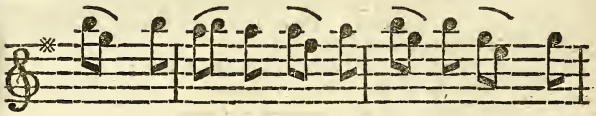


ring-dove builds and warbles there; Close by my

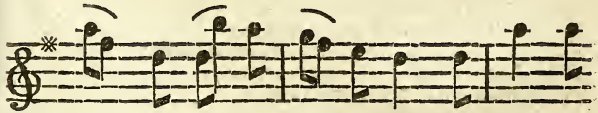


cot she tells her tale, to ev'-ry pass-ing

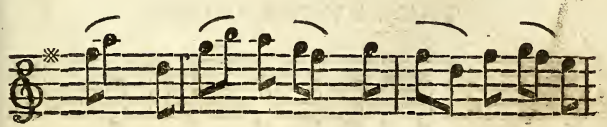
vil-la-ger, Close by my cot she tells her



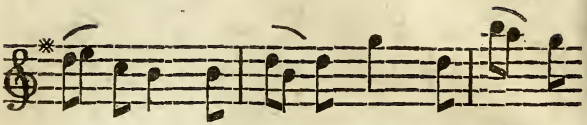
tale, Close by my cot she tells her tale, To



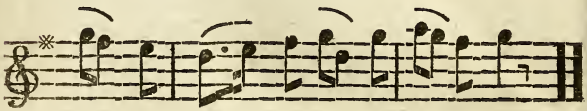
ev'--ry pass-ing vil-la-ger. The squir-rel



leaps from tree to tree, And shells his nuts at



li-ber-ty, The squirrel leaps from tree to



tree, And shells his nuts at li-ber-ty.

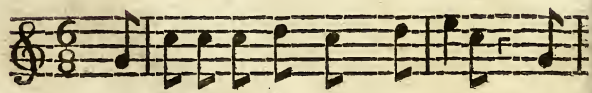
2

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those who win the race at eve.

3

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Bind me to my native vale.

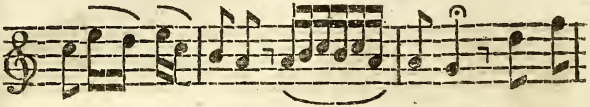
THE SPANISH GUITAR.



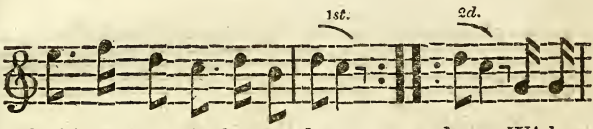
A la-dy in Ma-drid's gay ci-ty, Her

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

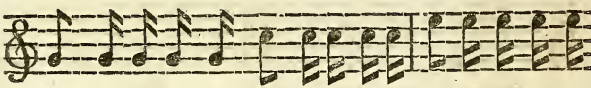
lo-ver once fearful to lose, On the Spanish gui-



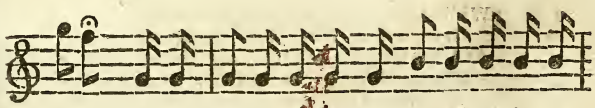
tar tun'd a dit-ty, a - - - - - dit-ty, which in-



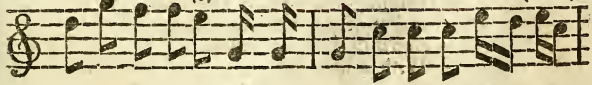
clin'd her wise fa ther to doze, doze; With a



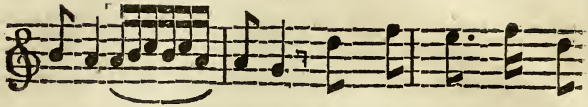
hoo ti-ra li - ra, hoo ti-ra li-ra, hoo ti - ra li-ra



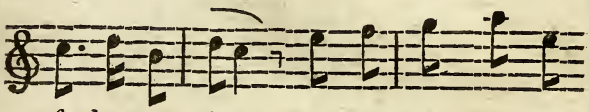
hoo, with a hoo ti-ra li - ra, hoo ti-ra li - ra,



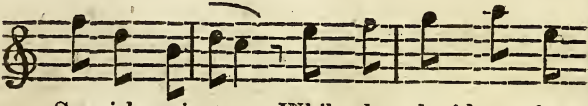
hoo ti - ra li ra; On her Spanish guitar tun'd a.



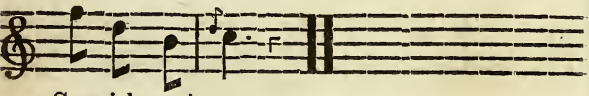
dit-ty, a - - - - - dit-ty, Which in - clin'd her wise



fa-ther to doze, While she play'd on her



Spanish gui - tar, While she play'd on her



Spanish gui - tar.

2

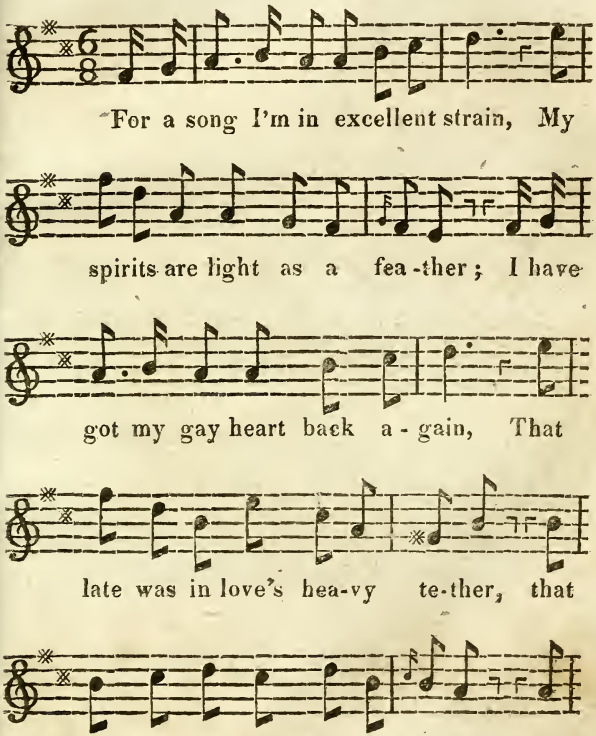
While trilling love's softest confession,
Her true lover listen'd and knew;
And tender'd each faithful expression.
Above all the wealth of Peru.
With a hoo, &c.

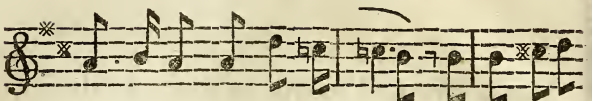
3

Then while the old Don was reposing,
Still tinkling more softly and slow,
The chamber-door gently unclosing,
She elop'd to her lover below.
With a hoo, &c.

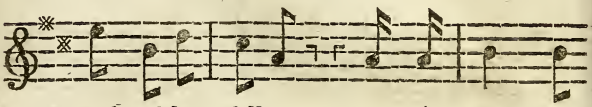
For a Song I'm in excellent Strain.

A favourite convivial Song, by Captain Morris.

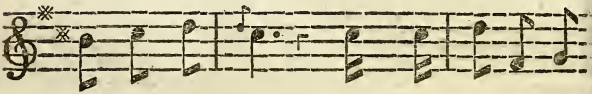




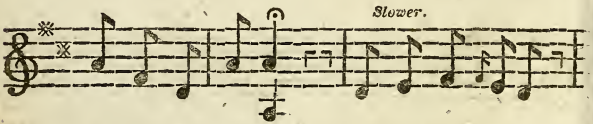
long-er I'll sigh in de - spair, No longer a



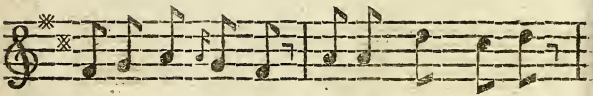
sad sil-ly fellow. You may see, tho'



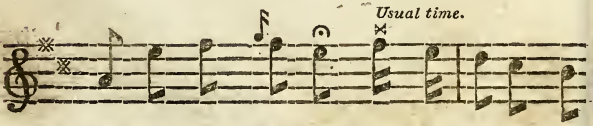
I have had care, That my temper is



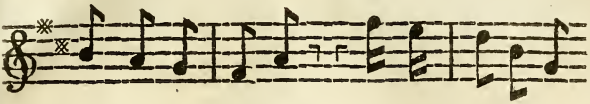
cheerful and mellow, cheerful and mellow,

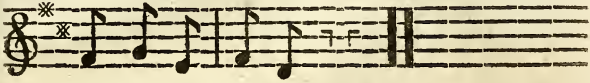


cheerful and mellow, cheerful and mel-low,



cheer-ful and mel-low, that my temper is





N. B. Repeat from this mark ✕ for Chorus.

2

For Chloe I died on the rack,
  While Phillis for me was despairing;
But love ever runs in this track,
  In spite of our cursing and caring.
Let fools then at destiny swear,
  I leave them to bluster and bellow;
You may see, although I've had care,
  My temper is cheerful and mellow.

3

Good Lord! when I think of her eyes,
  I ask how I liv'd through my sorrow;
How madness could cool and grow wise,
  That ever grew worse with the morrow.
Am I sav'd by the bowl or the fair?
  Is it Punch, or a kind Punchinello?
You'll find, although I've had care,
  That my temper is cheerful and mellow.

4

If any be struck deep as I,
  By Jove, he must run and not reason;
Like me, make an effort and fly,
  And drink, in her absence, a season.

Sing thus, and soft music forbear,
  Flute, fiddle, and violoncello,
And he'll find, though he has had care,
  His temper is cheerful and mellow.

5

Perhaps you may wish me to shew,
  How a heart that is hit may recover;
But, faith, if he dangles, I know
  No maxim to save a true lover.
He must gallop from jealous despair,
  Nor wait to be curs'd, like Othello;
And he find, though he has had care,
  That his temper is cheerful and mellow.

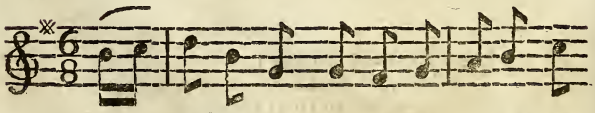
6

Then here's to the girl of my soul;
  For now that I'm cur'd of my folly,
Her spirit shall season the bowl,
  And serve for a toast to be jolly.
Her charms you may all of you share,
  My eye is not jealous nor yellow;
Thus you see, although I've had care,
  My temper is cheerful and mellow.

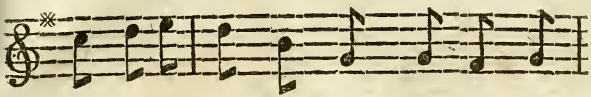
O Wonders that grow in Kilkenny.

A favourite Irish Song, sung by Mr. Johnstone.

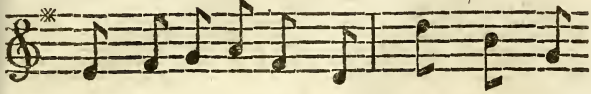
Composed by S. Storace.



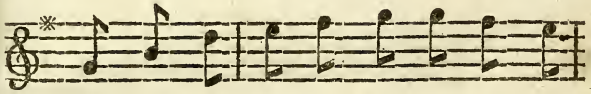
O wonders that grow in Kil-ken-ny, so



cle-ver! I mend the brain's weakness how

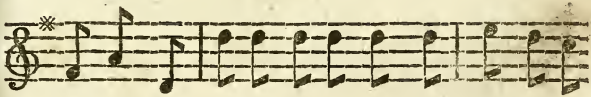


strong 'tis so - e - ver; Make dumb, blind, and

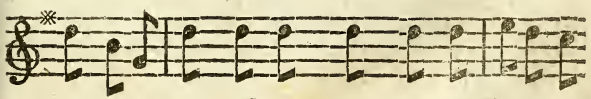


deaf, when they hear the lame walk-ing, Run

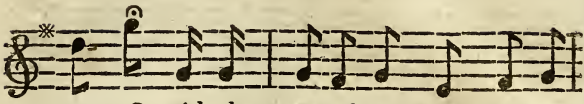
speechless with joy to be - hold themselves



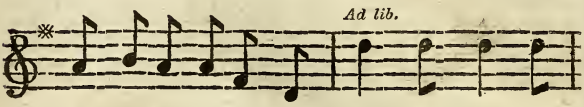
talking. For bother, o' pother, from one to the



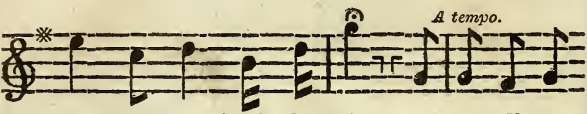
o-ther, I cure all complaints, whether little or



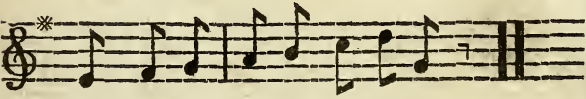
great, O, with the tune of my brogue, and a



touch of po - ta -to. Ach hone, Ach hone, mar-



rone ! marrone ! pil - la - - lu ! I cure all com-



plaints with a touch of po - ta - to.

2

The fame of my credit in Ireland has such been,
No senses were sound till by me they had touch'd been;
'Twas own'd by all ranks, whether peer, cit, or peasant,
None went farther before, who came after at present.
For bother o' pother, &c.

3

But vainly I hold out the light of all learning,
Unless the small wick of the brain I'm discerning;
If blind then to reason I force them to view it;
If I beat them not with it, I beat them into it.
For bother o' pother, &c.

FARE THEE WELL.

Words by Lord Byron; adapted to the air of Ah, Perdona, by Mozart.

Andante.

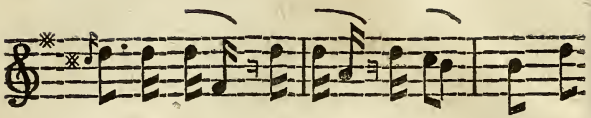
Fare thee well, and if for e-ver, Still for

e-ver fare thee well; E'en tho' un-for-giv-ing

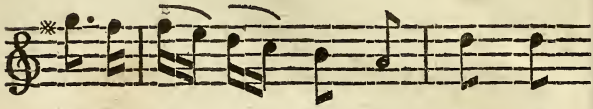
ne-ver 'Gainst thee shall my heart re-

bel, 'gainst thee, shall my heart re -- bel.

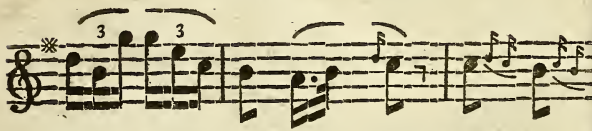
Would that breast were barr'd be-fore thee,



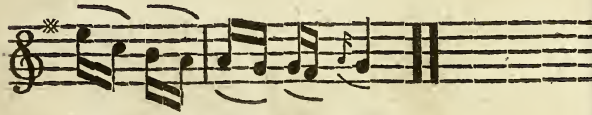
Where thy head so oft has lain, While that



placid sleep came o'er thee, Which thou



ne'er canst know a - - - gain, which thou



ne'er canst know a - gain.

2

Tho' the world for this commend thee,
  Tho' it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
  Founded on another's woe.
Tho' my many faults deface me,
  Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
  To inflict a cureless wound?

3

And when thou would'st solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father,"
Tho' his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love has bless'd.

4

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mays't see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes where'er thou goest,
Whither—yet with thee they go.

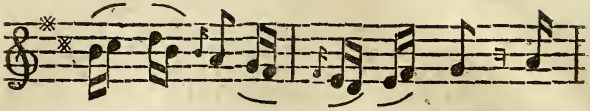
5

But 'tis done, all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force the way without the will.
Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart and love, and blighted,
More than this, I scarce can die.

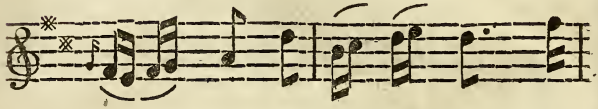
All will hail the Joyous Day.

Sung in the Siege of Belgrade.—Composed by S. Storace.

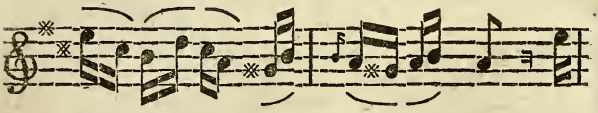
All will hail the joy - ous day, When



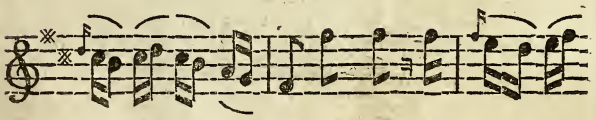
love his tri-umph shall dis - play; The



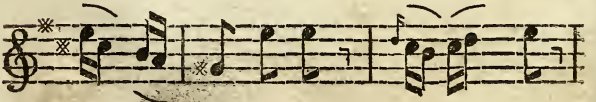
rus - tic pipe as - sist the song, The



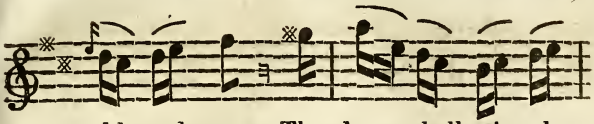
dance shall min-gle old and young; The



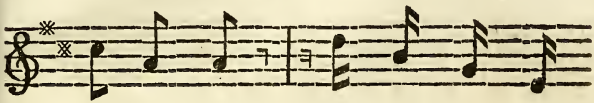
rus-tic pipe as - sist the song, The dance shall



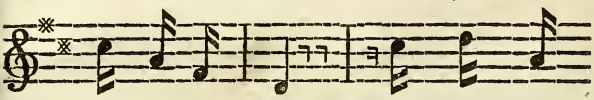
min - gle old and young, old and young.



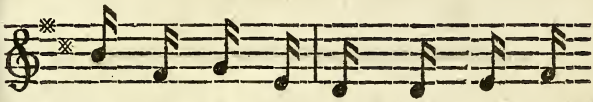
old and young, The dance shall min-gle



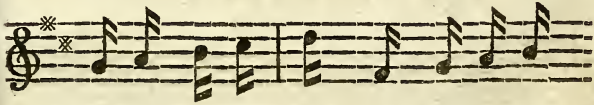
old and young. The spright- ly bells,



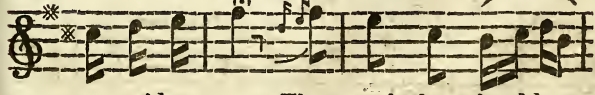
with welcome sound, shall spread the



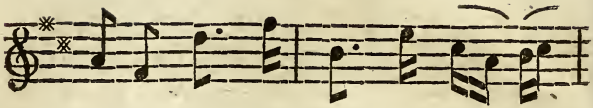
hap - py news a - round, And give a



hint to maidens coy, and give a hint



to maidens coy, That youth they should not



mis-em-ploy, that youth they should not

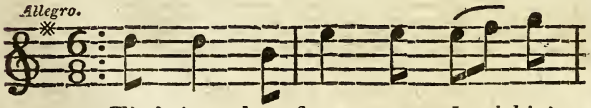
mis-em-ploy.

2

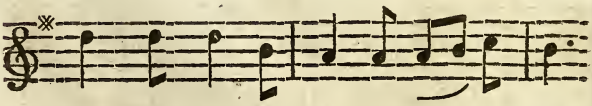
Yuseph shall, with sullen pride,
Envy joys to wealth denied;
And, as we trip with merry glee,
Shall wish himself as poor as we.
The sprightly bells, &c.

Tho' Time has from your Lordship's, &c.

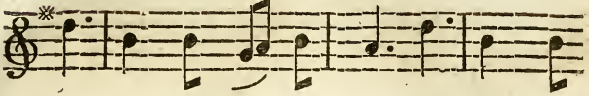
Sung by Mr. Cook in the Haunted Tower.



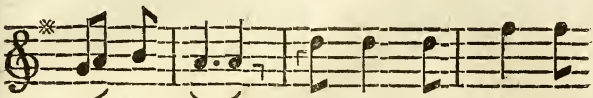
Tho' time has from your Lordship's



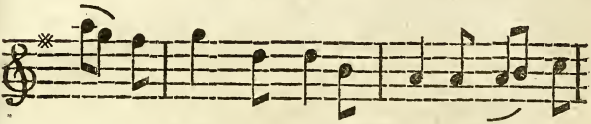
face Made free to steal each youthful grace,



Yet why should you de - spair? yet why should

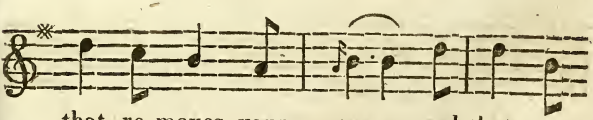


you de - spair? Old busts oft please the



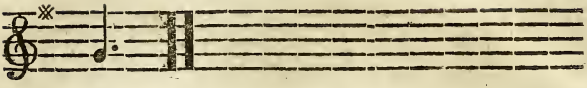
connoisseurs, So folks of taste perhaps like

yours, And that removes your care, - - and



that re-moves your care - - and that re-

moves your care, - - and that removes your



care.

2

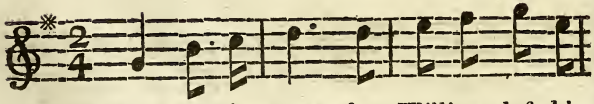
'Tis true that silly girls believe
In joys that youth alone can give;
But why should you despair?
'Tis folly governs youth you know,
And so far young you soon may grow,
And that removes your care.

3

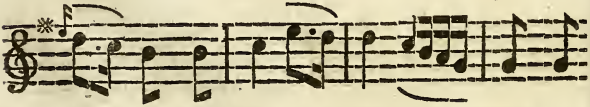
Whate'er your faults, in person, mind,
However gross you chance to find,
Yet why should you despair?
Of flattery you must buy advice,
You're rich enough to pay the price,
And that removes your care.

WILLIAM AND NANCY.

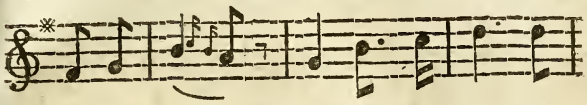
By Mr. Dibdin.



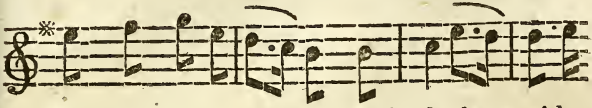
Bleak was the morn when William left his



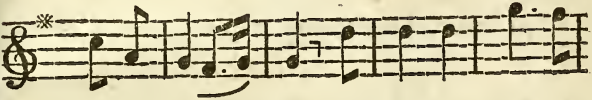
Nan - cy, The flee - cy snow frown'd on the



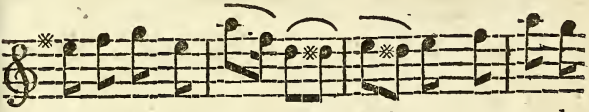
whiten'd shore, Cold as the fears that



chill'd her dreary fan-cy, While she her sai-lor

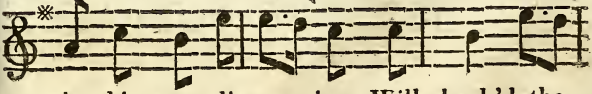


from her bo-som tore. To his fill'd heart a

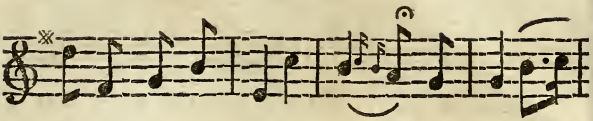


lit-tle Nancy press-ing, While a young tar the

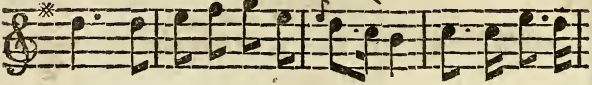
am-ple trow-sers ey'd, In midst of firm-ness



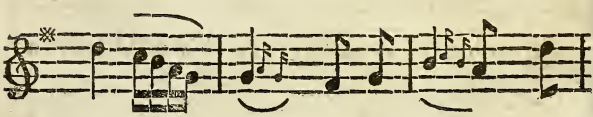
in this state dis-tress-ing, Will check'd the



rising sigh, and fondly cried, Ne'er fear the

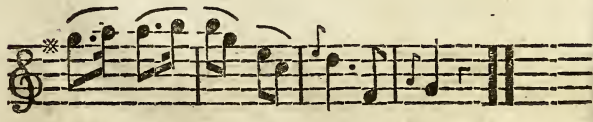


pe - rils of the fickle o - cean, Sorrow's all a



no - - tion, Grief all in vain: Sweet

love, take heart, For we but part In



joy, in joy to meet a - gain.

2

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of William printed stood,
When Nancy saw, upon a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood.
Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing—
'Tis he! she cried, nor shall I see him more;
Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean!
Sorrow's my portion,
Misery and pain.
Break, my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again.

3

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief;
When with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief.
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy;
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy.
Did not I say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet,
For now we meet,
Never to part again.

Hush! hush! such Counsel do not give.

Sung by Mrs. Bland at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Andante.

Hush! hush! such coun-sel do not

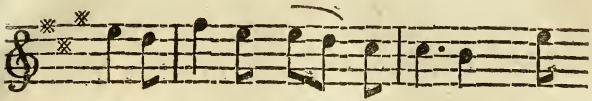
give, a lo-ver's name pro - fan - ing, And

can the heart de -- ceit ad - vise, where

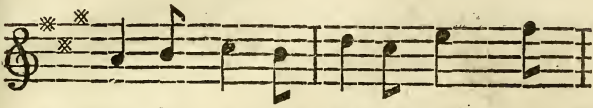
mighty love is reigning. Af - fec-tion, foe to

mean disguise, can have no mo - tive

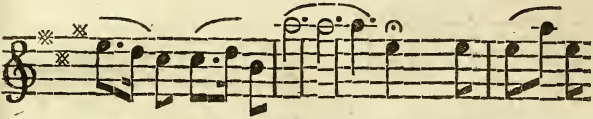
for deceit; Hush, hush, such counsel do no



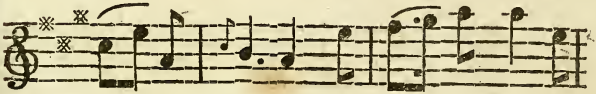
give, a lo-ver's name pro-fa-ning; And



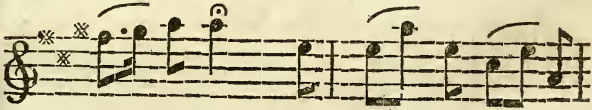
can the heart de-ceit ad-vise, Where



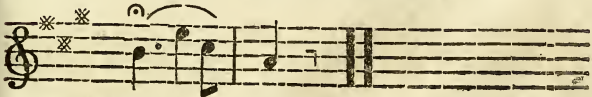
migh-ty love is reign - - ing, where migh-ty



love is reign-ing, and can the heart de-



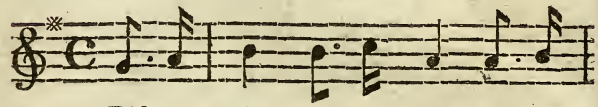
ceit ad-vise, where migh-ty love is



reign - - - - - ing.

Adown, adown, adown in the Valley.

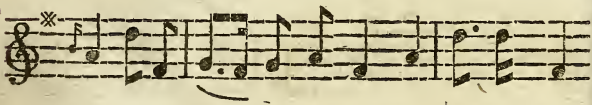
Sung by Mrs. Bland.—Composed by Mr. Sanderson.



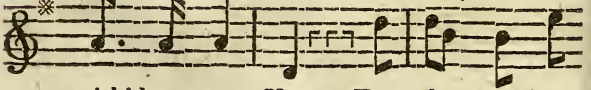
Did you ne'er hear a tale how a

youth in the vale, Ask'd a damsel to

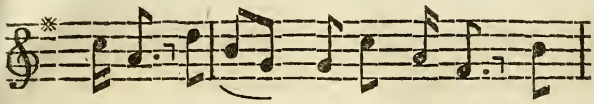
grant him a kiss; When this pretty maid



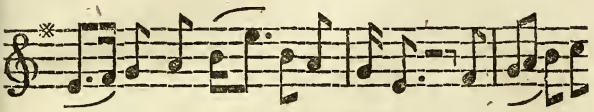
cried, No, it must be denied, Yet all the while



wish'd to say Yes; For when on her

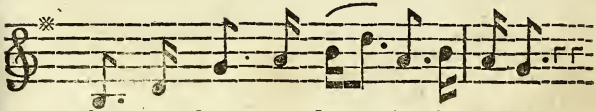


pillow she sigh'd for the willow, Where

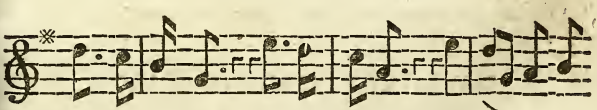


Edward first saw pretty Sal-ly; Or rather in

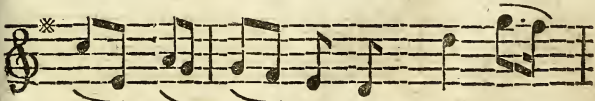
truth, she sigh'd for the youth, A - -



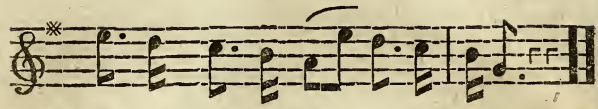
down, a - down, a - down in the valley,



in the valley, in the valley, Or ra-ther in



truth, she sigh'd for the youth, A - -



down, a - down, a - down in the valley.

2

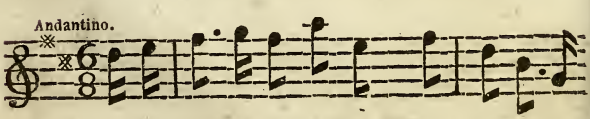
Did you ne'er heard it said, when he ask'd her to wed,
And told her, true love prompted so,
How this silly maid spoke, to be sure 'twas in joke,
For she answer'd him, Shepherd, no, no?
Yet when on her pillow she sigh'd for the willow,
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;
Or rather, in truth, she sigh'd for the youth,
Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

3

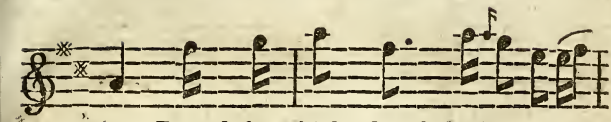
But, ah! now you shall find how this maid chang'd her mind,
When a twelvemonth had pass'd after this:
For when he next press'd at the church to be bless'd,
O, she answer'd, Dear shepherd, yes, yes.
Nor when on her pillow more sigh'd for the willow,
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;
But bless'd the fond day they to church flew away,
Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

MY SWEET VILLAGE MAID.

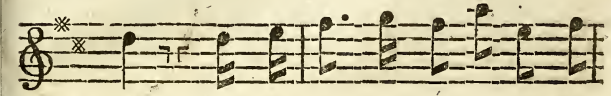
Sung by Mr. Broadhurst.—Composed by Mr. Sanderson.



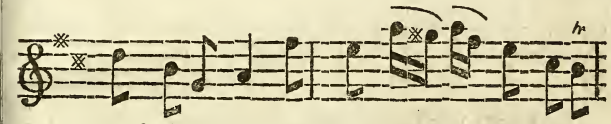
When I quitted the cot that stands lone on the



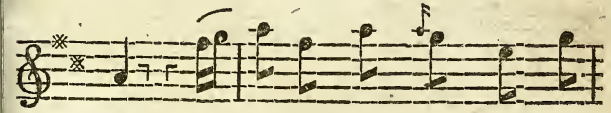
moor, Round the which play'd the breezes of



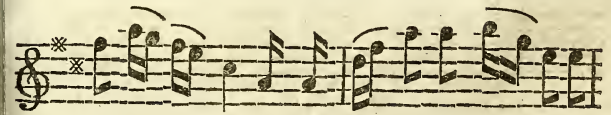
health; 'Twas to gain for fair Anna, the



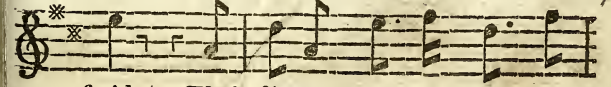
nymph I a-dore, A-broad as my portion of



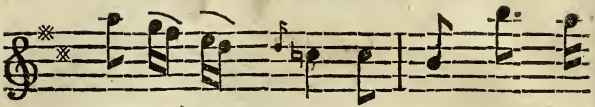
wealth. I told the sweet girl, when pre-



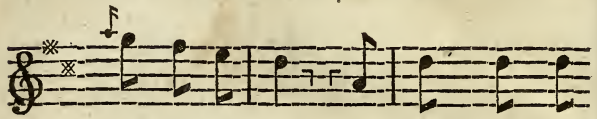
paring to part, Of my constan-cy ne'er be a-



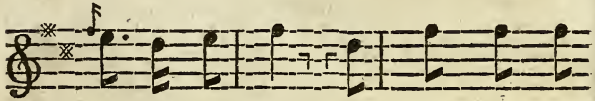
fraid, Tho' distant, your i - mage will



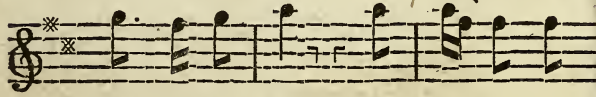
dwell in my mind, For there reigns my



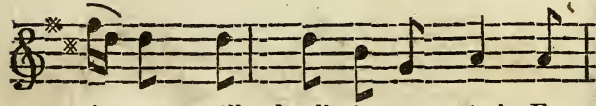
sweet vil-lage maid, For there reigns my



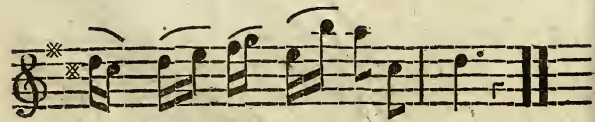
sweet vil-lage maid, For there reigns my



sweet vil-lage maid; Tho' dis-tant, your



i - mage will dwell in my mind, For



there dwells my sweet village maid.

2

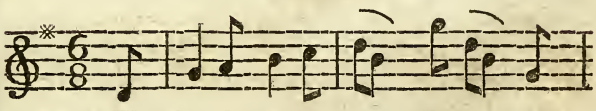
Fortune's prosperous gales had now wafted me back,
And I hasted my Anna to meet;
While fancy pourtray'd as I follow'd the track,
With what joy I my Anna should greet.
How her bright eyes would sparkle approaching to view,
When of presents my store I display'd;
And, touching her lips, whisper'd These are for you,
Yes, all for my sweet village maid.

3

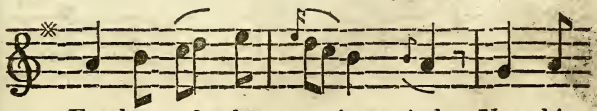
I trudg'd, smiling thus, with gay pleasure my guide,
When a shriek my steps onward did urge;
I flew to the spot, saw drove down by the tide
An angel, embrac'd by the surge.
I dash'd thro' the stream, brought her safe to the shore,
On the bank where she gently was laid;
Reviving, I saw the dear girl I adore,
Ah, me! 'twas my sweet village maid.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

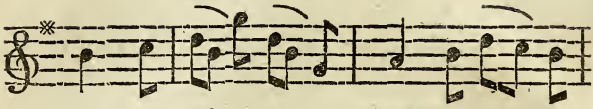
As sung by Mr. Braham in the Castle of Andalusia.



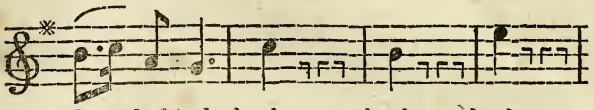
The har-dy sai-lor braves the o - cean,



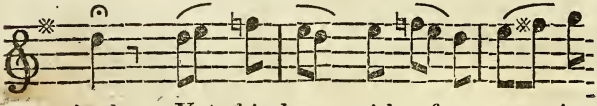
Fearless of the roar-ing wind; Yet his



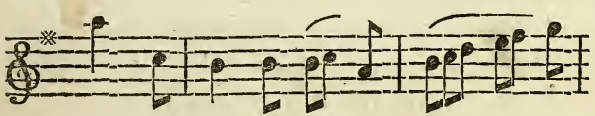
heart, with soft e - motion, Throbs to leave his



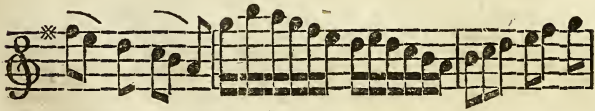
love behind, throbs, throbs, throbs,



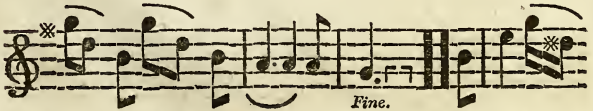
throbs; Yet his heart with soft e - mo - tion



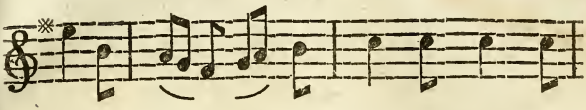
throbs to leave his love be -- hind - - - - to



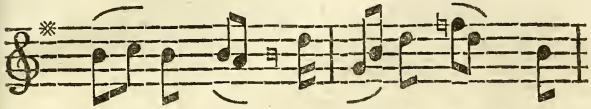
leave his love be-hind - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - to



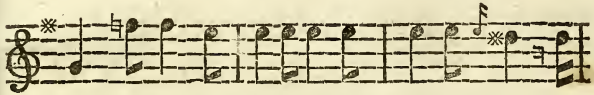
leave, to leave his love be-hind. To dread of



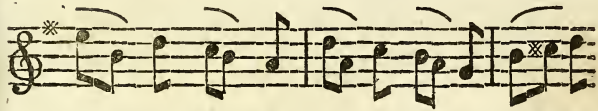
foreign foes a stran-ger. Tho' the youth can



dauntless roam, A - larming fears paint



ev' - ry dan-ger, In a ri-val left at home; A-

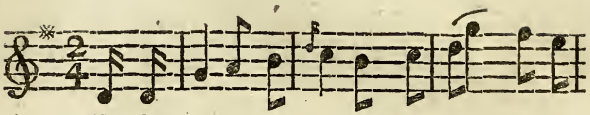


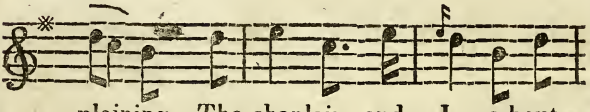
larm-ing fears paint ev'-ry dan-ger, In a

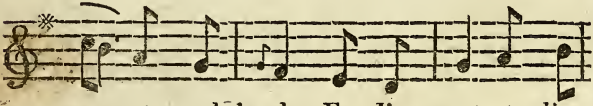
ri-val left at home. The——*Da Capo.*

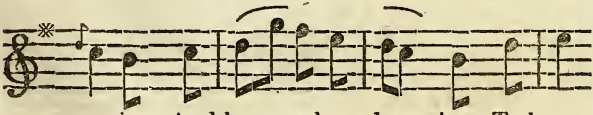
ONE.

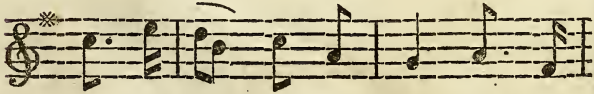
Written and Composed by Mr. Dibdin.

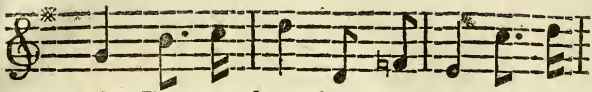




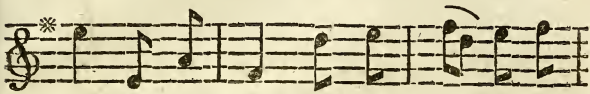




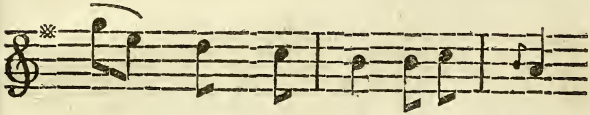




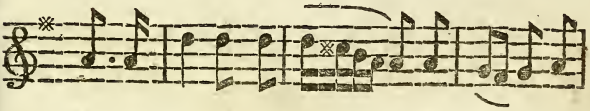
gards; Then to hear him sing out 'bout the



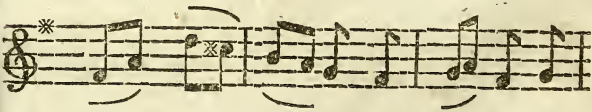
i-slands a-round, Tell their out-landish



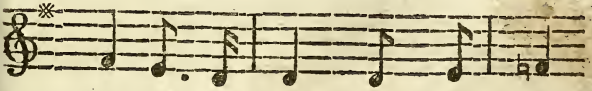
names, call them all classic ground,



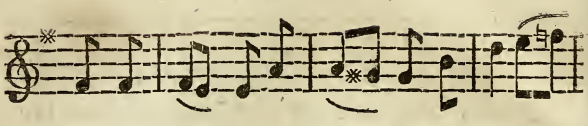
Where the old ancient poets all for-mer-ly



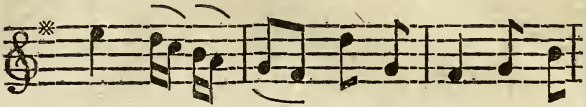
mess'd, And wrote a-bout love and the



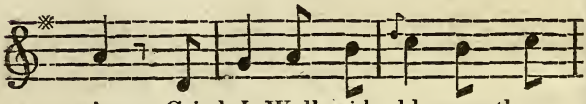
girls they ca-ress'd; Swore they thought



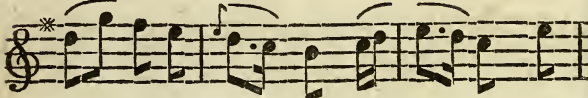
'em all god-ess-es, creatures di-vine, I



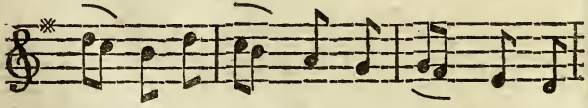
thinks that he said, each old gem-man had



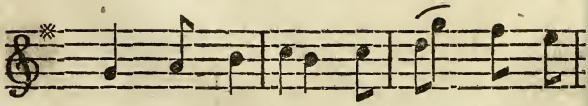
nine; Cried I, Well said, old one, these



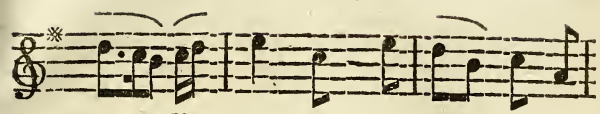
po-ets were bold ones, but ev'-ry thing's



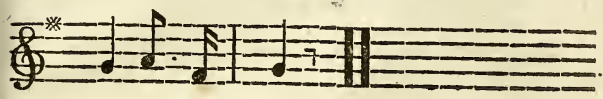
va-ni-ty un-der the sun. Love's as



good sport as a-ny, But nine's eight too



many, I've one worth their nine, and my



Nancy's that one.

2

Then we read, for their wishes,
They turn'd to queer fishes,
To cocks and to bulls, in some verses they call
Ovid metaramorphus,
And one Mr. Orfus
Went to hell for his wife, but that's nothing at all.

Some figary each hour set these codgers agog,
Old Nackron swigg'd off his allowance of grog;
Master Jove had his fancies and fine falderals,
What a devil that god was for following the girls!
But what makes the curisest part of their lives,
They were always a chasing of other men's wives.

What nonsense and folly,
'Tis quite melancholy
That a man can't be blest till his neighbour's undone;
Why 'tis wicked to ax um,
Take the world, that's my maxum,
So one be left me, and my Nancy that one.

3

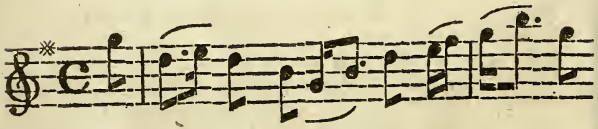
Then we'd hot work between us,
'Bout the graces and Wenus,
With their fine red and white, and their eyes full of darts;
To be sure, pretty faces
Be well in their places,
But, your reverence, in love there be such things as hearts.

'Tis unmanly to chatter behind people's back,
But 'tis pretty well known that the lady's a crack;
Besides, if these things about beauty be true,
That there is but one Wenus, why, I say there's two.
Say there is but one Nancy, you'll then not mistake;
For she's mine, and I'd sail the world round for her sake.

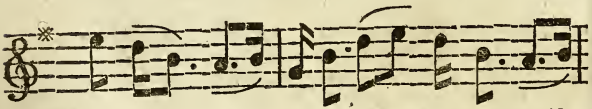
Then no further notations,
Or chatterfications,
'Bout Wenus and graces, and such pretty fun,
That so runs in your fancy:
Just see but my Nancy,
You'll find all their charms splic'd together in one.

O'er Highlands and Lowlands.

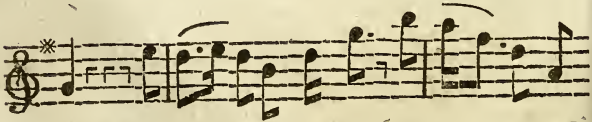
A favourite Scotch Song.—Composed by Mr. Sanderson.



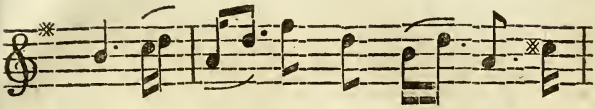
O'er highlands and lowlands to chace the



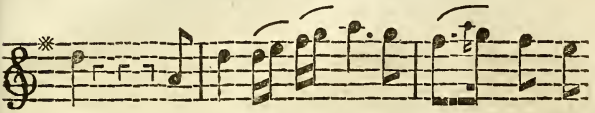
fleet deer, My bon-ny braw Jammie will



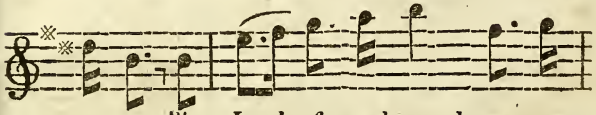
hie, While chevy ho che-vy is heard far and



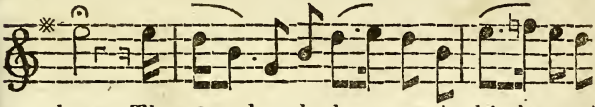
near, As o'er the green mountains they



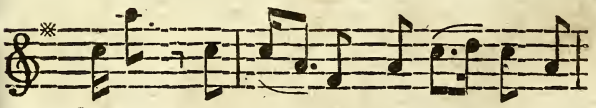
fly; Yet tho' tal - ly ho huz - - za and tan-



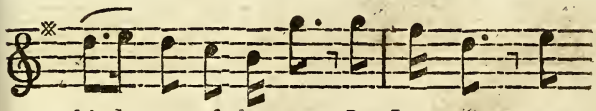
ta - ra, The Lord of my heart loves to



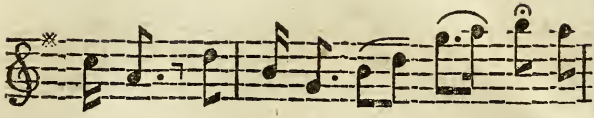
hear, The ten - der, the bravest, the kind-est of



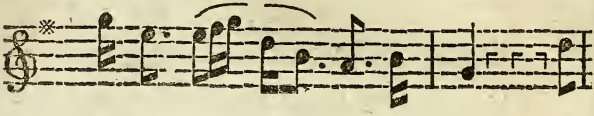
lovers, The ten - der, the brav-est, the



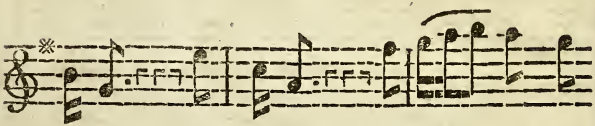
kind - est of lo-vers, Is Jam-mie, sweet



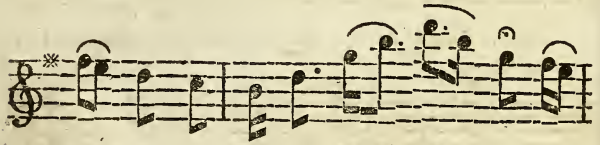
Jammie, my bon-ny bold sol - dier, Is



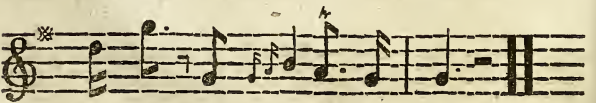
Jammie, my love and my dear, is



Jammie, is Jammie, is Jam - mie, sweet



Jam-mie, my bon-ny bold sol - dier, Is



Jam-mie, my love and my dear.

2

Tho' highlands and lowlands may please for a day,
And chasing the stag has its charms,
Can chevy, ho chevy, long keep him away,
When love hails him back to my arms?
No, no; tally ho, huzza, and tantara,
The lord of my heart loves to hear;
Yet the tender, the bravest, the kindest of lovers,
Is Jammie, &c.

How happily my Life I led.

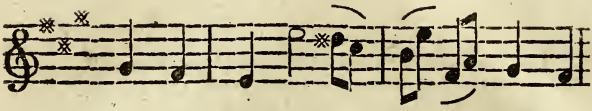
Composed by S. Storace.

Andante.

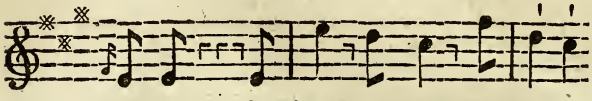
How hap - pi- ly my life I led, With-

out a day of sor-row, To plough and

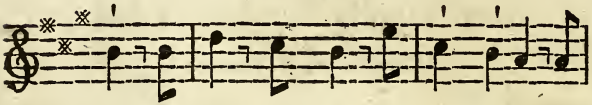
sow, To reap and mow, No care be-



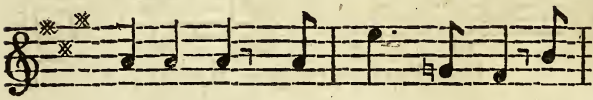
yond the mor-row, No care be-yond the



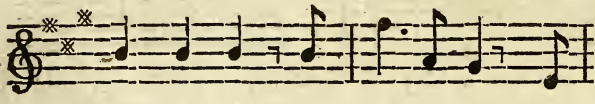
mor-row. In heat or cold, in wet or



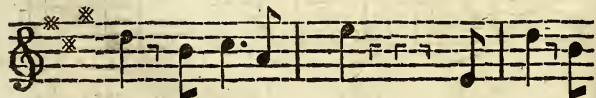
dry, I ne -- ver grumbled, no, not I. My



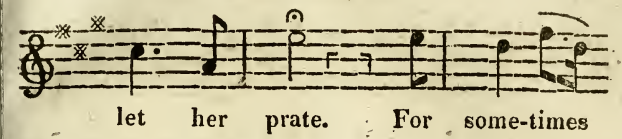
wife, 'tis true, Loves words a few, My

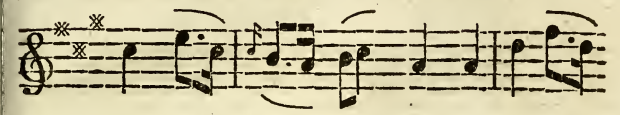


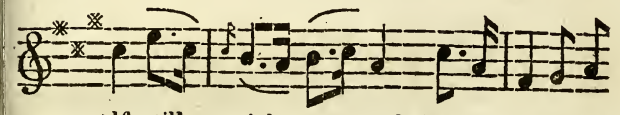
wife, 'tis true, Loves words a few; What

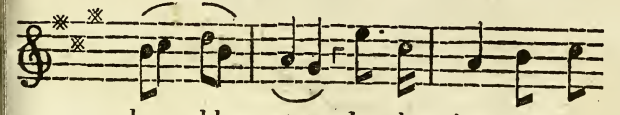


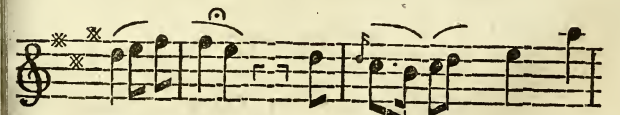
then, I let her prate, What then I

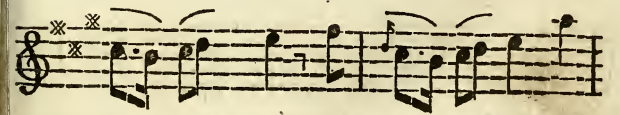

let her prate. For some-times

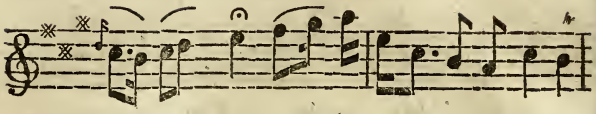

smooth, and some-times rough, I found my-


self still rich e-nough In the joys of an

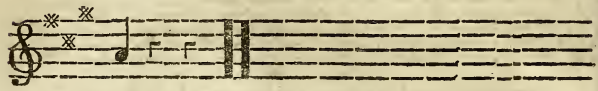

hum-ble state, In the joys of an


humble state. For sometimes smooth and


sometimes rough, I found myself still



rich e - nough In the joys of an humble



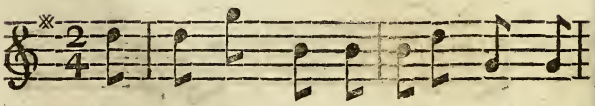
state.

2

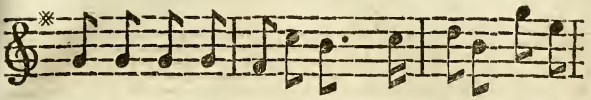
But when with law I craz'd my head,
I lost both peace and pleasure;
Long says to hear,
To search and swear,
And plague beyond all measure.
One grievance brought another on,
My debts increase, my stock is gone.
My wife she says
Our means 'twill raise;
What then, 'tis idle prate.
For sometimes smooth, &c.

ALL'S ONE TO JACK.

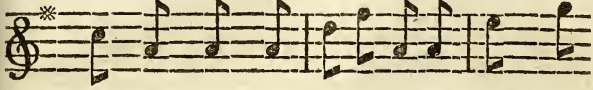
Written and Composed by Mr. Dibdin.



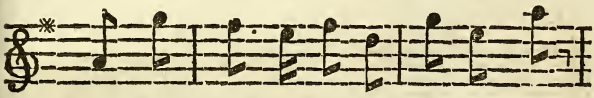
Tho' mountains high the billows roll, And



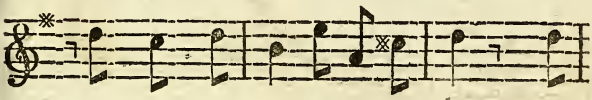
an-gry o-cean's in a foam, The sailor gai-ly



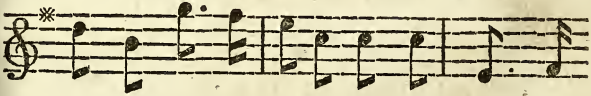
slings the bowl, The sailor gaily slings the



bowl, And thinks on her he left at home,

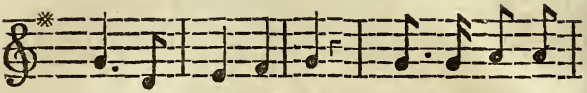


And thinks on her he left at home; Kind

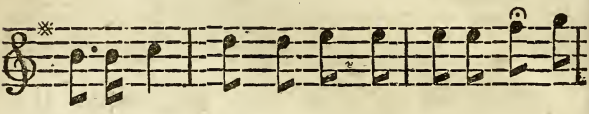


love his guard-ing spi-rit still, His mind's made

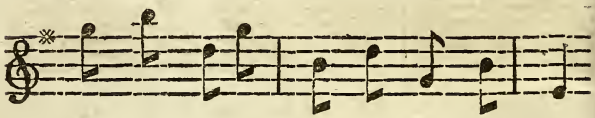
up, come what, come will; Tempests may



masts to splin-ters tear, Sails and rigging



go to rack, Sails and rig-ging go to rack, So



she loves him he loves so dear, 'Tis all

one to Jack.

2

His friend in limbo should he find,
  His wife and children brought to shame,
To ev'ry thing but kindness blind,
  Jack signs his ruin with his name.
Friendship, the worthy motive still,
His mind's made up, come what, come will;
The time comes round, by hell-hounds press'd,
  Goods, clothes, and person, go to rack;
But, since he succour'd the distress'd,
  'Tis all one to Jack.

3

Once more at sea prepar'd to fight,
  A friendly pledge, round goes the can;
And tho' large odds appear in sight,
  He meets the danger like a man.
Honour his guardian angel still,
His mind's made up, come what, come will;
Like some fierce lion see him go,
  Where horror grim marks the attack;
So he can save a drowning foe,
  'Tis all one to Jack.

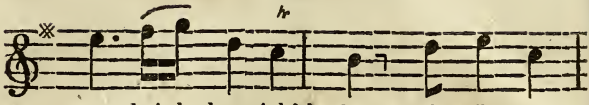
4

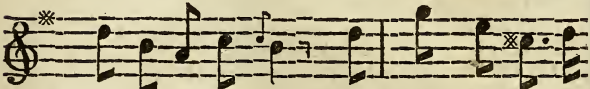
And when at last, for tars and kings
  Must find in death a peaceful home,
The shot its sure commission brings,
  And of poor Jack the time is come,
Cheerful his duty to fulfil,
His mind's made up, come what, come will:
The cannon's pois'd; from its fell jaws
  A fatal shot takes him aback;
But, since he died in honour's cause,
  'Tis all one to Jack.

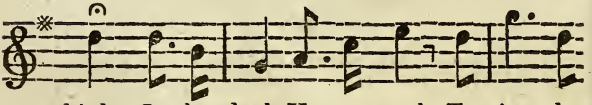
ROSA AND HENRY.

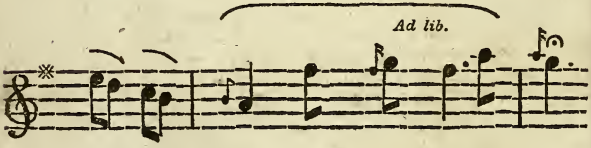
From the Comedy of the Secret.

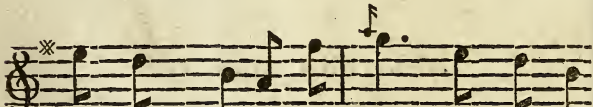
Ma - - jes-tic rose, the god of day, In

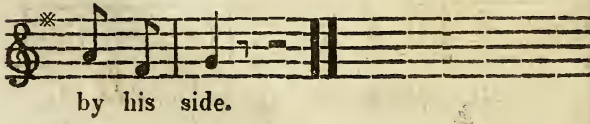

yon bright burnish'd sky, Old O - cean


kindled at the ray, And heav'd himself on


high. On the deck Henry stood, To view the


Ad lib.
swelling tide; Ah! no, Hen-ry, no,


he thought not of the flood, 'Twas Ro - sa

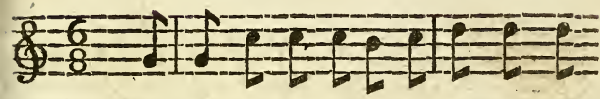

by his side.

2

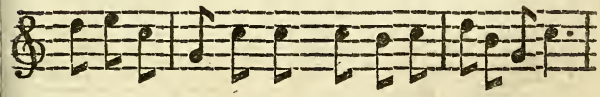
Now softly sank the setting sun
  Beneath his wat'ry bed;
The ev'ning watch was hush'd and done,
  The pilot hung his head.
On the deck Rosa staid,
  To watch the waters glide;
    Ah! no, Rosa, no,
Such thoughts ne'er touch'd the maid,—
  'Twas Henry by her side.

When I was a Boy in my Father's Mud Edifice.

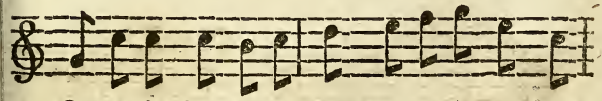
As sung by Mr. Johnstone.



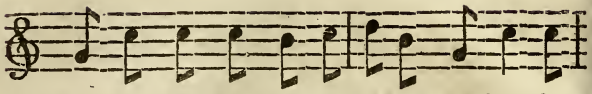
When I was a boy in my father's mud



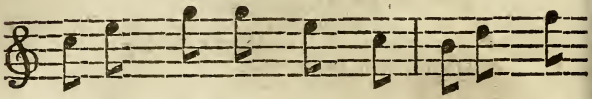
e - difice, Tender and bare as a pig in a stye,



Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,

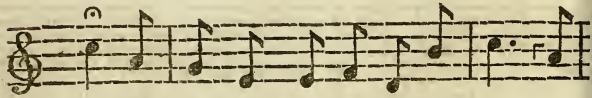


Who but Pat Mur-phy, the piper came by. Says



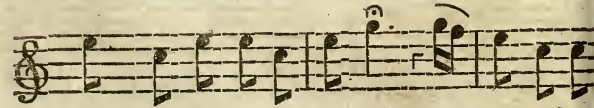
Paddy, " but few play this music, can

you play?" Says I, I can't tell, for I never did

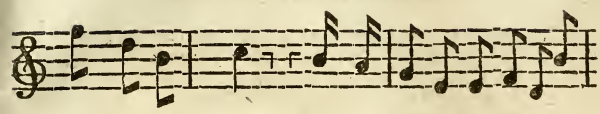


try. He told me that he had a charm To

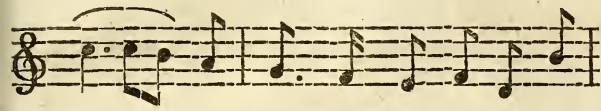
make the pipes pret-ti-ly speak, Then



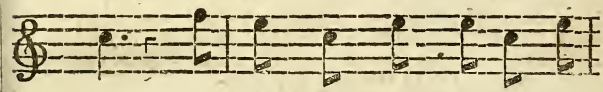
squeez'd the bag under his arm, And sweetly they



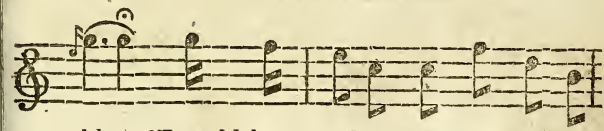
set up a squeak, With a fa-ral-la la-ral-la



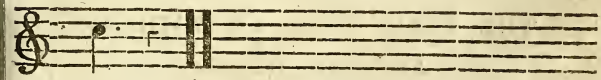
loo - - - - Och hone! how he han-dled the



drone, And then such sweet mu-sic he



blew, 'Twould have melted the heart of a



stone.

2

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,
Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;
And if my father should try to recover me,
Sure it wont be by describing my clothes.

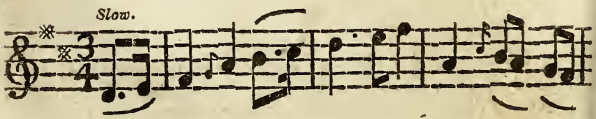
The music I hear now takes hold of my ear now,
And leads me all over the world by the nose.
So I follow'd his bag-pipe so sweet,
And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,
Adieu to my family seat,
So pleasantly plac'd in a bog.
With my faralla laralla loo,
How sweetly he handled the drone;
And then such sweet music he blew,
'Twould have melted the heart of a stone.

3

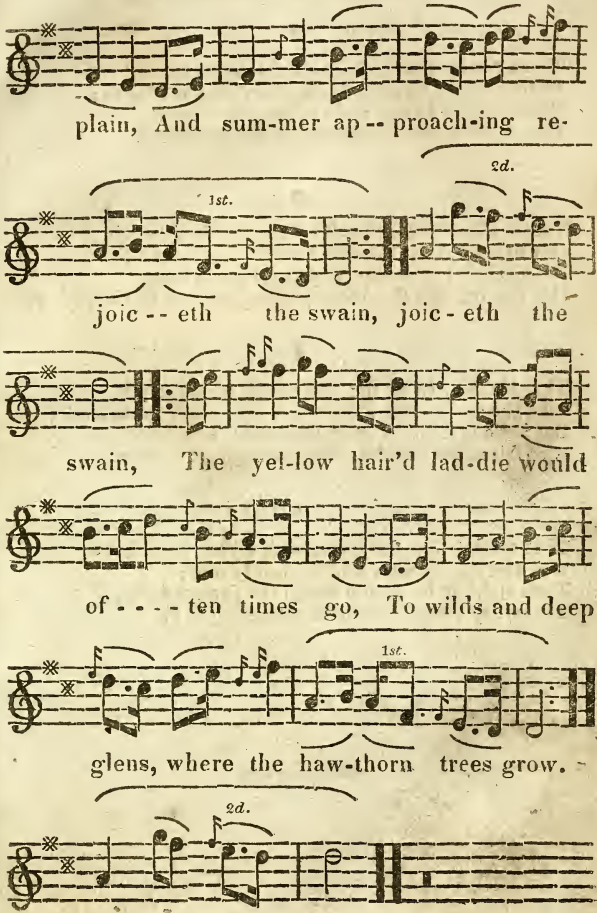
Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us,
Till he one morning had taken a sup,
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.
I roar'd and I bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,
O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?
He was dead as a nail in a door,
Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf;
So I took up his pipes on the shore,
And now I've set up for myself;
With my faralla laralla loo,
To be sure I have not got the knack,
To sing faralla laralla loo,
Ay, and bubbaroo diddaroo whack!

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

A favourite Scotch Ballad.



In A-pril when primroses paint the sweet


plain, And sum-mer ap -- proach-ing re-
1st.
2d.
joic -- eth the swain, joic - eth the
swain, The yel-low hair'd lad-die would
of - - - - ten times go, To wilds and deep
1st.
glens, where the haw-thorn trees grow.
2d.
Haw-thorn trees grow.

2

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

3

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Her breath, like the breeze, gives perfume to the spring.

4

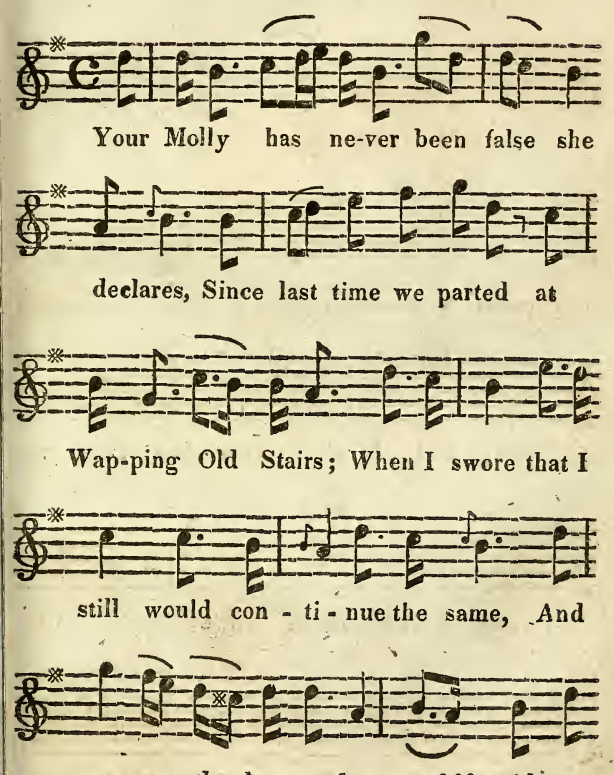
That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

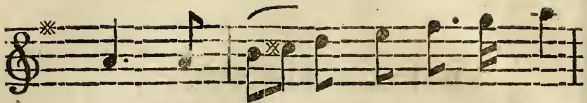
5

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then sighing, he wish'd would the parents agree,
That witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

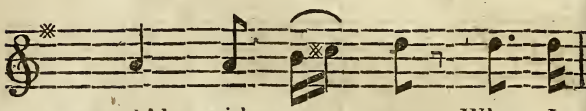
WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Composed by J. Percy.

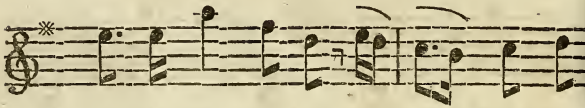




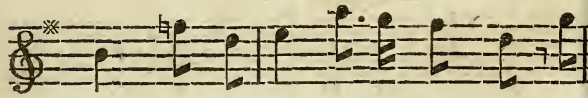
name, And gave you the 'bac-co box



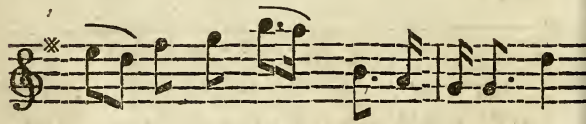
mark'd with my name. When I



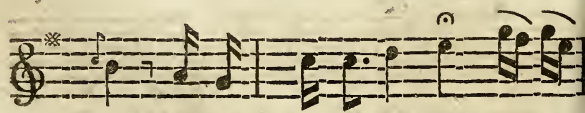
pass'd a whole fortnight be-tween decks with



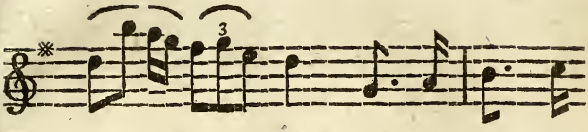
you, Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to



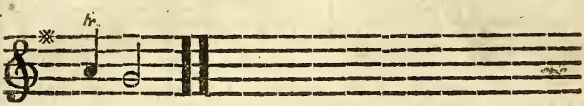
one of the crew. To be useful and



kind, with my Thomas I stay'd, For his



trow-sers I wash'd, and his grog too



I made.

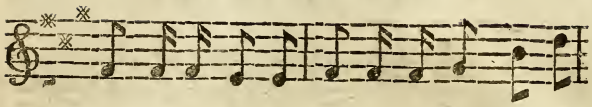
2

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall,
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall or should Susan than me be more priz'd?
For the heart that is true it should ne'er be despis'd;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

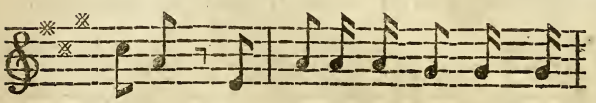
NATURE WILL PREVAIL.

Sung by Mr. Munden in the Opera of the Cabinet.
Composed by Moorehead.

Says the fa - ble so pat, once a

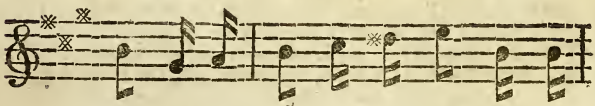


man had a cat, Of beau-ty and manners un-

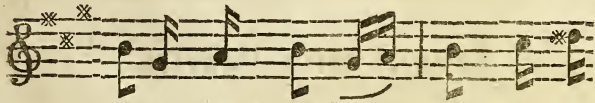


common, With wonder-ful taste she could

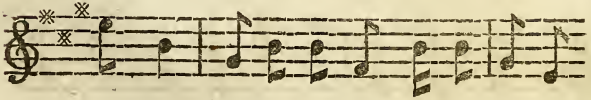
swal-low a rat, Wash her face with a



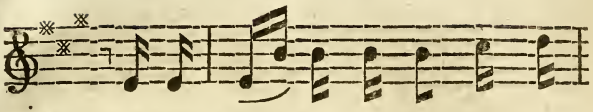
grace, o-gle, purr, and all that, 'Till her



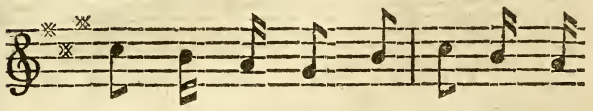
mas-ter, who didn't know what to be



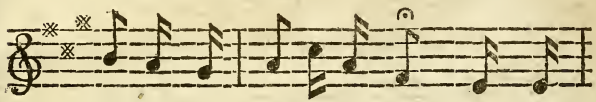
at, Pray'd Ve-nus to make her a woman.



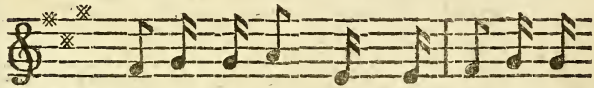
Thus a strange me - ta - mor - pho sis



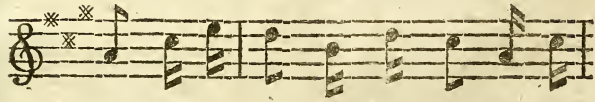
love brought a - bout, Her ears they sunk



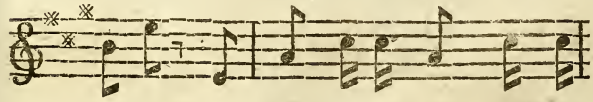
in, and her nose it came out, While her



whiskers and tail Found their of - fi - ces



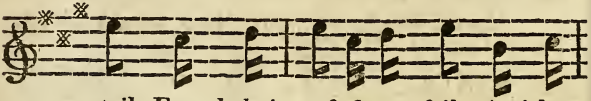
fail, And her eyes bright and green as goose-



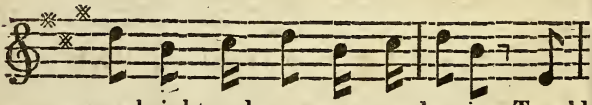
berries, Turn'd black as two sloes, Claws to

fingers and toes, And her lips to a couple of

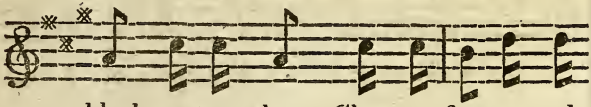
cherries, While her whis-kers and



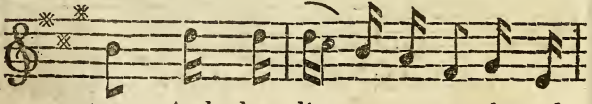
tail, Found their of-fi-ces fail, And her



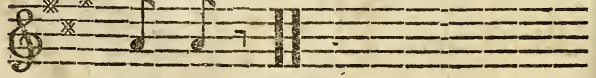
eyes bright and green as gooseberries, Turn'd



black as two sloes, Claws to fingers and



toes, And her lips to a cou-ple of



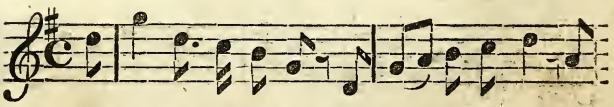
cher-ries.

2

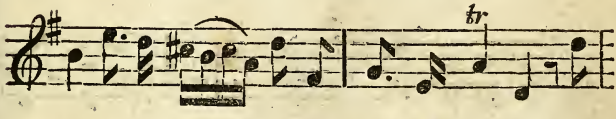
Puss married her master, but short his delight,
Repentance in wedlock is common;
She slept all the day, kept awake all the night,
He thought she could swear, and he knew she could fight,
And woe to a mouse if it came in her sight,
Which proves a cat can't be a woman.
Hubby's prayers now a second exchange brought about,
Her nose it fell in, and her ears they grew out;
While her whiskers and tail
No longer did fail,
Her lips no more pouted like cherries;
She had claws to her toes,
And her eyes from black sloes
Turn'd to two pretty little gooseberries.

OLD ENGLAND'S A LION.

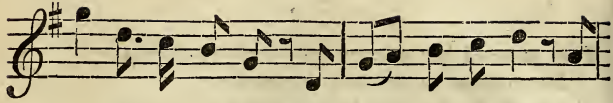
A FAVOURITE SONG.—COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD.



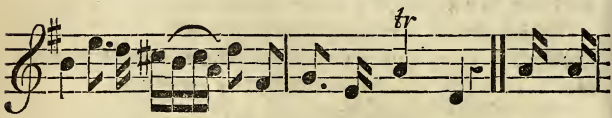
Old Eng-land's a li-on, strech'd out at his ease, A



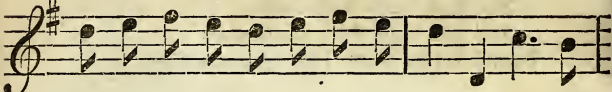
sai-lor his keep-er, his couch the green seas; Ol



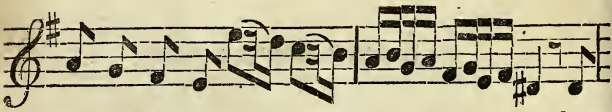
England's a li - on, stretch'd out at his ease, a



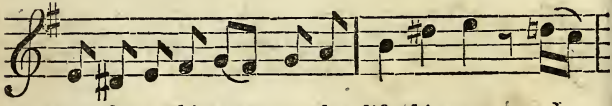
sai-lor his keep - er, his couch the green seas. Should a



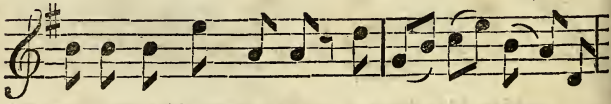
mon-key dare to chat-ter, or a ti - ger claw, they



tremble at his roar - - - - - - - they

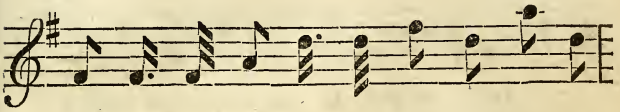


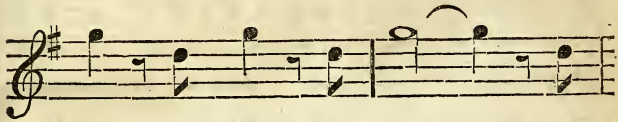
trem-ble at his roar, as he lifts his paw. I

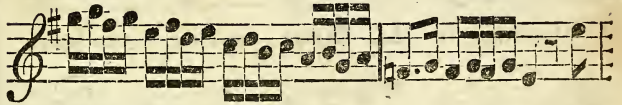


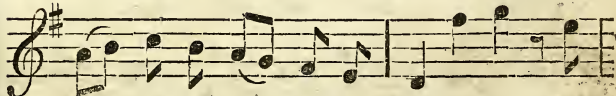
love a neighbour's friendship, but he turn'd foe, Pre-

pare to re - ceive him with blow for blow, Pre-


pare to re - ceive him with blow for blow, Pre-


pare, pre - pare, pre - pare, - pre-


pare - - - - - - - Pre-

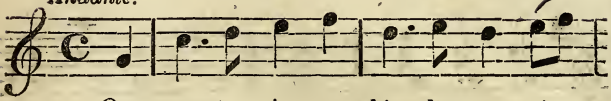

pare to re - ceive him with blow for blow, with

blow for blow, with blow for blow.

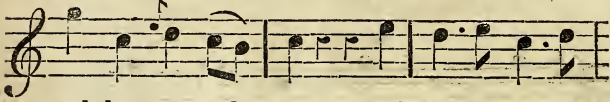
OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP.

COMPOSED BY S. STORACE.

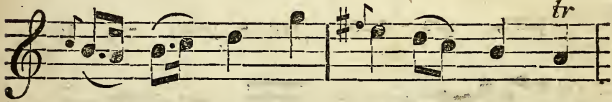
Andante.



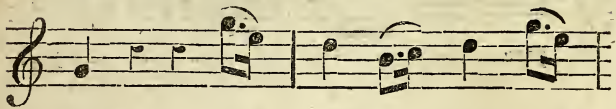
OUR country is our ship, d'ye see, A



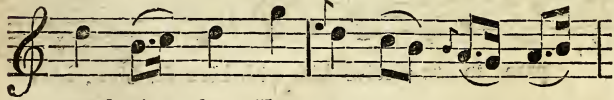
gal-lant ves-sel too; And of his for-tune



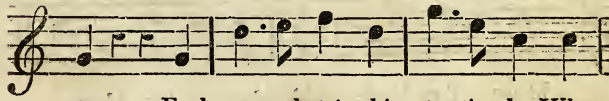
proud is he, Who's of the Al-bion's



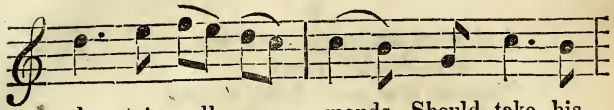
crew. And of his for-tune



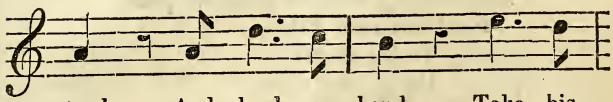
proud is he, Who's of the Al-bion's



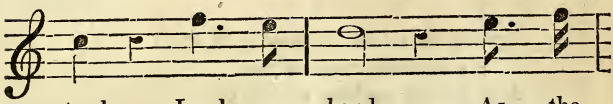
crew. Each man, whate'er his sta-tion be, When



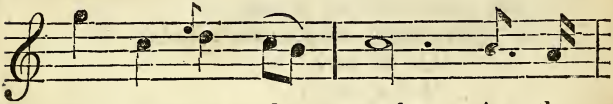
du - ty's call com - mands, Should take his



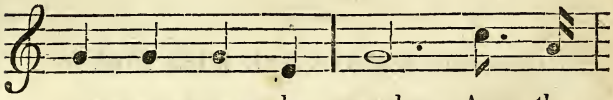
stand, And lend a hand, Take his



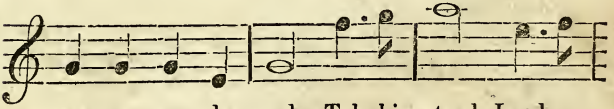
stand, Lend a hand, As the



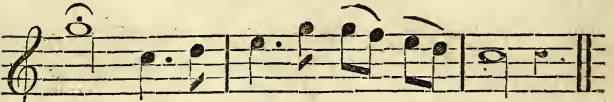
com - mon cause de - - mands, As the



com - mon cause de - mands, As the



com-mon cause de-mands; Take his stand, Lend a



hand, As the com-mon cause de - mands.

2

And when our haughty enemies
Our noble ship assail,
Then all true-hearted lads despise
What peril may prevail;
But shrinking from the cause we prize,
If lubbers skulk below,
To the sharks
Heave such sparks—
They assist the common foe.

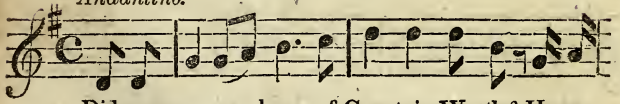
3

Among ourselves, in peace 'tis true,
We quarrel, make a rout;
And having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out;
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands, we soon are friends;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

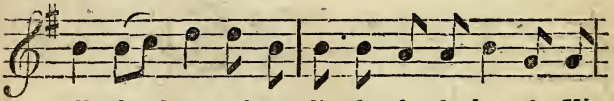
CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

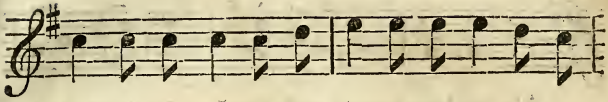
Andantino.



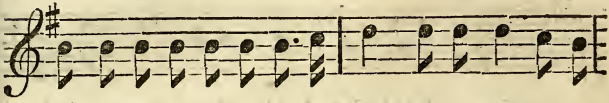
Did you e - ver hear of Cap-tain Wattle? He was



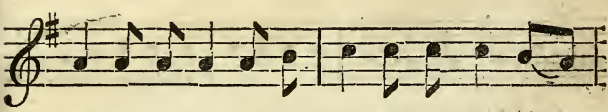
all for love, and a lit - tle for the bot - tle. W.



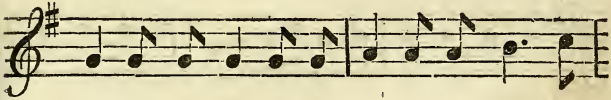
know not, tho' pains we have ta'en to in-quire, If gun-



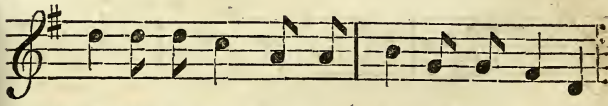
pow-der he in-ven-ted or the Thames set on fire; If to



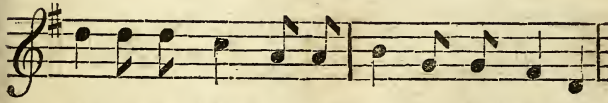
him was the cen-tre of gra - vi - ty known, The



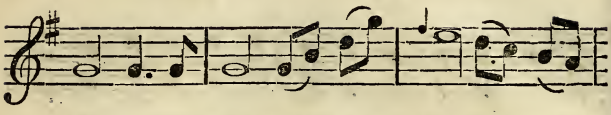
lon - gi - tude, or the phi - lo - so-pher's stone; Or



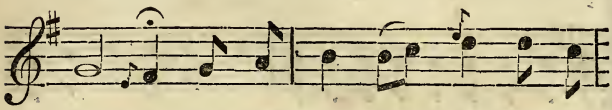
whether he stu - died from Ba - con or Boyle, Co-



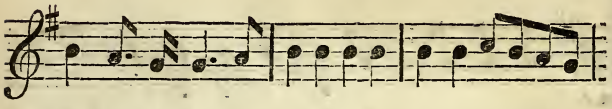
per - ni - cus, Locke, Kat-ter - fel - to, or Hoyle; But



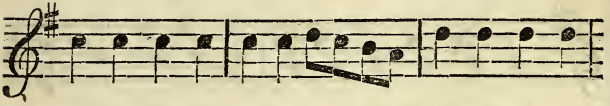
this we have learn'd, with great la - bour and



pain, - That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she



lov'd him a-gain, a - - - -



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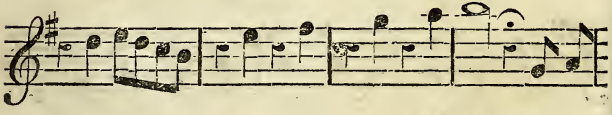
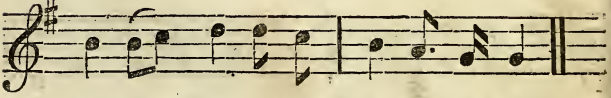


- - - - - gain, That he



lov'd Miss Roe and she lov'd him a - gain.

2

Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer,
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer;
We know not for certainty her education,
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation
At cards, if she lik'd whist and swabbers or voles,
Or at dinner lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals;
Whether most of the Sappho she was, or Thalestris,
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or Vestris:
But, for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

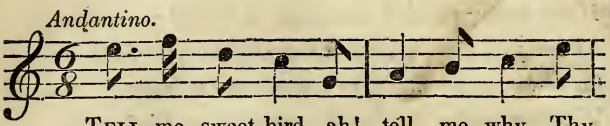
3

When wedded he became lord and master, depend on't,
He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't;
Which of government when she would fain hold the bridle,
He took special caution should never lie idle.
So, like most married folks,'twas my plague and my chicken,
And sometimes a kissing, and sometimes a kicking.
Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
Alternately bunging or piping her eye;
And these facts of this couple their hist'ries contain,
For when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.

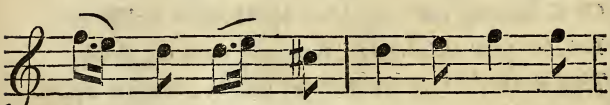
TELL ME, SWEET BIRD.

SUNG IN THE OPERA OF THE CABINET.—COMPOSED BY MOREHEAD.

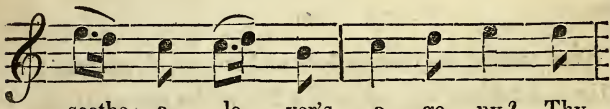
Andantino.



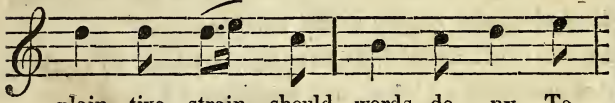
TELL me, sweet bird, ah! tell me why, Thy



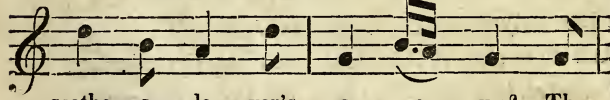
plain - tive strain should words de - ny, To



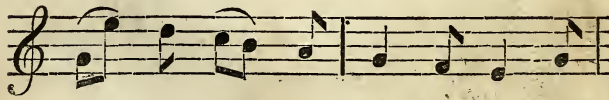
soothe a lo - ver's a - go - ny? Thy



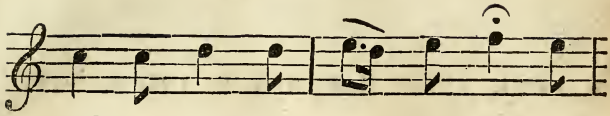
plain - tive strain should words de - ny To

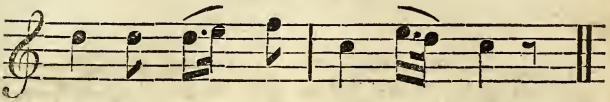


soothe a lo - ver's a - go - ny? Thy



an - swer seems to say, "O fie! what





2

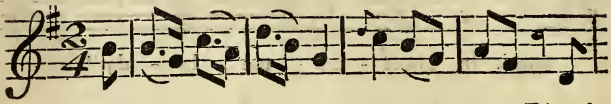
Tell me, sweet Bird, ah! kindly tell,
If in Love's eye such magic dwell,
Why Cupid sightless do we see?
Thy answer says, "Too oft the mind,
By fancy cheated, wears the blind
Of heart-corroding jealousy."

3

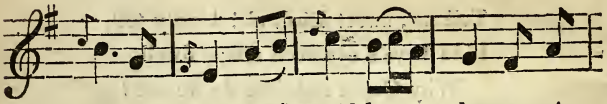
Then, pretty warbler, does, ah! say,
Orlando's mind such tints display,
Or will he e'er prove false to me?
Thine answer seems to say, "Be just,
True love should ever scorn mistrust,
And meaner curiosity."

ANNA, ANNE, NAN, NANCE, AND NANCY.

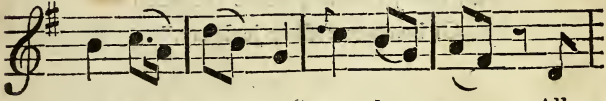
BY MR. DIBDIN.



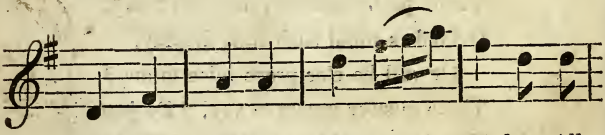
My love's a ves - sel trim and gay, Rigg'd



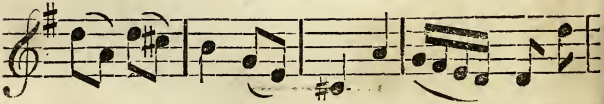
out with truth, and stor'd by honour, As



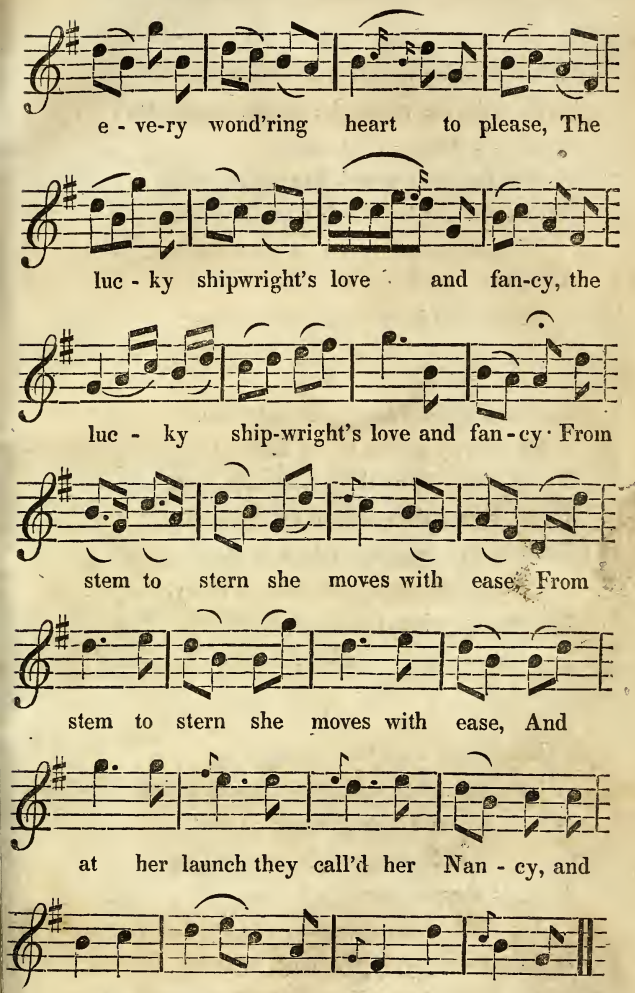
through life's sea, she cuts her way, All



eyes with rapture gaze up - - on her, All



eyes with rap-ture gaze up - - on her; Built


e - ve-ry wond'ring heart to please, The
luc - ky shipwright's love and fan-cy, the
luc - ky ship-wright's love and fan - cy · From
stem to stern she moves with ease, From
stem to stern she moves with ease, And
at her launch they call'd her Nan - cy, and
at her launch they call'd her Nan - cy.

2

When bearing up against life's gales,
So well she stems the dangerous trouble;
I call her Anna as she sails,
Her form's so grand, her air so noble.
When o'er the trembling wave she flies,
That plays and sports as she advances,
Well said, my Nan, I fondly cries,
As my full heart in concert dances.

3

In studding sails before life's breeze,
So sweetly gentle is her motion;
She's Anne, for as she moves with ease,
She seems the queen of all the ocean.
But when on Sundays rigg'd in stays,
Like beauty gay, and light as fancy,
She wins my heart a thousand ways,
then delight to call her Nancy.

4

When laying on a tack so neat,
The breeze her milk-white bosom filling,
She skims the yielding waves so fleet,
I call her Nance, my bosom thrilling.
Thus is she precious to my heart,
By whate'er name comes o'er my fancy;
Graceful, or gay, grand, neat, or smart,
Or Anna, Anne, Nan, Nance, or Nancy.

JULIA TO THE WOOD ROBIN.

COMPOSED BY R. SPOFFORTH.

Pastorale.

Stay, sweet en - chanter of the grove,

Leave not so soon thy na - tive tree;

O war - ble still those notes of love, While

my fond heart re - sponds to thee; O warble

still those notes of love, While my fond

heart re - sponds to thee.

2

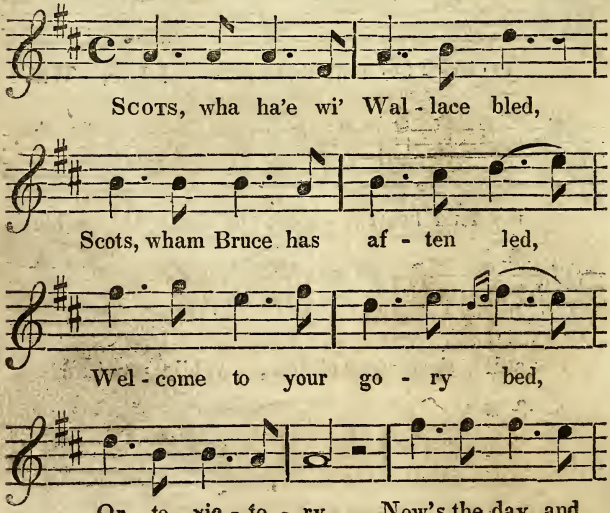
Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly Autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with thy parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.

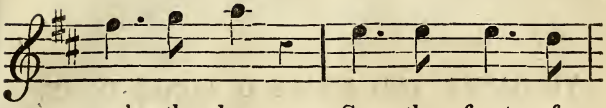
3

But soon as Spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,
Comes dancing o'er the new-dress'd plain,
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin, with those notes again.

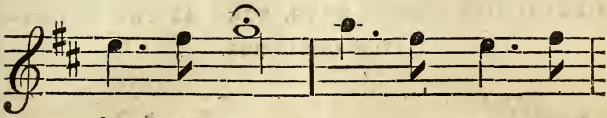
SCOTS, WHA HA'E WI' WALLACE BLED.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG, AS SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.

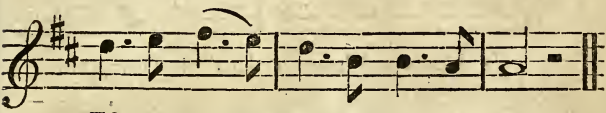




now's the hour, See the front of



bat - tle lour, See ap - proach proud



Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains, and sla - ve - ry.

2

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Traitor, turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will freely draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
  Caledonians, on wi' me.

3

By oppressions, woes, and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurper low,
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe,
Liberty's in ev'ry blow;
  Forward!—let us do, or die.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONIE DOON.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG, SUNG AT THE NOILBITIES' CONCERTS.

Moderato.

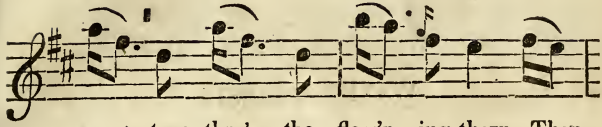
Ye banks and braes o' bo - nie Doon, How

can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How

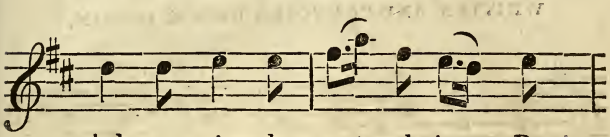
can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And

I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care? Thou'll

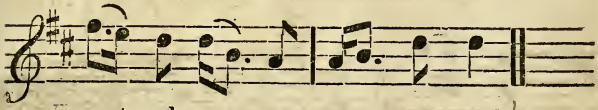
break my heart, thou warbling bird, That



wan - tons thro' the flow'r - ing thorn, Thou



minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De-



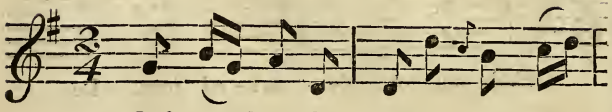
part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.

2

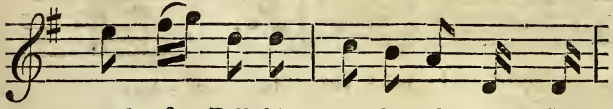
Oft ha'e I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilk a bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw my rose:
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

WATER CRESSES.

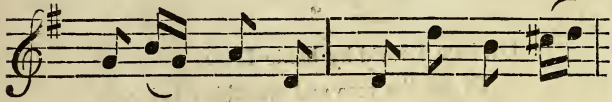
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.



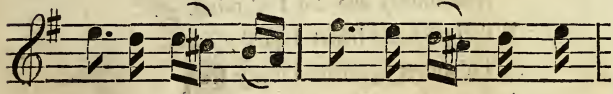
Jack come home, his pockets lin'd, In



search of Poll, his on - ly pleasure, To

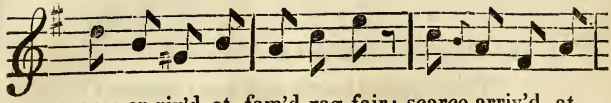


Pickle Stairs his course inclin'd, In

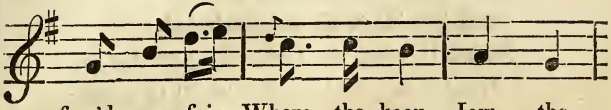


her fair lap to pour his treasure, In

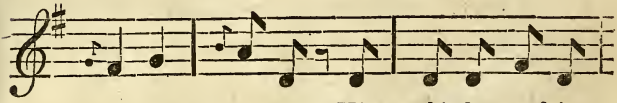
her fair lap to pour his treasure; But



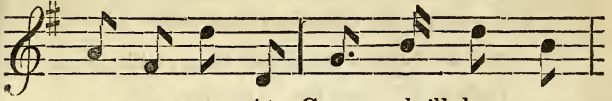
scarce ar-riv'd at fam'd rag-fair; scarce arriv'd at



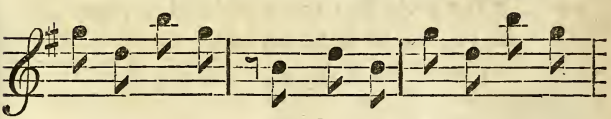
fam'd rag-fair, Where the keen Jew the



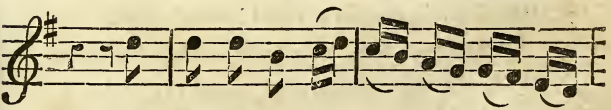
clodpole fleeces, His whistle turn'd in-



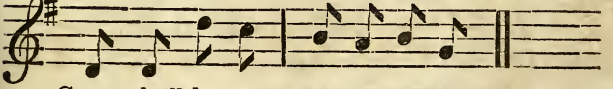
to a stare, At Come, who'll buy my



wa-ter cresses, who'll buy my wa-ter cresses;



His whistle turn'd in-to a stare, At



Come, who'll buy my wa-ter cresses.

2

He starts and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed;
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted.
"Zounds!" cried out Jack, "I know that phiz,
"And then such togs, they're all to pieces:
"Why, it can't be—damme it is,
"'Tis Poll a bawling water cresses."

3

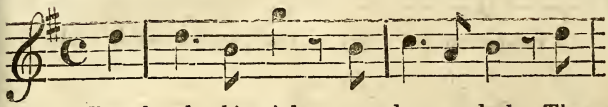
And now she's in his arms, whilst he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends in troops with curses.
"They took," cried she, "my very bed,
"The sticks they seiz'd, and sold in pieces;
"So, to get a bit of honest bread,
"I cries, who'll buy my water cresses."

4

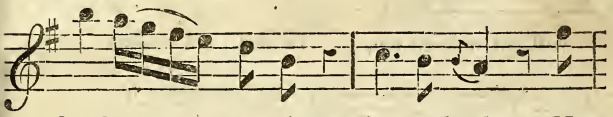
"Still art thou rich, my girl," cried Jack;
"And still shall taste each earthly pleasure;
"Thou'rt true though rags are on thy back,
"And honour's, Poll, a noble treasure.
"In this gay tog-shop, rigged so neat,
"Ill fortune from this moment ceases;"
This said, he scatter'd in the street
Basket and rags and water cresses.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT

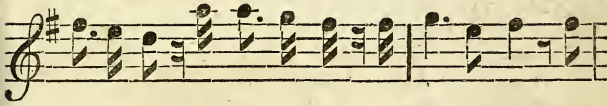
FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.



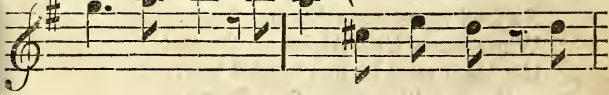
THE heath this night must be my bed, The



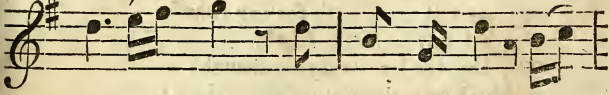
brack - en - cur-tain for my head, My



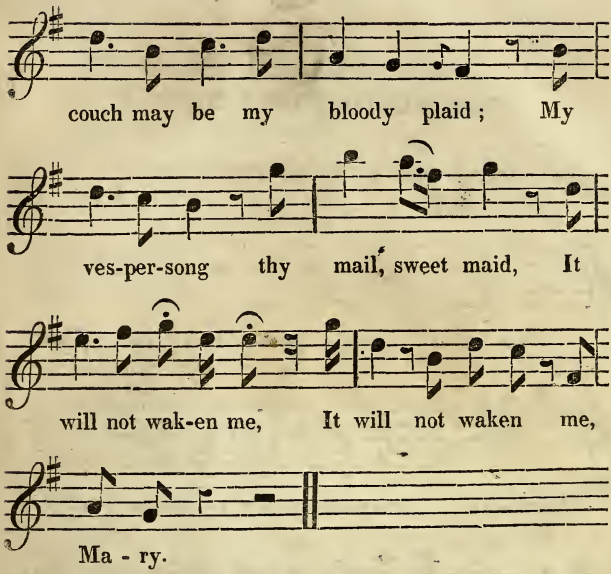
lul - la - by, my lul - la - by, the warder's tread, Far,



far from love, and thee, - Ma - ry. To



mor - row eve more stil - ly laid, My



2

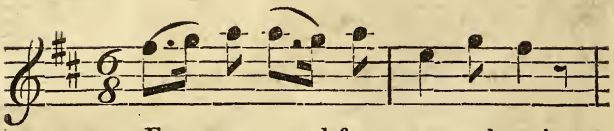
I may not dare not fancy now,
The grief that clouds thy lonely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promis'd me, Mary;
No fond regret must Norman know,
When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrows free, Mary.

3

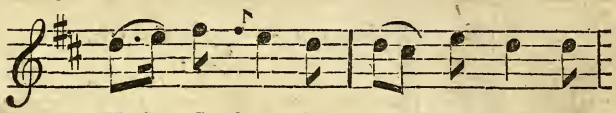
A time will come with feeling fraught,
For if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary;

And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary!

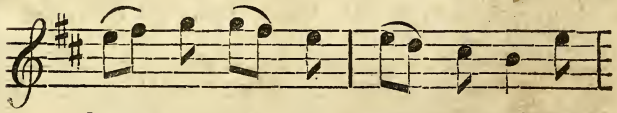
THE WOODMAN.



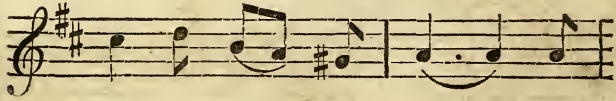
Far - re - moved from noise and smoke,



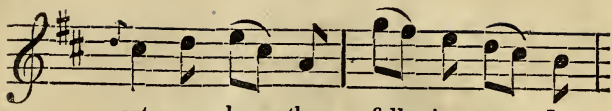
Hark, I hear the wood-man's stroke, Who

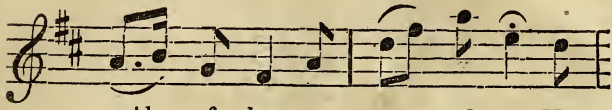


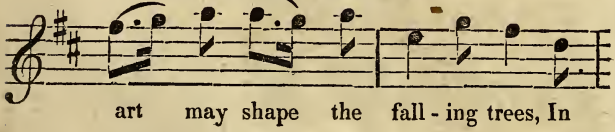
dreams not, as he fells the oak, What

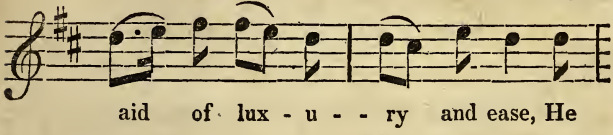


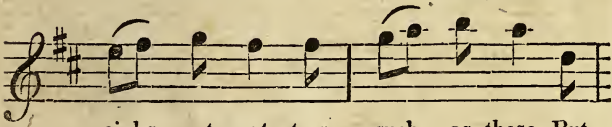
mis - chief dire he brews. How

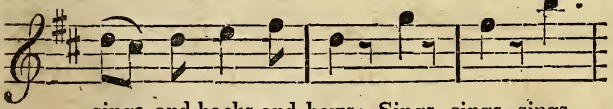

art may shape the fall - ing trees, In

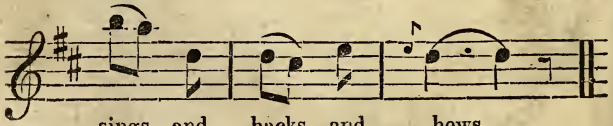

aid of lux - u - - ry and ease; How


art may shape the fall - ing trees, In


aid of lux - u - - ry and ease, He


weighs not mat - ters such as these, But


sings and hacks and hews; Sings, sings, sings,


sings, and hacks, and hews.

2

Perhaps now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where Oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig;
The stage where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,
Or posts for signs, or barbers' blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

3

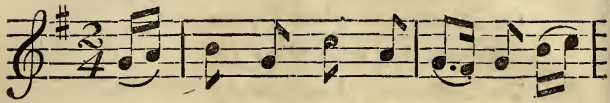
Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh! what grief,
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The seat where sits the grave Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobbler's stall;
Thou pamper'st life in every stage,
Mak'st Folly's whims, Pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

4

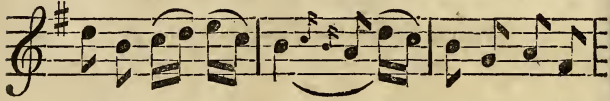
Yet justice let us still afford;
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke;
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the gen'rous wine,
The hall itself where tipplers join
To crack the mirthful joke.

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

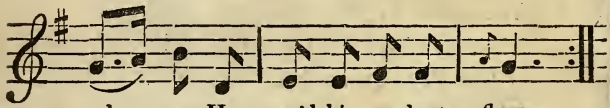
Andantino.



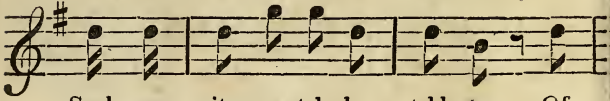
My sev'n-teenth year scarce o - ver, Blythe



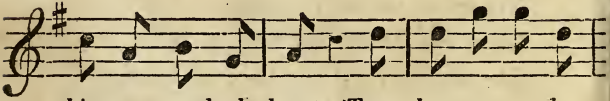
Da-mon woo - ing came, A young and ten-der



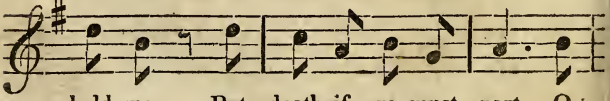
lov - er, He own'd his ar-dent flame.



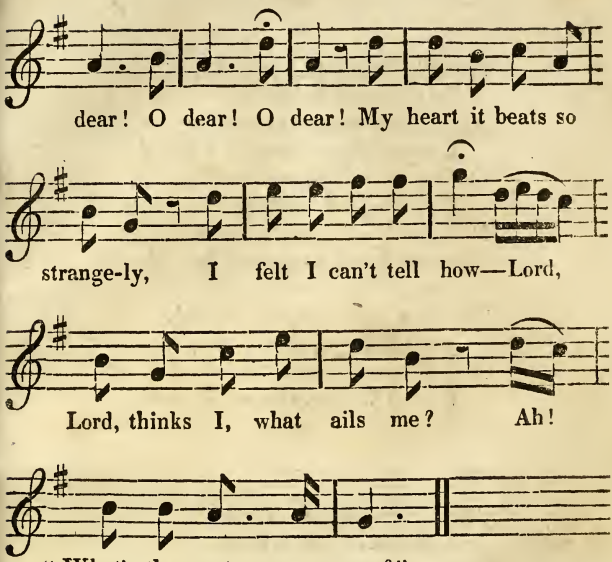
Such a pite - ous tale he told me, Of



his poor wound-ed heart, 'Twas hea-ven to be -



hold me, But death if we must part. O



2

The question soon was answer'd,
Sly Cupid's dart was thrown;
I loved as well as Damon,
But that I would not own;
For if he talk'd of dying,
Or mourn'd his hapless case,
I seldom fail'd replying,
By laughing in his face;
O dear! O dear! O dear!
At length his patience failing,
He proudly swore he'd go;
Not yet, said I, half smiling;
Why, "What's the matter now?"

3

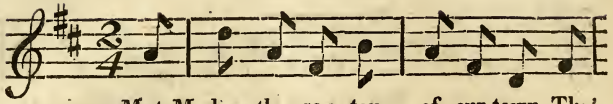
He slily seized that moment,
  To press me to be his;
And how it was I know not,
  I, thoughtless answer'd "Yes."
O then, when first we married,
  How easily I reign'd;
If check'd, my point I carried,
  By sobs and tears well feign'd;
  O dear! O dear! O dear!
The poor good soul was melted,
  Nor proof against my woe,
And coaxingly consented,
  With "What's the matter now?"

4

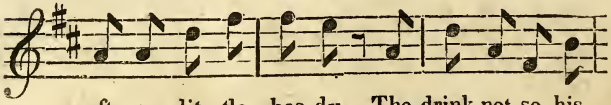
Alas! these times are over,
  And I have had my day
No more a doating lover,
  He swears he'll have his way.
To all entreaties callous,
  Whole days from me he'll roam
Get tipsy at the alehouse,
  And then come stagg'ring home,
  O dear! O dear! O dear!
If then I weep or chide him,
  With consequential brow,
He sets his arms beside him
  With "What's the matter now?

ANOTHER CUP, AND THEN.

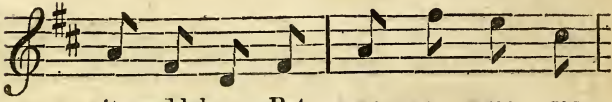
BY MR. DIBDIN.



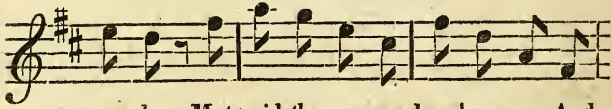
Mat Mudge, the sex-ton of our town, Tho'



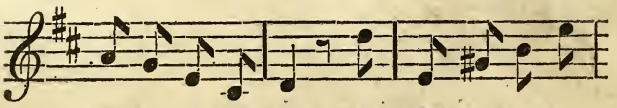
oft a lit-tle hea-dy, The drink not so his



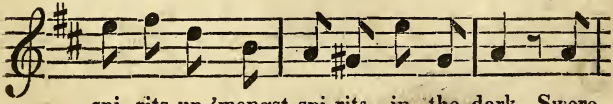
wits could drown, But some ex-cuse was



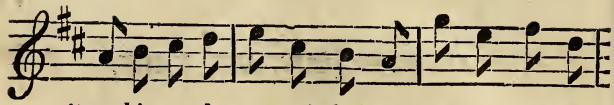
rea-dy. Mat said the par-son loved a sup, And



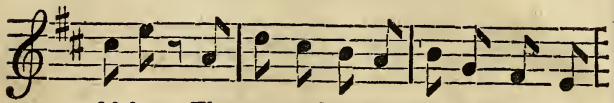
eke al-so the clerk, And then it kept his



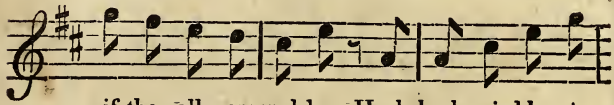
spi-rits up 'mongst spi-rits in the dark. Swore



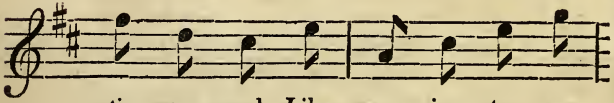
'twas his pre-de-ces-sor's fault, A curs-ed drunk en



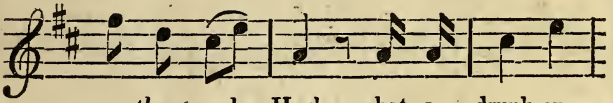
fel-low, The ve-ry bells to ring he taught As



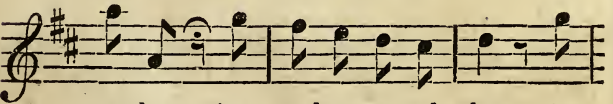
if they all were mel-low. Hark, hark, cried he, in



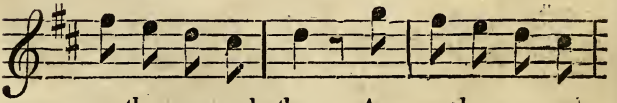
tip-sey peal, Like roar-ing to-pers



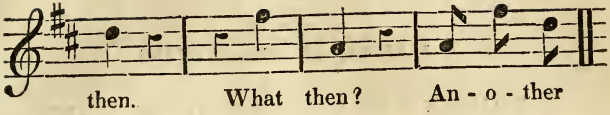
as they reel, Hark, what a drunk-en



po-ther: An-o-ther cup, and then, An-



o-ther cup, and then, An-o-ther cup, and



2

For good news Mat got drunk for joy,
If he could beg or borrow;
Did any thing his mind annoy,
He drank to drown his sorrow.
Thus he'd rejoice, or he'd condole.
Cried Mat, " Be't joy or grief,
As the song says, the flowing bowl
Still gives the mind relief.
'Twas all my predecessor's fault," &c.

3

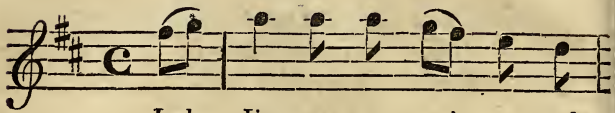
Were peace the theme and all its charms,
Mat fill'd the sparkling noggin;
If war, he drank, " May British arms
Still give the foe a flogging."
The parson once took Mat to task,
Bid him beware the bowl;
" Your pardon I most humbly ask,"
Cried he, " but 'pon my soul,
'Twas all my predecessor's fault," &c.

4

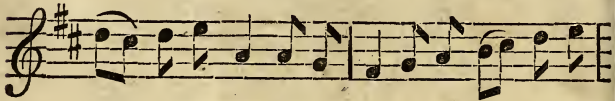
And then no liquor came amiss,
Wherever he could forage;
That gave him spirits, wisdom this,
And t'other gave him courage.
Thus was he merry and jocose,
If fortune smiled or frown'd;
And when he'd fairly got his dose,
And all the things turn'd around,
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c

NAUTICAL ANATOMIST

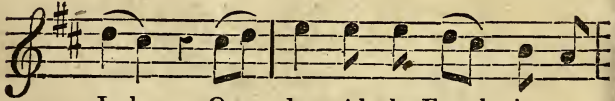
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN



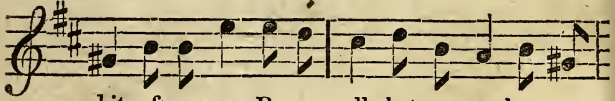
Jack Jig - ger, a curi - ous and



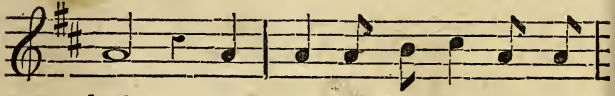
whim - si - cal tar, For a sort of a ge - nus was



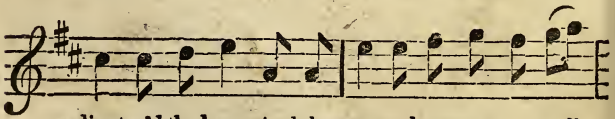
Jack, One day with the French in a



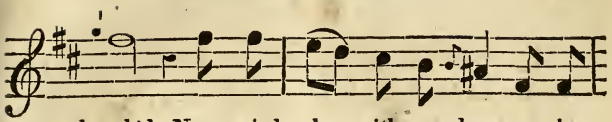
bit of a spar, By a small shot was ta-ken a -



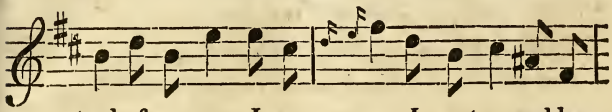
back; It swi-vel'd his fin - gers, and



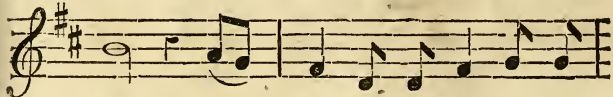
splin-ter'd the bone, And the arm a-bout pret-ty well



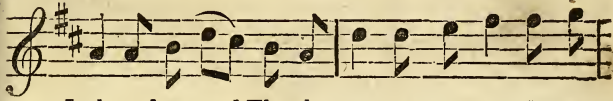
knock'd. Now, cried he, with a dam-me, in -



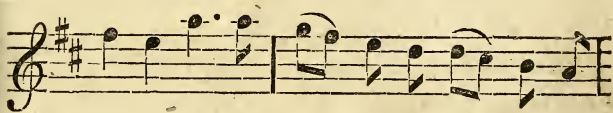
stead of a groan, I sup - - pose I must go and be



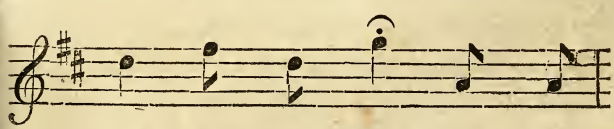
dock'd; The sur-geon with feel-ing made



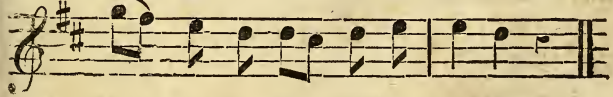
Jack un-der-stand, That the arm must come off, Why then,



bro-ther, Man the nip - pers and knife, for we



tars un - - der - stand, In mis -



for - tune to serve one a - o - ther.

2

As he saw in his birth, in the cockpit below,
That blood which his messmates had spilt,
Of the doctor poor Jack was vast curious to know
In what manner a seaman was built.
The surgeon held forth about art'ries and veins,
About muscles, and sinews, and limbs
While Jack all his lingo took in with great pains.
His mouth open, and staring his glims.
And as he replied to each curious demand,
Call'd the doctor a friend or a brother;
And swore that all weathers all tars bear a hand
Just only to serve one another.

3

Why, if this is the maxim by all that I sees,
A man's built just the same as a ship;
From the keel, the backbone, to the tops and cross-trees,
To take in life's ocean a trip.
A muscle and sinner's a brace and a stay,
And as for men's fears and their hopes,
They're the masts, and the fibres his frame, that belay
Running rigging and all the small ropes.
And as all in their station to fall understand,
Take the part of a friend or a brother,
To their duty turn in, and like tars lend a hand
Just only to serve one another.

4

His senses and feeling, his lingo and wit,
The complement made of his crew;
And ships knock'd about must come in to refit,
All as one as I now come to you.
Then as ships by the wind, if a breeze or a gale,
Venture either for life or for death,
So a man through the ocean of life could not sail,
Were he not kept afloat by his breath.
And as men who sail under Ma'am Fortune's command
Are all kind like a friend or a brother,
So from cables to rattlins the ropes lent a hand
Just only to serve one another.

5

The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the head,
Ship and man at fair weather rejoice;
Man struggles through life, just like heaving the lead,
The bold speaking-trumpet's the voice.
And when wore to a hulk, or by storms took a-back,
To the dregs fate has emptied his can;
The lot of all vessels, as well as poor Jack,
The ship founders, and so does the man.
Let each man then that sails, under Heaven's command,
Still turn out a friend and a brother;
And, faithful to honour, like tars lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

Andantino.

Roy's wife of Al - di-val-loch, Roy's wife of

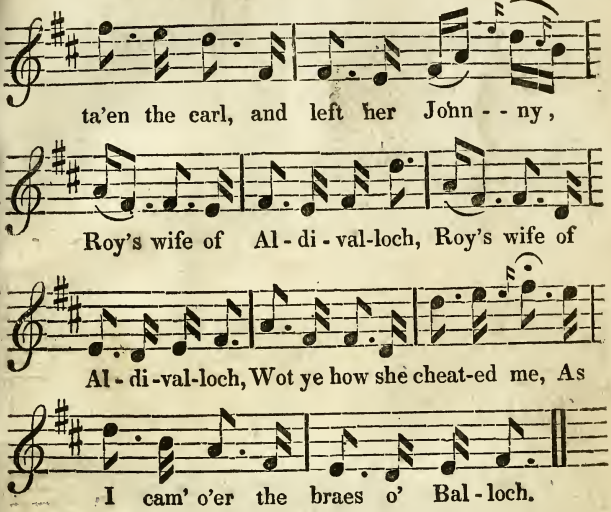
Al - di-val-loch, Wot ye how she cheat-ed me, As

I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-loch, She

vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine, She

said she lo'ed me best of o - ny; But,

O the fic - kle faith - less quean, She's



2

O she was a canty quean,
And weel cou'd dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

3

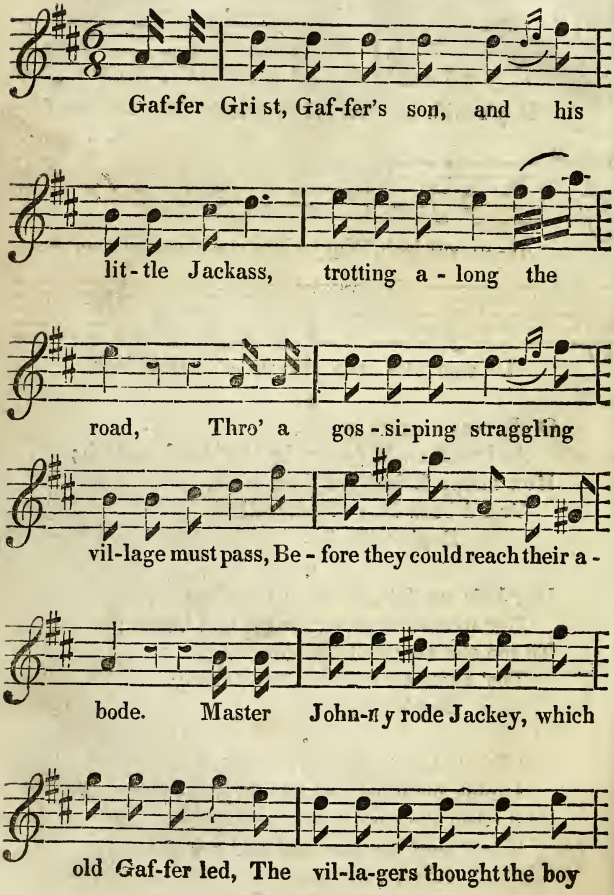
Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny;
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

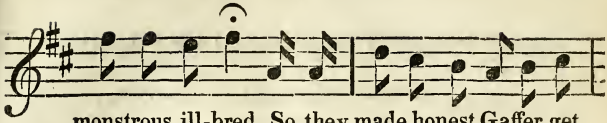
4

But Roy's age is three times mime,
I think his days will nae be mony;
And when the carl is dead and gane,
She'll, may be, rue, and tak' her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

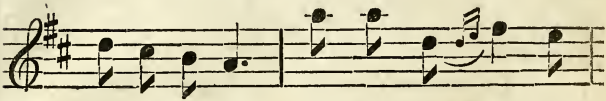
TROTTING ALONG THE ROAD.

COMPOSED BY MR. REEVE.

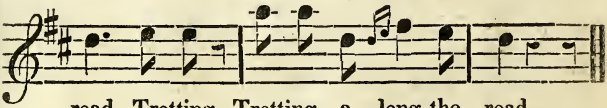




monstrous ill-bred, So they made honest Gaffer get



up in his stead, Trot - ting a - long the



road, Trotting, Trotting a - long the road.

2

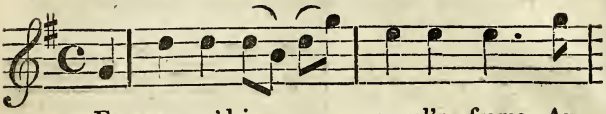
They didn't go far 'ere they heard people talk,
Trotting along the road,
As how it was stupid for either to walk,
Before they could reach their abode.
So they both rode—when proud of his horse and his pelf,
A farmer cried, "Down! would you kill the poor elf?
If you was an ass, would you like it yourself?"
Trotting along the road.

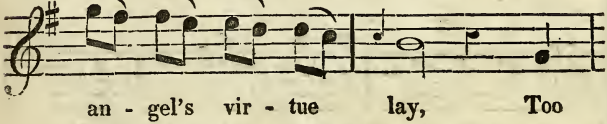
3

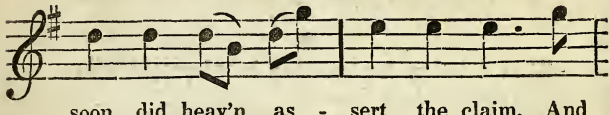
Next, they carried the Jackass, who never said nay,
Trotting along the road;
But all changes endur'd like the Vicar of Bray,
Before he would quit his abode.
Yet this wou'dn't please ev'ry ill-natur'd tyke,
And therefore this moral must forcibly strike,
We should manage our Jackasses just as we like,
Trotting along the road.

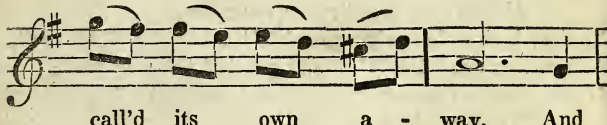
ENCOMPASS'D IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME.

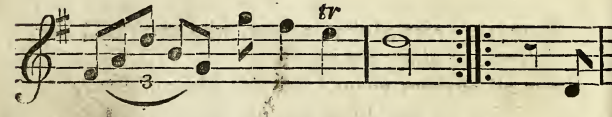
SUNG IN THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

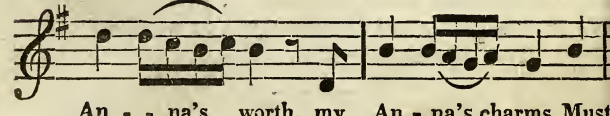


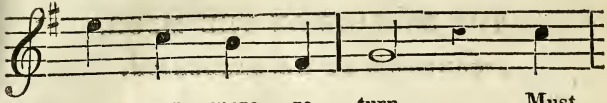




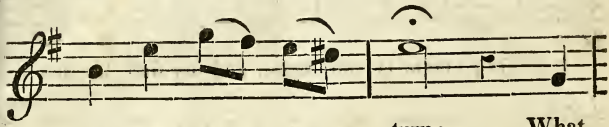




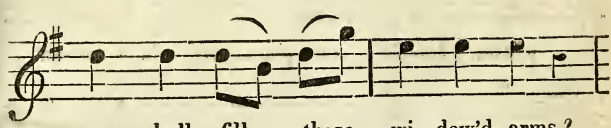




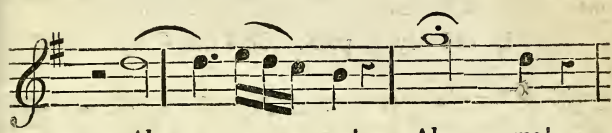
ne - ver more re turn, Must



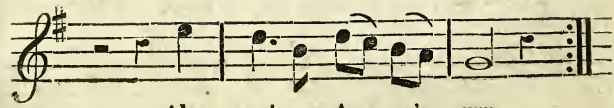
ne - ver more re - turn; What



now shall fill those wi - dow'd arms?



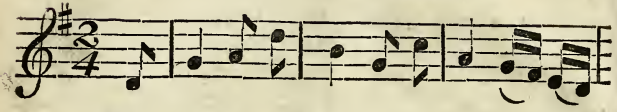
Ah, - - - - me! Ah, me!



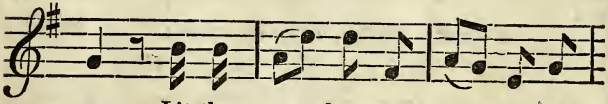
Ah, me! my An - na's urn.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

COMPOSED BY MR. SANDERSON.

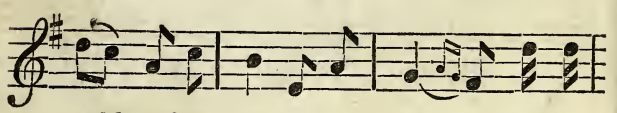


My mam is no more, and my dad in his

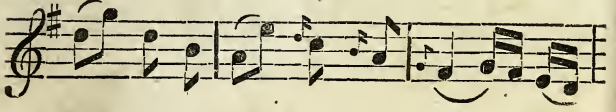


grave, Lit-tle or - phans are sis - ter an

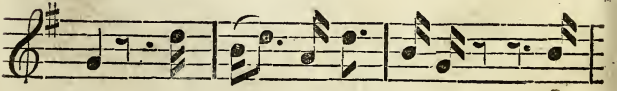
I, sad - ly poor; In - dus - try ourd



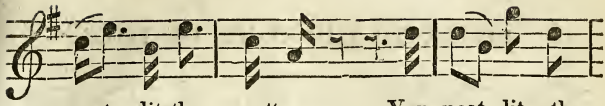
wealth, and no dwelling we have, But yon

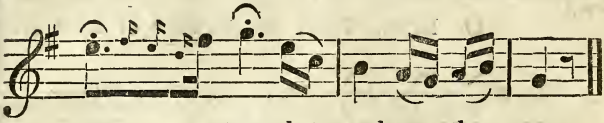


neat lit - tle cot - tage that stands on the



moor. Yon neat lit-tle cottage, Yon





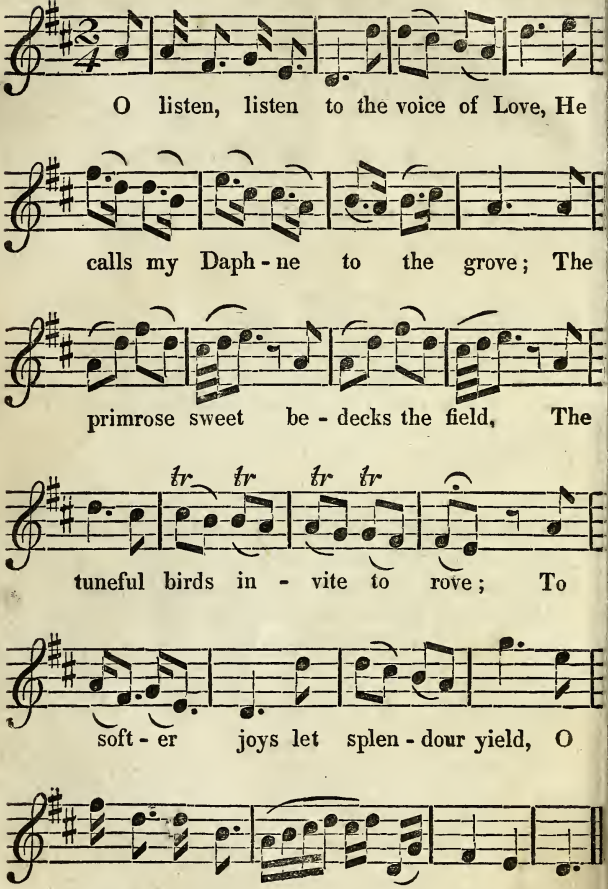
2

The lark's early song does to labour invite;
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
Yon neat little cottage, &c.

3

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our cheer;
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
Yon neat little cottage, &c.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.



2

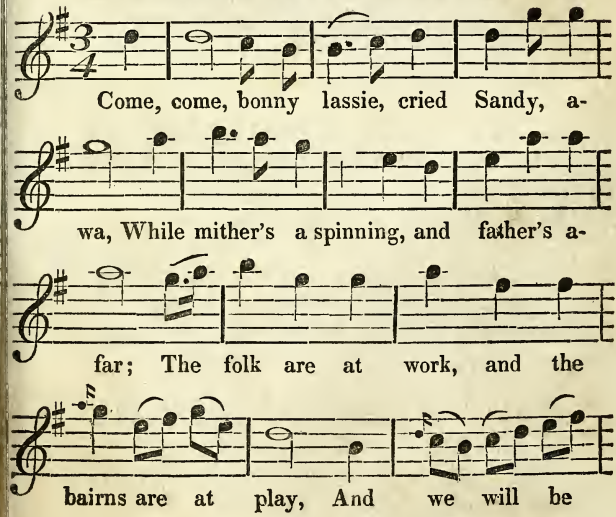
Where flow'rs their blooming sweets enhale,
My Daphne, fondly let us stray,
Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay:
O listen, listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

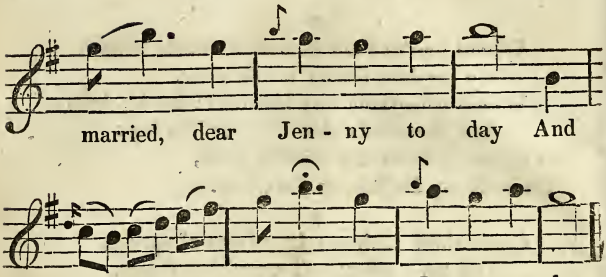
3

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultous noise;
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys.
Then listen, listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

SANDY AND JENNY.

COMPOSED BY MR. SANDERSON.





2

Stay, stay, bonny laddie, I answer'd with speed,
I winna, I munna, go wi' you indeed;
Besides should I do so, what would the folk say.
O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

3

List, list, cried he, lassie, and mind what you do,
Baith Peggy and Patty I give up for you;
Besides a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to-day.

4

Fie, fie, bonny laddie, replied I again,
When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain
Besides a new ribbon does Patty display,
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

5

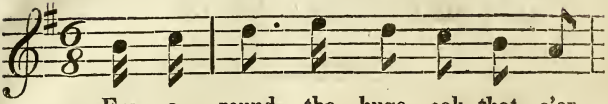
Then, then, a good-bye, bonnie lassie, says he,
For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me;
The kirk is hard by, and the bells call away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.

6

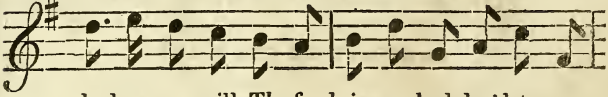
Stop, stop, bonny laddie, says I, with a smile,
For know I was joking indeed all the while;
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.

ERE AROUND THIS HUGE OAK.

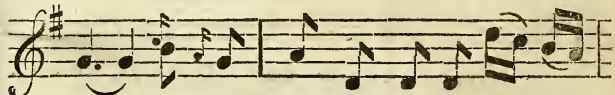
COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD.



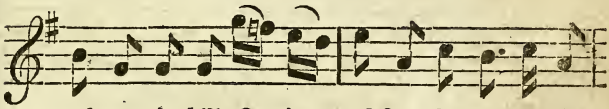
Ere a - round the huge oak that o'er-



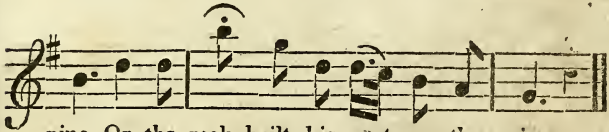
shadows you mill, The fond i - vy had dar'd to en-



twine; Ere the church was a ru - in that



nods on the hill, Or the rook built his nest on the



pine, Or the rook built his nest on the pine.

2

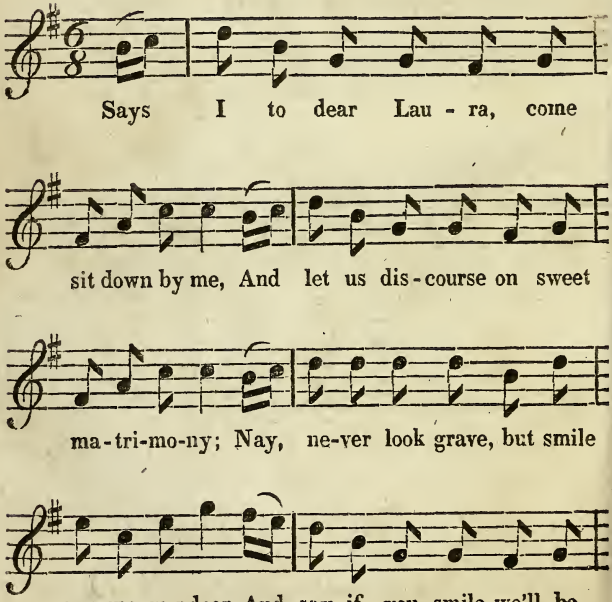
Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate -
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

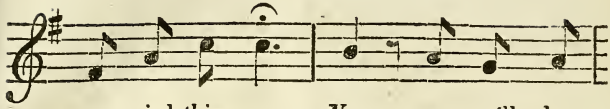
3

He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

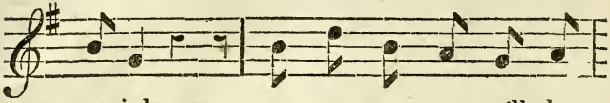
WE'LL BE MARRIED THIS YEAR.

COMPOSED BY MR. WARE.

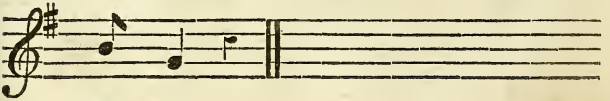




mar - ried this year. Yes, yes, we'll be



married, yes, yes, yes, yes, we'll be



mar - ried.

2

Then Laura look'd grave, and her lover look'd blue;
She said, if we have children, pray what shall we do?
The merrier the more, I said, with a leer,
And the fewer, you know, love, the better the cheer.
Yes, yes, &c.

3

My Laura consented, and soon nam'd the day,
When a villain stepp'd in, and snatch'd Laura away;
But if you have courage, dear girl, never fear,
For, in spite of the wretch, we'll be married this year,
Yes, yes, &c.

DONALD.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

When first you cour - ted

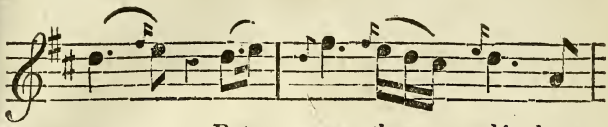
me, I own I fond - ly favour'd

you; Ap - - pa - rent worth and

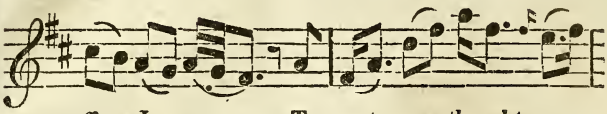
high re - nown Made me be - lieve you

true, - - - Donald, Each vir-tue then seem'd

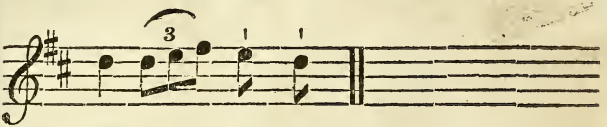
to a - dorn The man es - teem'd by



me, But now the mask's thrown



off, I scorn To waste one thought on

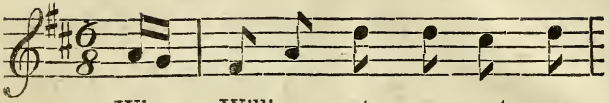


thee, - - - Donald.

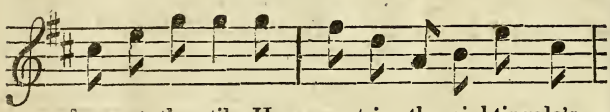
2

O then for ever haste way,
Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me—Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone,
For one that's more like me;
If such a one I cannot find,
I fly from love and thee—Donald.

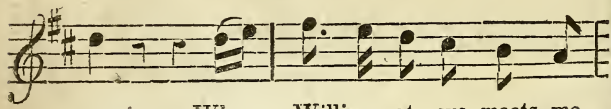
WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.



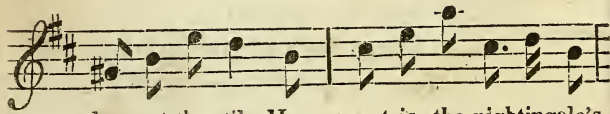
When William at eve meets me



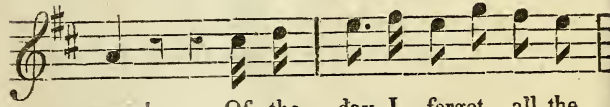
down at the stile, How sweet is the nightingale's



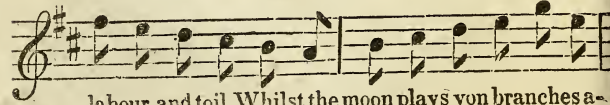
song! When William at eve meets me



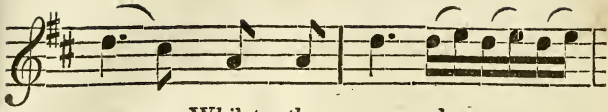
down at the stile, How sweet is the nightingale's



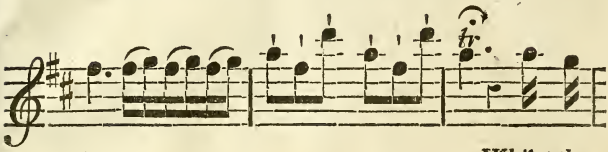
song! Of the day I forget all the



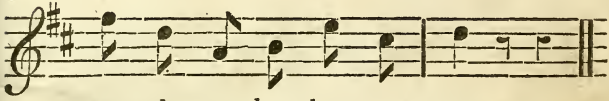
labour and toil, Whilst the moon plays yon branches a-



mong, Whilst the moon plays, - - - -



- - - - - - - - - - - - Whilst the

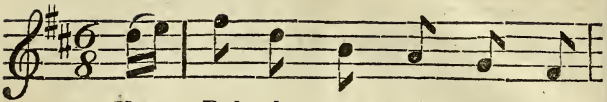


moon plays yon branches a - mong.

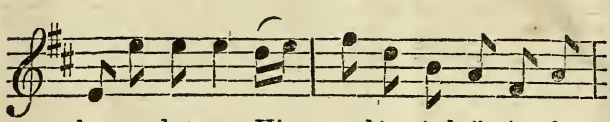
2

By her beams without blushing I hear him complain,
And believe ev'ry word of his song;
You know not how sweet 'tis meet the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among!

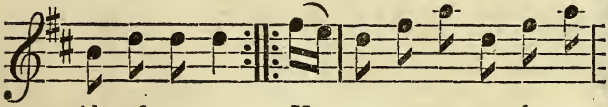
THE WILD IRISH BOY.



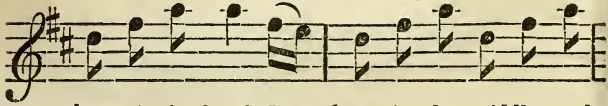
Young Pad - dy is mer - ry and



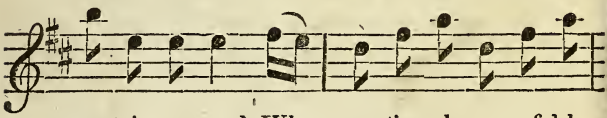
hap-py, but poor, His ca-bin is built in the



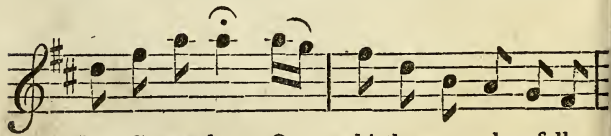
midst of a moor; No pret-ty green meadows a-



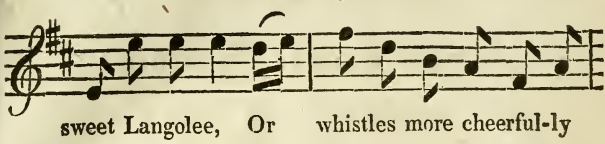
bout it is found, But bogs in the middle and

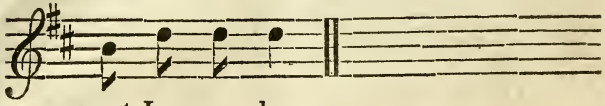


mountains a-round; Where sometimes he mournful-ly



sings Gramachree, Or whistles more cheerfully





2

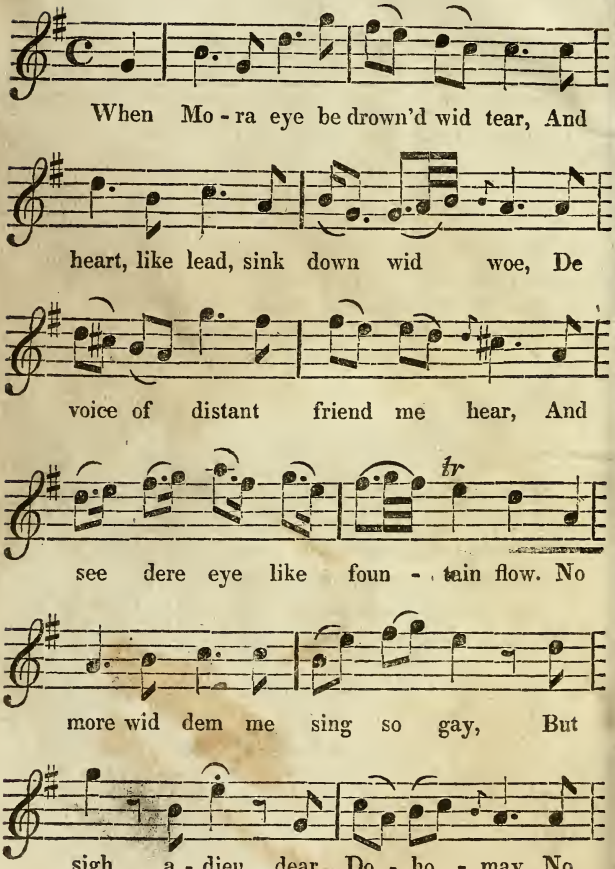
Young Paddy indeed is not polish'd or mild,
But his soul is as free as his country is wild;
And tho' unacquainted with fashion or dress,
His heart ever melts at the sound of distress:
For sometimes he mournfully sings Gramachree,
Or whistles more cheerfully sweet Langolee.

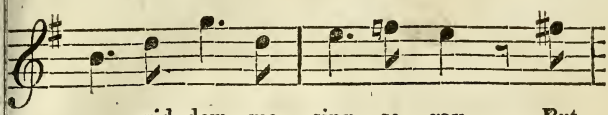
3

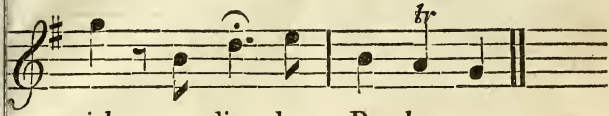
Then let us not laugh at his bulls or his blunders,
His broad native brogue or his ignorant wonders;
And do not by ridicule ever destroy
The honest content of a wild Irish Boy.
For sometimes he mournfully sings Gramachree,
Or whistles more cheerfully sweet Langolee.

THE CAPTIVE NEGRO.

WORDS BY PETER PINDAR.







2

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in stream bright gold to find;
Nor seek de field for flow'r so fair,
Wid garland Mora hair to bind.
"Far off de stream!" I weeping say,
"Far off de fields of Dohomay."

3

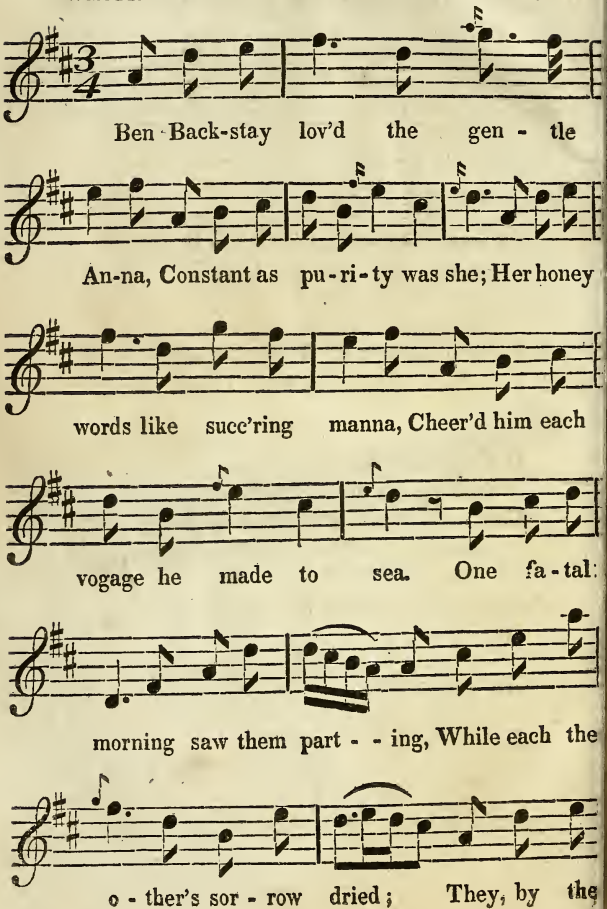
But why do Azid live a slave,
And see a slave his Mora dear?
Come let we seek at once de grave—
No chain, no tyrant, den we fear.
"Ah, me!" I hear a spirit say,
"Come, Azid, come to Dohomay."

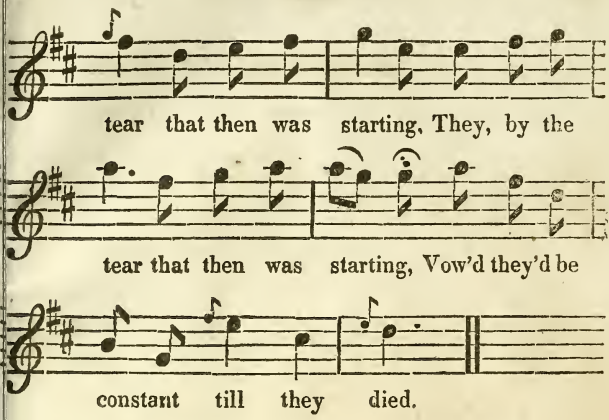
4

Der gold I find for thee once more,
In thee to fields for flow'r depart;
To please de idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.
Den let we die and haste away,
And live in groves of Dohomay.

BEN BACKSTAY.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.





2

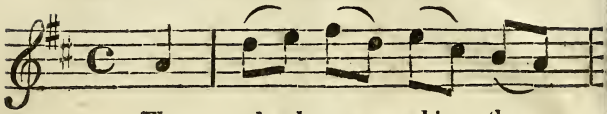
At distance from his Anna's beauty,
  While roaring winds the sea deform,
Ben sings, and well performs his duty,
  And braves for love the frightful storm.
Alas! in vain the vessel batter'd,
  On a rock splitting open'd wide;
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
  Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

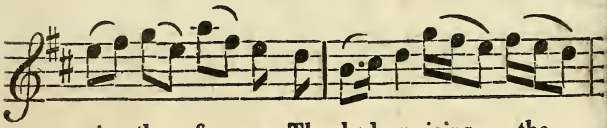
3

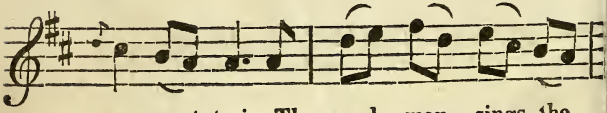
The semblance of each lovely feature,
  That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
  A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck
In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
  Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride;
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
  She saw, grew pale, sank down, and died.

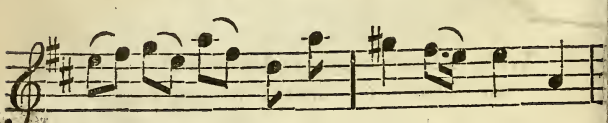
THE LABOURER'S WELCOME HOME.

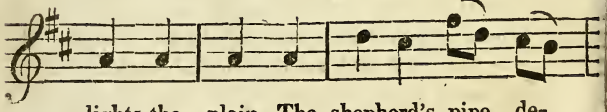
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

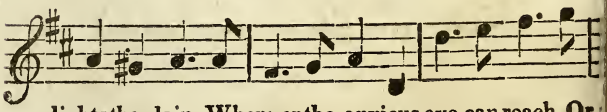


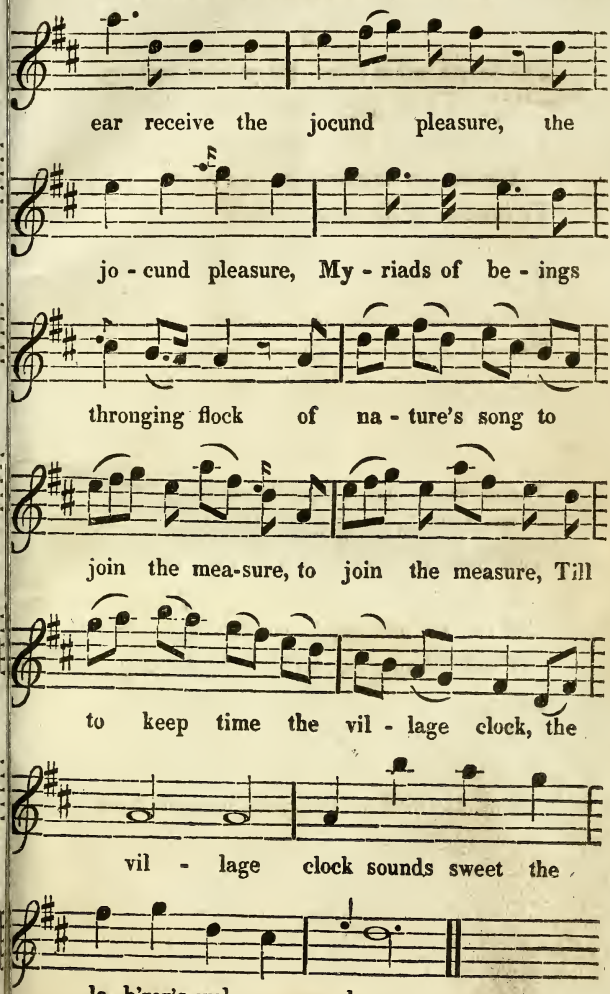











ear receive the jocund pleasure, the
jo - cund pleasure, My - riads of be - ings
thronging flock of na - ture's song to
join the mea-sure, to join the measure, Till
to keep time the vil - lage clock, the
vil - lage clock sounds sweet the
la - b'rer's welcome home.

2

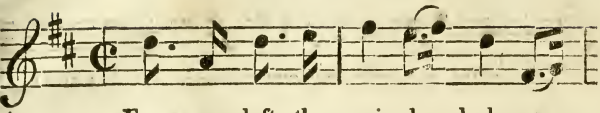
The hearth swept clean, his partner smiling,
  Upon the shining table smokes
The frugal meal, while time beguiling,
  The ale the harmless jest provokes.
Ye inmates of the lofty dome,
  Admire his lot: his children playing,
To share his smiles around him flock;
  And faithful Tray, since morn that straying
Trudg'd with him till the village clock
Sounds sweet the labourer's welcome home.

3

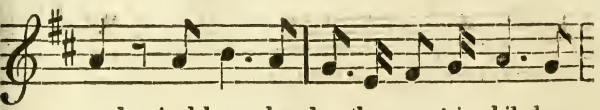
The cheering faggot burnt to embers,
  While lares round their vigils keep;
That pow'r that poor and rich remembers
  Each thanks, and then retires to sleep.
And now the lark climbs heav'n's high dome,
  Fresh from repose, toil's kind reliever;
And furnish'd with his daily stock,
  His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,
He travels till the village clock
  Sounds sweet the labourer's welcome home.

FROM ALOFT THE SAILOR.

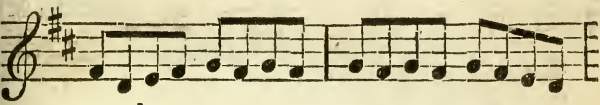
COMPOSED BY S. STORACE.



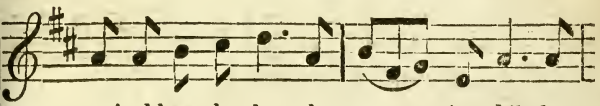
FROM a - loft the sai - lor looks a-



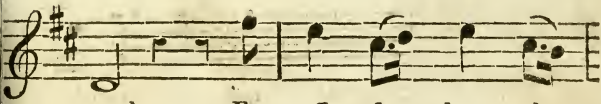
round, And hears be - low the murm'ring bil - lows



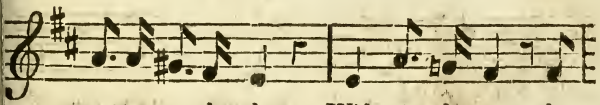
sound - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -



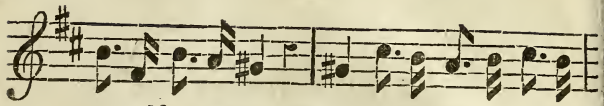
- - And hears be - low the murm'r - ing bil - lows



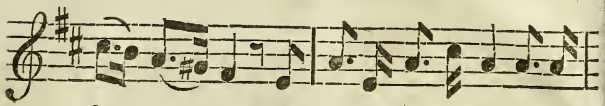
sound. Far off from home he



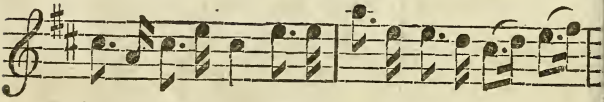
counts an - o - ther day, Wide o'er the seas the



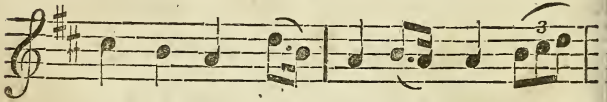
ves-sel bears a-way, Wide o'er the seas the vessel



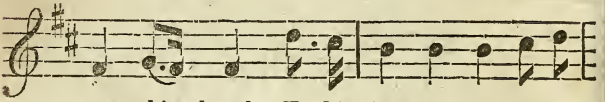
bears a - way. His courage wants no whet, But he



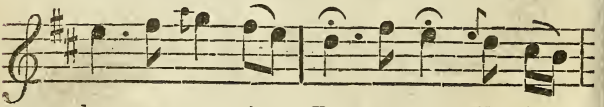
springs the sail to set. With a heart as fresh as ris - ing



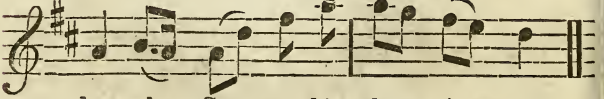
breeze of May, And car - ing nought, He



turns his thoughts To his love - ly Sue or his



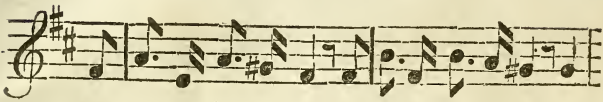
charm - - - - ing Bet, - - - To his



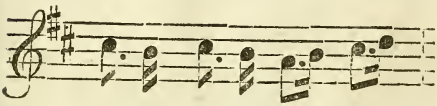
love - ly Sue, or his charm - ing Bet.

2

Now to heav'n the lofty topmast soars,
The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars,
Now ocean's deepest gulf appears below,



The curling surges foam, the curling surges foam, the

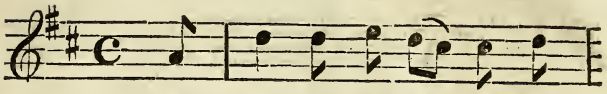


curling surges foam, And down we go.

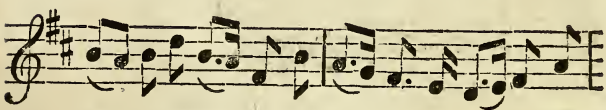
When skies and seas are met,
They his courage serve to whet,
With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
And dreading nought, &c.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

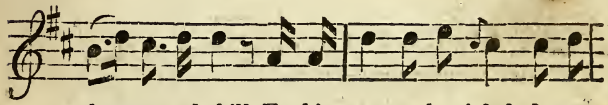
A FAVOURITE IRISH MELODY.—THE WORDS BY CAMPBELL.



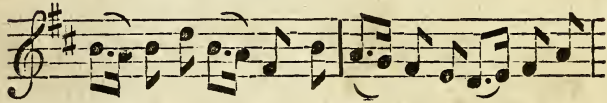
There came to the beach a poor



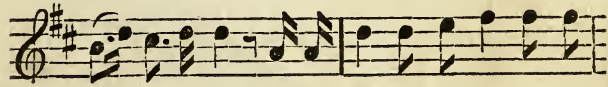
ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was



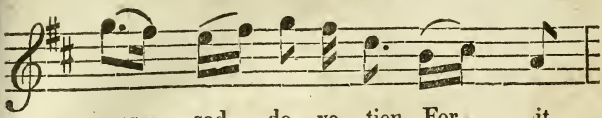
hea-vy and chill, For his country he sigh'd when at



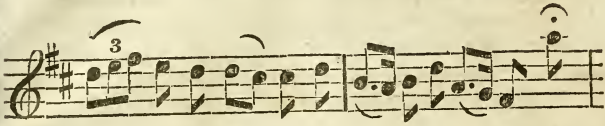
twilight repair - ing, To wan-der a - lone by the



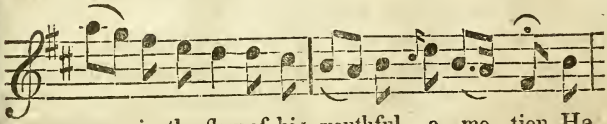
windbeaten hill; But the day-star attracted his



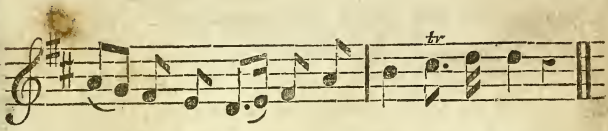
eyes sad de - vo - tion, For it



rose on his own na-tive Isle of the o - cean, When



once in the flow of his youthful e - mo - tion, He



sung the bold an - them of E - rin go Bragh,

2

O sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Ah, never again in the green-shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

3

O Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
  In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
  And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
And thou, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?
Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me;
  They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

4

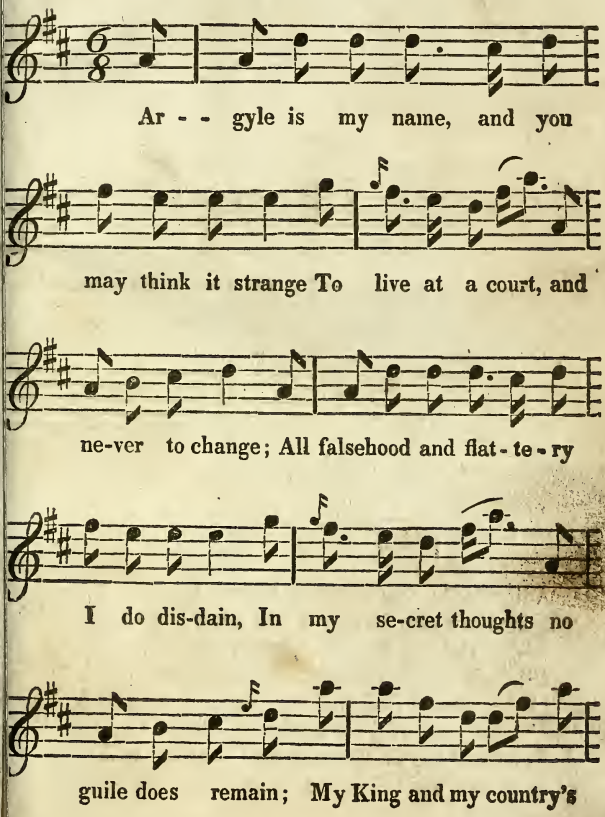
Where now is my cabin-door, so fast by the wild-wood?
  Sisters and sire did weep for its fall;
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
  And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah, my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
  But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

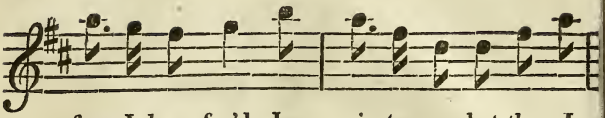
5

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
  One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
  Land of my forefathers!—Erin go Bragh.
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
  Erin mavoureen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

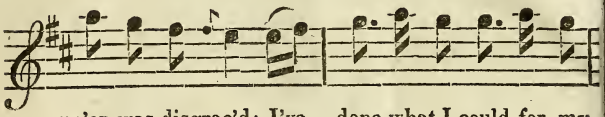
ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

A FAVOURITE AIR, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.

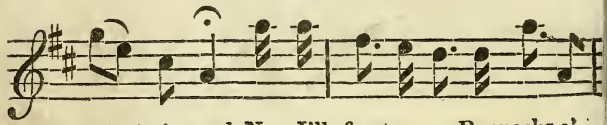




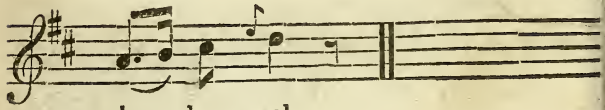
foes I have fac'd, In ci - ty or bat-tle I



ne'er was disgrac'd; I've done what I could for my



country's weal, Now I'll feast upon Bannocks o'



bar - ley meal.

2

Adieu to the courts of gay London town,
For to my own country I will gang down;
At the sight of Kirkaldy once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain.
O the muckle Deil tak' a' your noise and strife,
I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me weil
Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley meal.

3.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
A pair of fine garters for Maggie to wear,
And some pretty things else, I do declare,
When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
And when we are married we'll keep a cow,
My Maggie shall milk her, and I will plough;
We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,
And wang at the bannock o' barley meal.

4.

If my Maggie should chance to bring me a son,
He'll fight for his King as his father has done;
I'll send him to Flanders, some breeding to learn;
I'll aff into Scotland, and there keep a farm;
And thus we'll live, and industrious be,
And wha'll be so great as my Maggie and me;
We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley meal.

MY SPIRITS ARE MOUNTING.

A CONVIVIAL SONG, WRITTEN AND SUNG BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

Allegro.

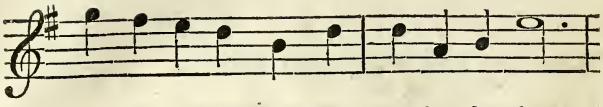
My spi-rits are mount-ing, my heart's full of glee,

Fal la, la, la, la, lal da rid-dle lad-dy; Sweet

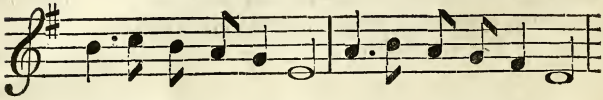
hope, like a rose, on my bum-per I see,

Fal la, la, la, la, lal da rid-dle lad-dy. My

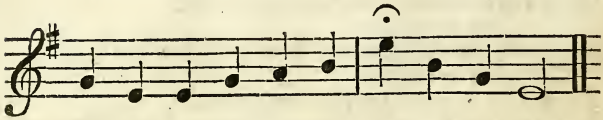
cares are all co-lour'd with joy as they pass, And my



soul is all sun-shine, when lit by the glass.



Fal de rid-dle lad-dy, tal da rid-dle lad-dy,



Fa, la, la, la, la, la, tal lad lad-dy.

2.

Away from my view fly the world and its strife,
Fal de ral, &c.
The banquet of fancy's the feast of my life;
Fal de ral, &c.
All love's melting energies sink in my soul,
And the fountain of bliss is let loose in my bowl.
Fal de ral, &c.

3.

You ask why I drink, and my reason is plain,
Fal de ral, &c.
To gild with bright colours life's picture again,
Fal de ral, &c.
From the cold track of care my warm heart to remove,
And revel transported with nature and love.
Fal de ral, &c.

4.

To the fairer I fill, of the fairer I think,
Fal de ral, &c.
Mine is not a clay that grows muddy with drink;
Fal de ral, &c.
The bubbles that rise in gay colours are drest,
And love, the sweet sediment, lies at my breast.
Fal de ral, &c.

5.

My spirits in bursts of wild sympathy start,
Fal de ral, &c.
And friendship's kind current flows pure from my heart;
Fal de ral, &c.
And ardour so social ennobles each thought.
As I curse the old maxims dame Prudence has taught.
Fal de ral, &c.

6.

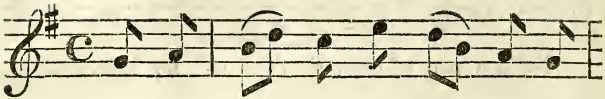
What say, soothing gods! when thou bring'st to my view,
Fal de ral, &c.
Those scenes of wild softness my bosom once knew;
Fal de ral, &c.
I gaze as fond memory's visions go by,
And double the bliss, though the tear's in my eye.
Fal de ral, &c.

7.

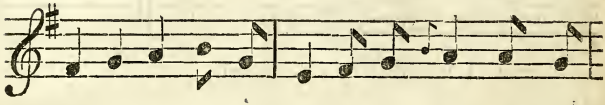
Then give me, great gods, but a friend with my wine,
Fal de ral, &c.
Whose heart has been heated and soften'd like mine;
Fal de ral, &c.
In social effusions we'll cherish each soul,
And share the wild magic that lies in the bowl.
Fal de ral, &c.

THE MARGATE HOY.

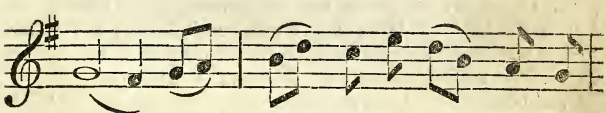
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.



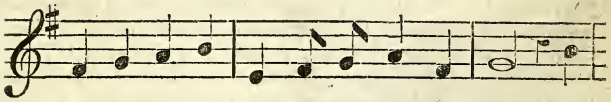
Stand - ing one sum-mer's day on the



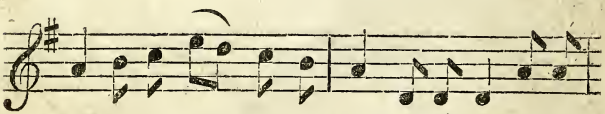
Tow-er slip, Care-less how I my time should em -



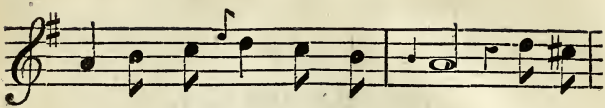
ploy, It popp'd in my head that I'd



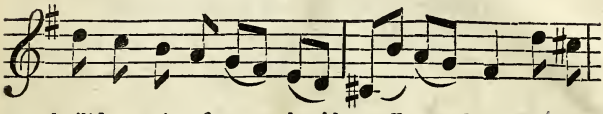
take a trip A - board of a Mar-gate hoy; I



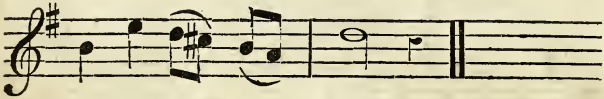
took a few slops, such as shirts and a coat, For of



prog I knew well they'd be stor'd, Then I

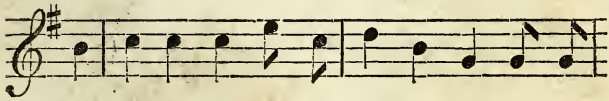


hail'd a pair of oars, shov'd off my boat, And a-

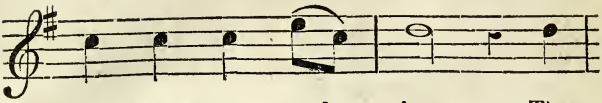


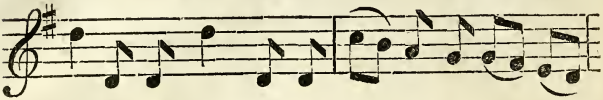
way I dash'd a - - board.

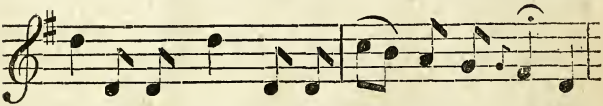
"Ah, Commodore, who thought of seeing you?" "What, Mrs. Garbage! How is the Alderman?"—'There is my husband, Sir.' "'Pon my word, and Dicky, I declare." 'Give me leave, Commodore, to introduce you to my friends; Mr. Shadrack, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Mr. Shadrack.' "Very much at your sharvice, Sir." 'Miss Minnikin, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Miss Minnikin.' "Very happy to have the pleasure of knowing you, Miss." 'Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Dr. Quibus: Captain Squash, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Captain Squash: Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Sir Phelim O'Drogheda.' "Hallo, there! Cast off the painter. Sit still, Ladies and Gentlemen."



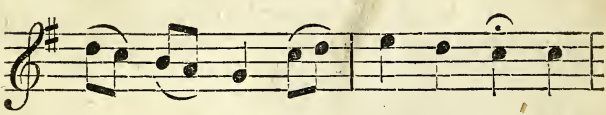
Then off we went with a flow - ing jib, Full of

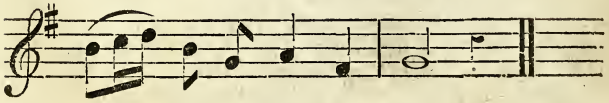

mer - ri - ment and joy, The


Al-der-man munch-ing, and prat-tling his rib, The


Al-der-man munch-ing, and prat-tling his rib, Sing

who so blithe, so blithe as we, Who


take, who take a voyage to sea, A -


board of a Mar - gate hoy

2.

Then such glee and humour, our joy to prolong,
  Pervaded us fore and aft;
Some were telling a story, some whistling a song,
  As we turn'd in and out 'mongst the craft;
Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay;
  Then how we'd astonish the folks
When at Margate arriv'd; then cut out of our way,
  To laugh at the watermen's jokes.

'Ho! the ship ahoy.' "Ay, Ay." 'Pray, have you one Wiseman aboard?' "No, no." 'Then you are all fools.' Hey, ha! ha! ha! went Miss Minnikin. "Dat is very coote chokes," said the Jew. 'Why, I say, Moses,' said the man that was affronted, 'are you a bull or a bear? Damme, I think you more like a monkey: and you, Miss Dolly Drylips, take a reef in your perriwig, and clap a stopper on your muzzle: clue up the plaits in your jaw-bags, and give your tongue leave of absence. About ship, helm's a-lee.—Here she comes.'

So we made t'other tack and lay gunnel to,
  Which soon gave a damp to our joy;
Miss Minnikin squall'd; "Mine cot!" cried the Jew.
  Sing who so blithe as we
  Who take a voyage to sea
On board of a Margate hoy.

3.

The company's merriment now out of joint,
  And their tattlers not moving so quick,
Scarce right ahead did we twig Cuckold's Point,
  But the Alderman 'gan to be sick.
Then we'd like to fall foul of an oyster smack,
  The wind stretching towards the Nore;
Then, stretching too far on the larboard tack,
  By and by we came bump ashore.

"Ah! we shall be all cast away! my poor dear pattern cap, cast away." 'What shall I do to be shaved?' "Why, faith," said I, "I fancy we shall have a touch of the salt water before we get to Margate." 'Yes, Sir,' said the Doctor, 'not that I have any quarrel with death, but I am afraid we shall take in too large a dose.' "How do you do, Sir Phelim?" 'Arrah, I should be well enough if I was not so cursedly sick.' "She rights! she rights!"

Next a gale coming on, we did preciously kick,
Which finish'd completely our joy;
'Twas, "Madam, how do you do?" "Oh! I am monstrously sick."
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
On board of a Margate hoy.

4.

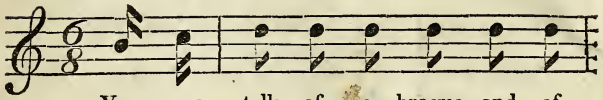
And now 'twould have made a philosopher grin,
To have seen such a concourse of muns;
Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,
For it came on to blow great guns.
Spoilt clothes and provisions now clogg'd up the way,
In a dreary and boisterous night;
While apparently dead ev'ry passenger lay
With the sickness, but more with the fright.

'Oh, oh! I wish I was at home in my bed.' "Oh, that I was a hundred miles off." 'Masshy upon my shins.' "Oh, oh! will nobody throw me overboard?" 'Avast there!' "Ah, my poor dear pattern cap's blown into the pond." 'O my soul, what a devil of a sickness!' "Arrah, stop the ship! Sir, would you be so kind as to be after handing me the caudle cup?" 'Land! land! upon the starboard bow.'

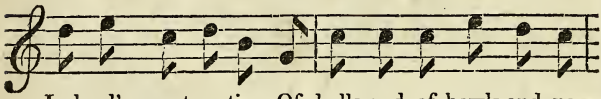
At last, after turning on two or three tacks,
Margate lights soon restor'd all our joy;
The men found their stomachs, the women their clacks.
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate hoy.

O'WHACK'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

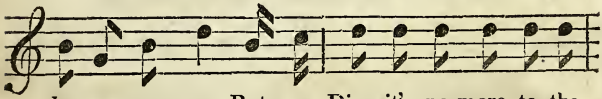
AS SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.—COMPOSED BY MR. REEVE.



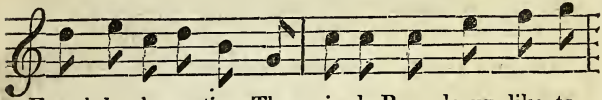
You may talk of a brogue, and of



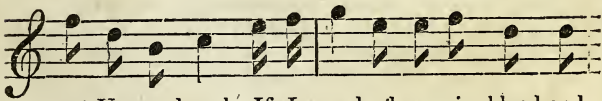
Ireland's sweet na-tion, Of bulls and of howls and pa-



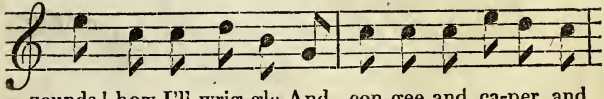
la-ver comme ca, But, mon Dieu, it's no more to the



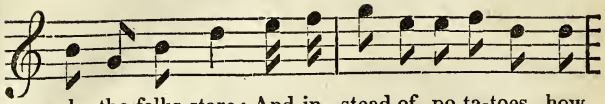
French bo-de-ra-tion, Than vin de Bour-deaux like to



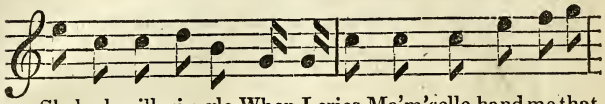
sweet Us-que-baugh. If I go back a-gain, blood and



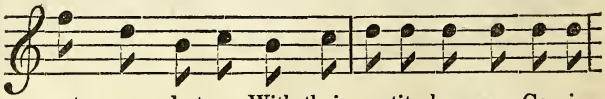
zounds! how I'll wrig-gle And con-gee and ca-per, and



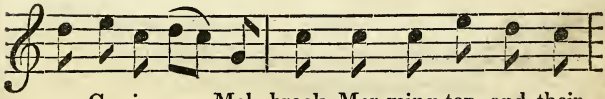
make the folks stare; And in - stead of po-ta-toes, how



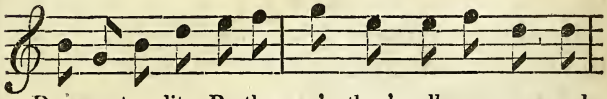
Shelagh will gig-gle, When I cries, Ma'm'selle, hand me that



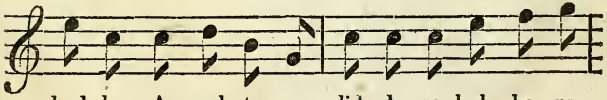
sweet pomme de terre, With their pe-tit chan-son, Ca - i -



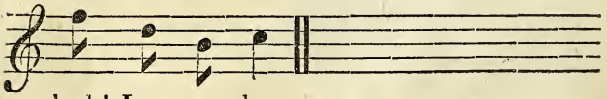
ra, Ca - i - ra, Mal - brook, Mer-ming-ton, and their



Dans vo-tre lit; By the pow'rs they're all non-sense and



bod-der, A - grah to our did - de - ro, bub - be - ro,



whack! Lan - go - lee.

2.

Oh, mon jolly tight Shelagh; ah, how could I scorn her
When I lov'd her so dearly, ma foi, hubbaboo;
And go round the globe, ay, from corner to corner,
For soup maigre, la dance, and for frogs and vertu.
And then to forsake magnifique Tipperary,
For pauvre Versailles, and its capering throng;
And eat fricassees only fit for a fairy,
Instead of substantial roast beef de mouton;
With their petit chanson, &c.

3.

O, I kiss'd a grisette, who halloo'd out Ma fi donc,
And yet I consol'd her all night and all day;
To be sure, and I was not her sweet Irish cupidon,
Her petit mignon, and mi lor Anglais.
But when she found out sans six sous was poor Whack, Sir
It twas Allez, miserable diable, John Bull;
So I e'en gave this blarneying Frenchified cat, Sir,
Of good wholesome shillelah a complete stomach full.
With their petit chanson, &c.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN THE "SIEGE OF BELGRADE."

Andantino.

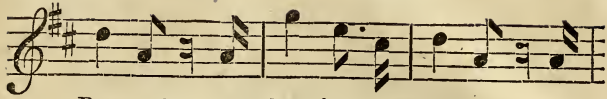
The rose and the li - ly, their

beau - ties com - bin - ing, De - light in a -

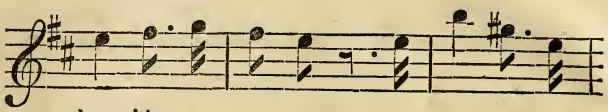
dorn - ing a form so di - vine, Such

charms to a pea - sant con - sign - ing; Ah!

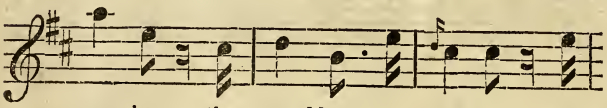
must I re - sign? For - bid it, ye



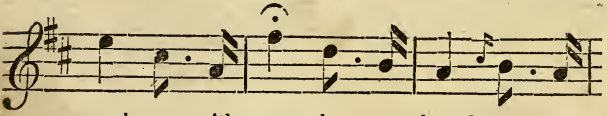
Pow-ers! to love 'tis a trea-son, to



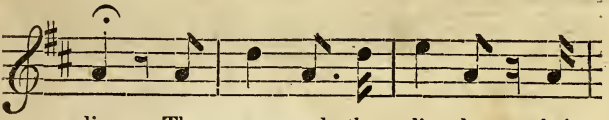
love 'tis a trea - son. Am - bi - tion, as -



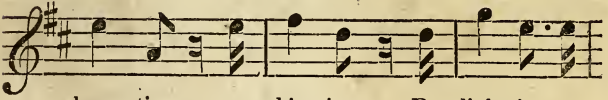
sum - ing the sem-blance of rea-son, Com -



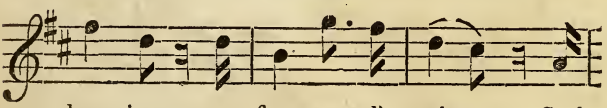
mands me with scorn the mean thought to de -



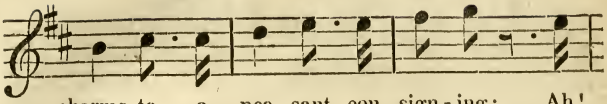
cline. The rose and the li - ly their



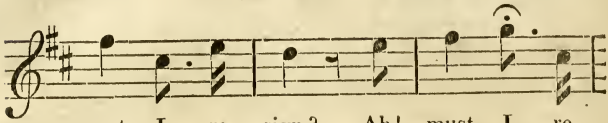
beau - ties com - bin - ing, De - light in a -



dorn - ing a form so di - vine; Such

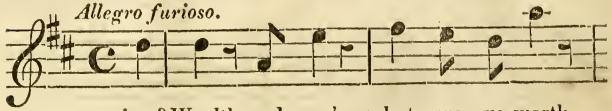


charms to a pea - sant con - sign - ing; Ah!

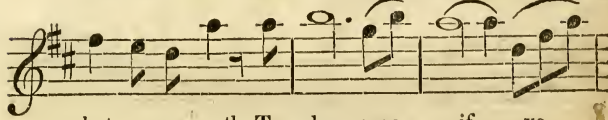


must I re - sign? Ah! must I re -

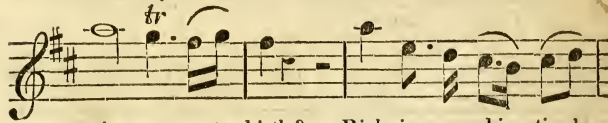
Allegro furioso.



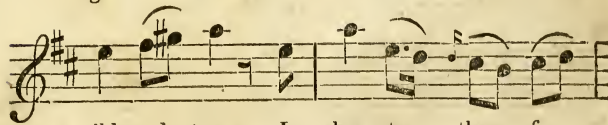
sign? Wealth and pow'r, what are ye worth,



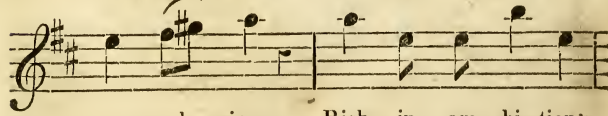
what are ye worth, To plea - sure if - - ye



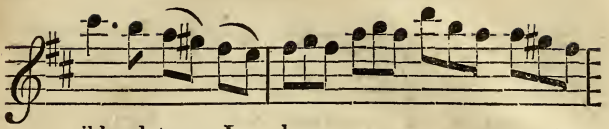
give . not birth? Rich in am - bi - tion's



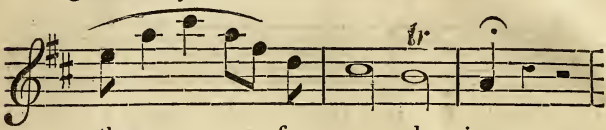
gild - ed toys, I bar - ter them for



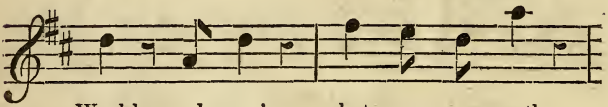
re - - - al joys, Rich in am - bi - tion's



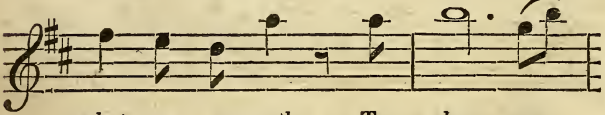
gild - ed toys, I bar - - - - - - - ter



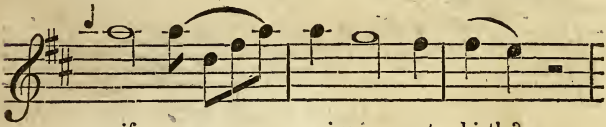
them - - - for re - - al joys.



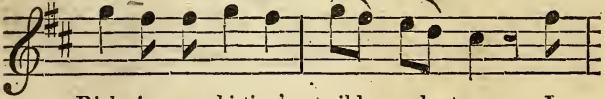
Wealth and pow'r, what are ye worth,



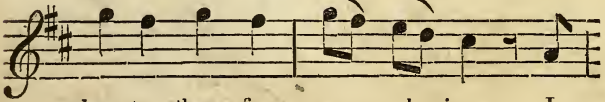
what are ye worth, To plea - sure



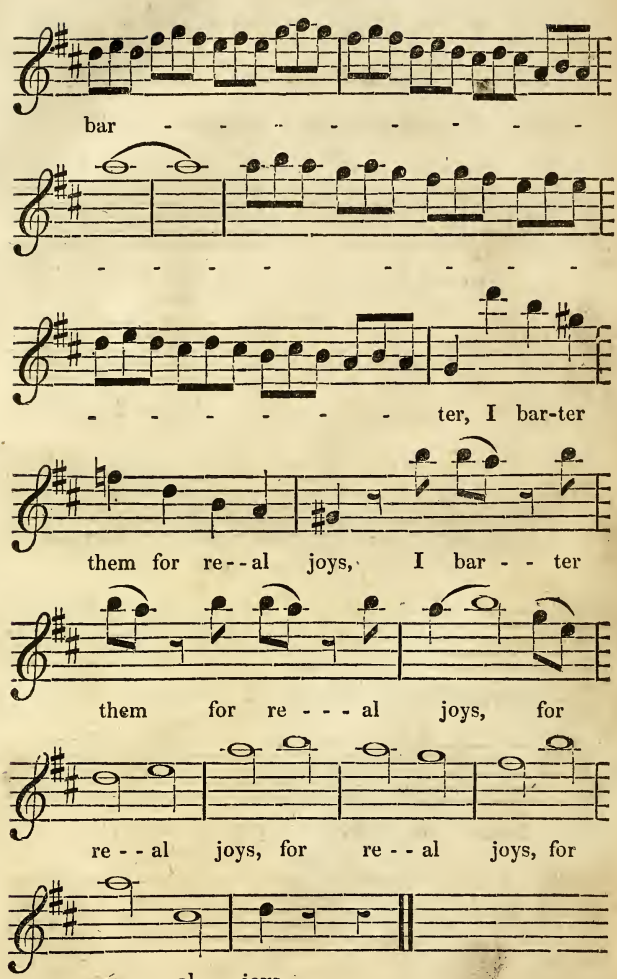
if - - - ye give not birth?



Rich in am - bi-tion's gild - ed toys, I



bar - ter them for re - - - al joys, I


bar - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - ter, I bar-ter
them for re--al joys, I bar - - ter
them for re - - - al joys, for
re - - al joys, for re - - al joys, for
re - - - al joys.

ACROSS THE DOWNS THIS MORNING.

COMPOSED BY S. STORACE.

A-cross the downs this morn - ing, As be -

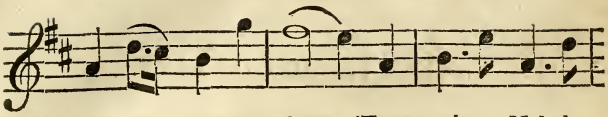
times I chanc'd to go, A shep-herd led his

flock a - broad, All white as dri - ven

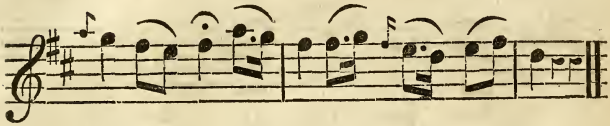
snow. But one was most the shep-herd's care, A

lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair; It's

wond-rous beau - ties, in a word, To



let you fair-ly know, 'Twas such as Nel-ly



from the fire Took off not long a-go.

2.

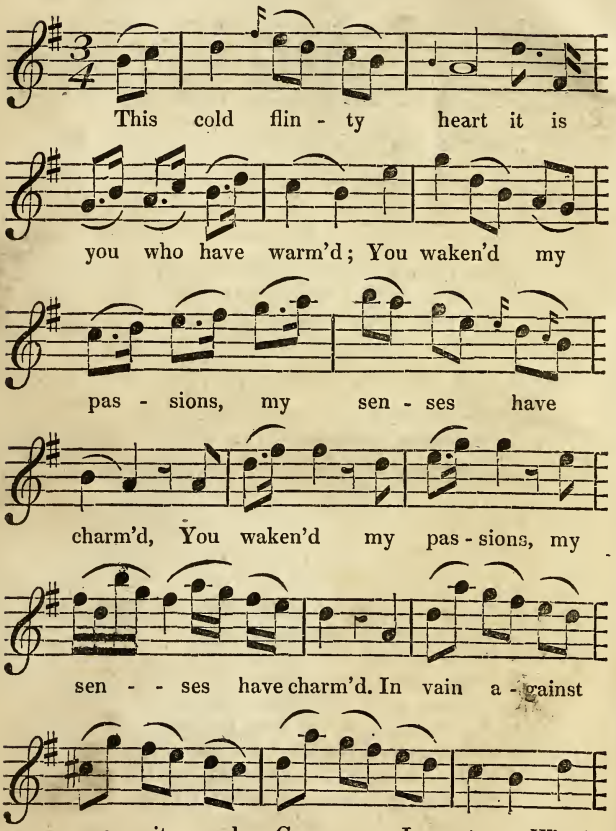
This lamb, as blithe as midsummer,
His frolic gambols play'd:
And now, of all the flock ahead,
The pretty wanton stray'd.
A wolf, that watch'd with greedy eyes,
Rush'd forth, and seiz'd the tender prize.
The shepherd saw, and rais'd a stone
So large, so round, I vow
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the shelf just now.

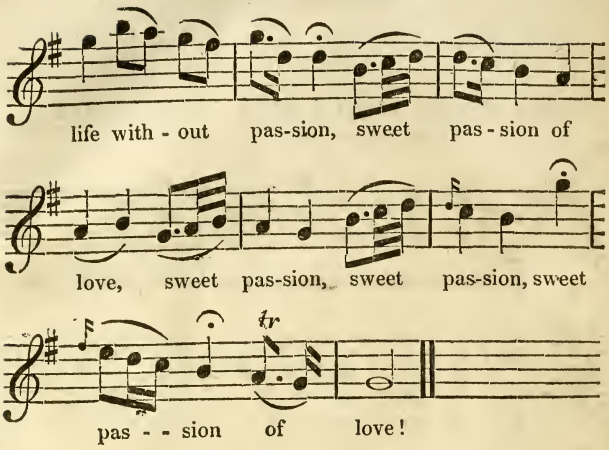
3.

This monstrous stone the shepherd flung,
And well his aim he took;
Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd
Around to cast a look;
But fled as swift with footstep light,
As he who brought the wine to-night.
I tried to stop the thief, but he
Turn'd round in rage, good lack!
So mad the lawyer scarce can be
That's hid in yonder sack.

SWEET PASSION OF LOVE.

AS SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS.—COMPOSED BY DR. ARNE.





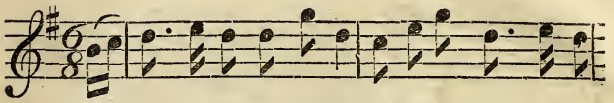
2.

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow
From youth that is frost-nipp'd no raptures can flow;
Elysium to him but a desert will prove—
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love!

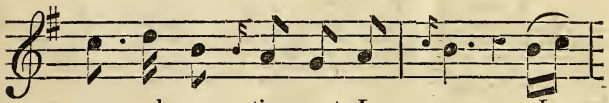
3.

The spring should be warm, the young reason be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome sweet May;
Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove—
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love!

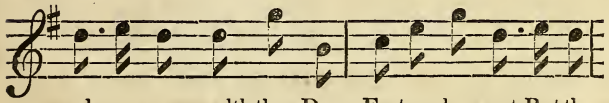
THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.



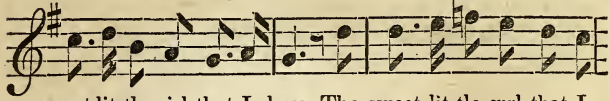
My friends all declare that my time is misspent, While in



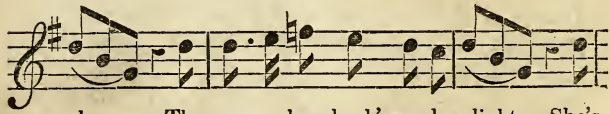
ru - ral re - tire-ment I rove; I



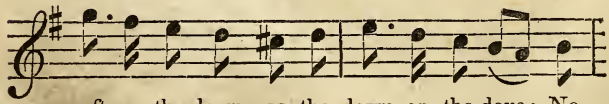
ask no more wealth than Dame Fortune has sent, But the



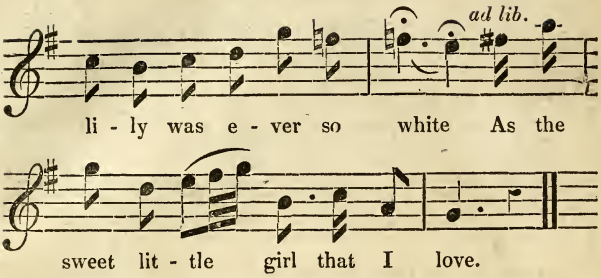
sweet lit-tle girl that I love, The sweet lit-tle girl that I



love. The rose on her cheek's my de - light, She's



soft as the down, as the down on the dove; No



2.

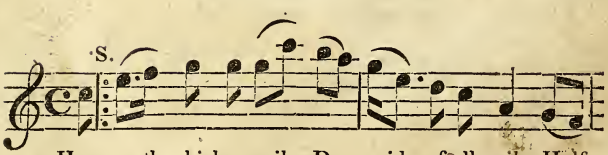
Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
For my fair one delights in my grove;
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

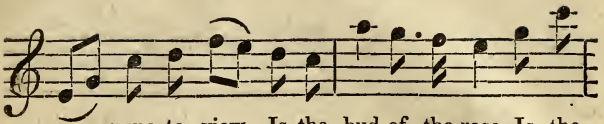
3.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove
My happiness centres in Fanny alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

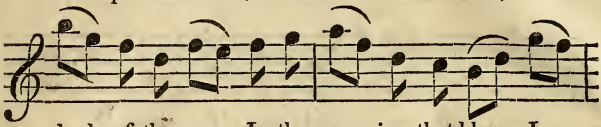
THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELD

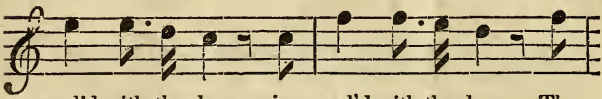




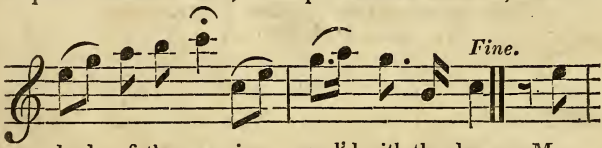
o - pens to view, Is the bud of the rose, Is the



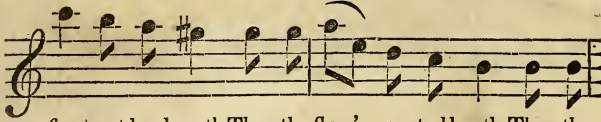
bud of the rose, In the morn-ing that blows, Im



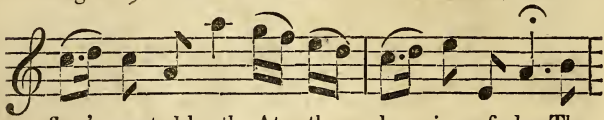
pearl'd with the dew, im-pearl'd with the dew; The



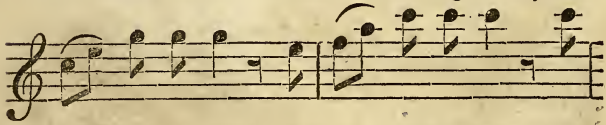
bud of the rose, im - pearl'd with the dew. More



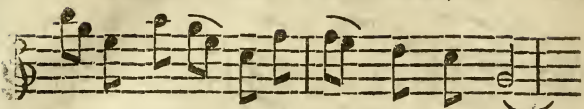
fragrant her breath Than the flow'r-scented heath, Than the



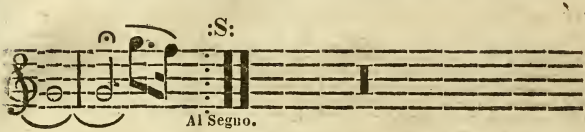
flow'r-scented heath, At the dawn-ing of day, The



haw-thorn in bloom, The li - ly's per-fume, The



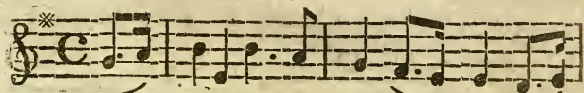
li - ly's perfume, or the blossoms of May. - -



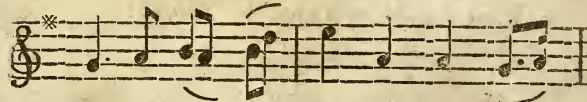
- - - Her, &c.

When bidden to the Wake or Fair.

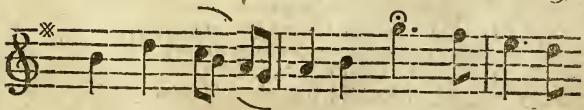
Composed by Mr. Shield.



When bid-den to the wake or fair, The

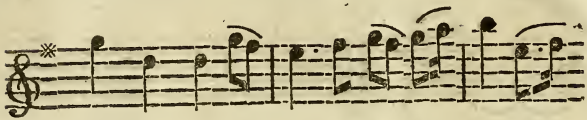


joy of each free - heart-ed swain, Till

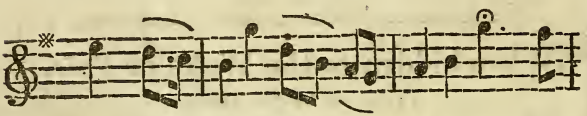


Phœ - be promis'd to be there I loiter'd

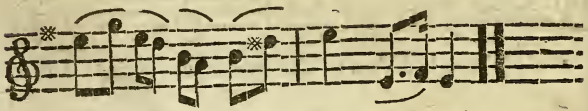
last of all the train. If chance some fair-ing



caught her eye, The ribbon gay or silk - en



glove, With eager haste I ran to buy, For



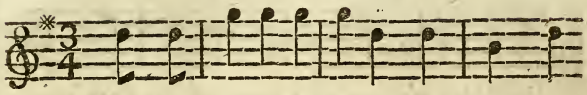
what is gold com - par'd to love!

2

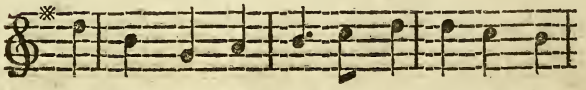
My posey on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale;
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move;
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

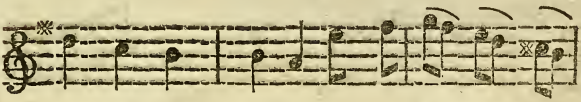
Composed by Mr. Reeve.



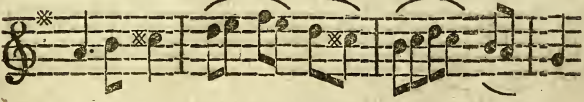
Since our foes to in-vade us have long been



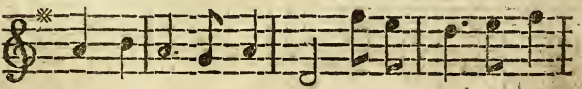
pre - par-ing, 'Tis clear they con-si-der we've



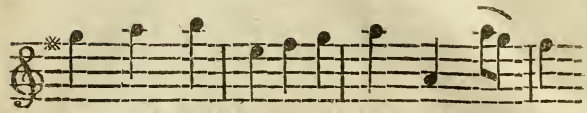
something worth sharing, And for that mean to



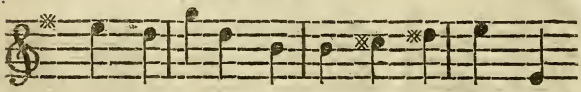
vi-sit our shore - - - - - - - - - For that



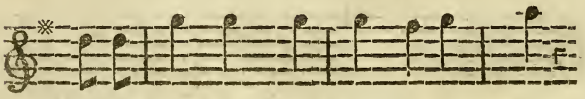
mean to vi - sit our shore. It be-hoves us, how-



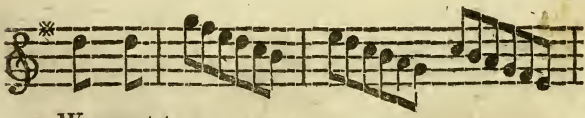
e - ver, with spi-rit to meet 'em, And tho'



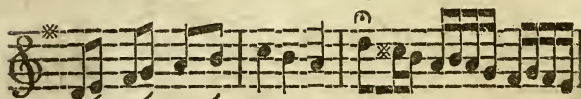
'twill be nothing un - common to beat 'em,



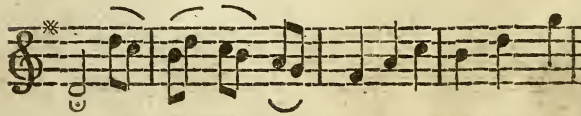
We must try how they'll take it once more,



We must try - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -



- - - how they'll take it once more - - - - - -



- - So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast

giv'n, Here's Eng-land for e - ver, The

Chorus.

land, boys, we live in. So fill, fill your

glasses, be this the toast giv'n, Here's

England for e -- ver, Huz -- za, Here's

England for e - ver, Huz - - za, Here's

England for e - ver, the land, boys, we

live in.

2

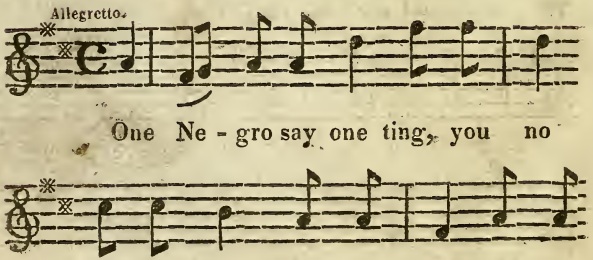
Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
Perhaps even now some broadsides they're exchanging,
We'll on ship board, and join in the fight.
And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
On our country we'll think with delight.
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

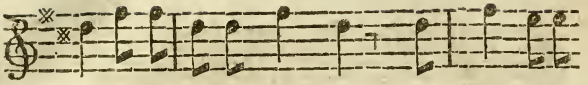
3

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,
Long, long may our King by his people be greeted;
Oh! to guard him we'll be of one mind.
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In union the nation to bind.
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

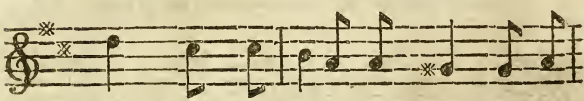
KICKARABOO.

Written and Composed by Mr. Dibdin.

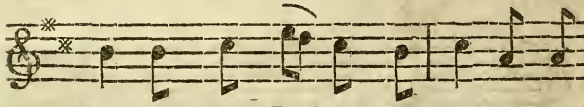




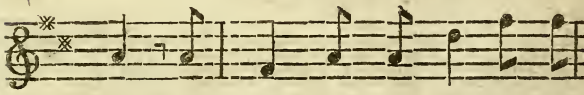
colour a hundred year hence ; And when Massa



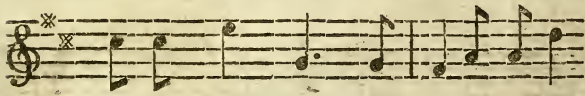
Death kick him in-to a grave, He no



spare ne - - gro, Buckra, nor mas - sa, nor

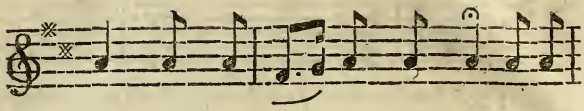


slave, Then dance and then sing, and a

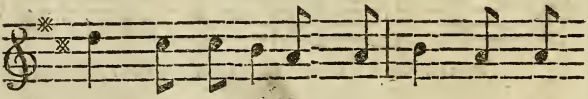


ban-ger thrum, thrum ! He foolish to tink

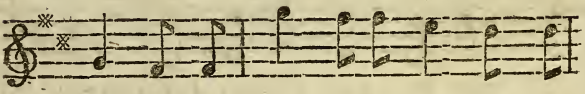
what to - morrow may come, He fool - ish to



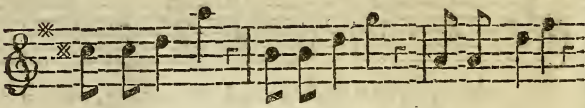
tink what to - mor - row may come, Lil-ly



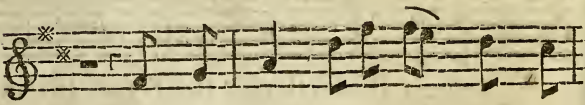
laugh and be fat, de best ting you can



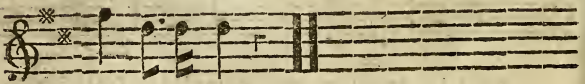
do, Time e - nough to be sad when you



kick-a-ra-boo, kick-a- ra-boo, kick-a- ra-boo,



Time e - nough to be sad when you



kick-a -ra-boo.

2

One massa, one slave, high and low all degrees,
Can be happy, dance, sing, make all pleasure him please,
One slave be one massa, be good, honest, brave;
One massa bad, wicked, he worse than one slave.
If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well;
If bad, he plague, vex you worse than a hell.
Let your heart make you merry, if honest and true,
And then you no care one farthing for kickaraboo.

3

One game me see massa him play, him call chess;
King, Queen, Bishop, Knight, castle, all in a mess.
King kill Knight, Queen Bishop, men castle throw down,
Like card solder him scatter, all lie on a ground;
And when the game over, King, Bishop, tag rag,
Queen, Knight, all together him go in a bag;
So in life's game at chess, when no more we can do,
Massa Death bring one bag, and we kickaraboo.

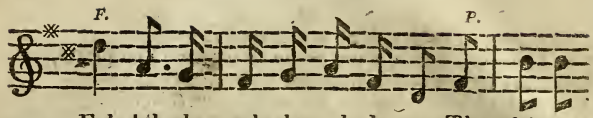
4

Then be good what you am, never mind de degree,
Lily flow'r good for somewhat, as well as great tree;
You one slave be no use to be sulky and sly,
Worky, worky, perhaps, you one massy by'm by.
Savee, good, and be poor, make you act better part,
Than be rich in a pocket, and poor in a heart.
Though ever so low, do your duty for true,
All your friend drop one tear when you kickaraboo.

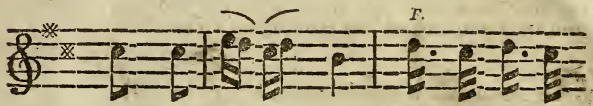
GILES SCROGGINS.

Composed by Mr. Reeve.

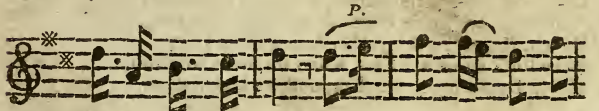
Giles Scrog-gins court-ed Mol - ly Brown,



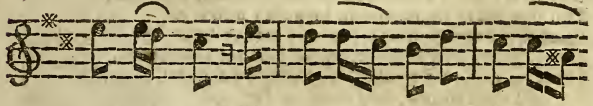
Fol lol de rol de rol de ra. The fairest



wench in all the town, Fol de rol de

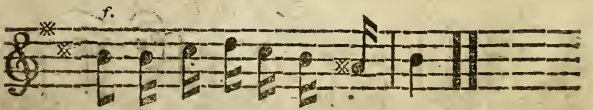


rol de rol de ra. He bought a ring with



po - sy true, If you loves me as I loves

you, No knife shall cut our love in two.



Fol lol de rid-dle lol de ra.

2

But scissors cut as well as knives, Fol lol, &c.
And quite uncertain is our lives, Fol lol, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,
So they could not be married, Fol lol, &c.

3

Poor Mary laid her down to sleep, Fol lol, &c.
And cried, herself quite fast asleep, Fol lol, &c.
When standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
And it cried I be Giles Scroggins' ghost. Fol lol, &c.

4

The ghost it said all solemnly, Fol lol, &c.
O Molly you must go with I; Fol lol, &c.
All to the grave your love to cool.
Says she, I am not dead, you fool.
Says the ghost says he, Vy that's no rule.

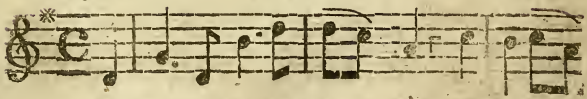
5

The ghost he seiz'd her all so grim, Fol lol, &c.
All for to go along with him. Fol lol, &c.
Come, come, said he, ere morning beam.
I vont, she cried, and guv'd a scream;
Then she woke, and found she'd dreamt a dream,
All about, Fol lol de riddle lol de ra.

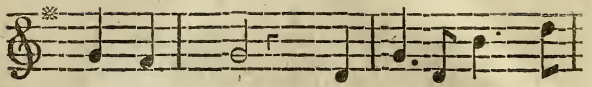
A PREY TO TENDER ANGUISH.

Composed by Dr. Haydn.

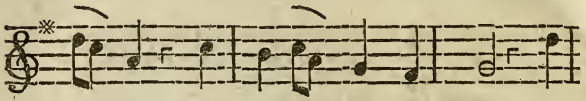
Larghetto.



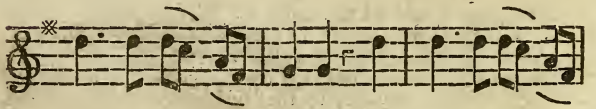
A prey to ten-der an - guish, Of ev' - ry



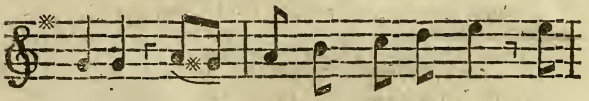
joy be - - reav'd, How oft I sigh and



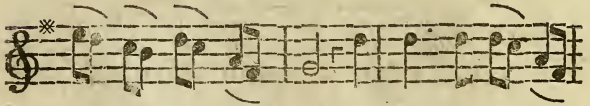
lan-guish, How oft by hope de - ceiv'd ; Still



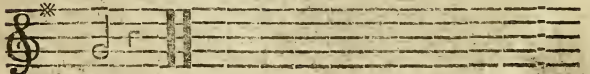
wishing still de - - si-ring, To bliss in vain as-



piring. A thousand tears I shed, In



night-ly tri - bute sped, In night-ly tri-bute



sped.

2

And love and fame betraying,
And friends no longer true;
No smiles my face arraying,
No heart so fraught with woe;
So pass'd my life's sad morning,
Young joys no more returning,
Alas! now all around,
I dark and cheerless found.

3

Ah! why did Nature give me,
A heart so soft and true,
A heart to pain and grieve me,
At ills that others rue?
At other ills thus wailing,
And inward griefs assailing,
With double anguish fraught,
To throb each pulse is taught.

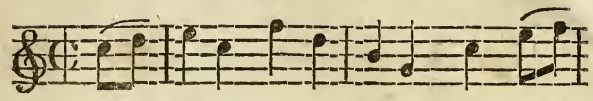
Ere long, perchance, my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close,
Not distant far the morrow
That brings the wish'd repose;
When death with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark thy peaceful doom
Beneath the silent tomb.

5

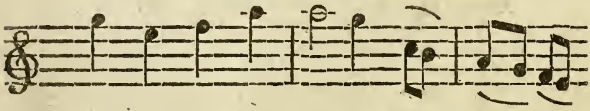
Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow, my tears;
Tho' nought be here but anguish,
The grave shall end my cares.
On earth's soft lap reposing,
Life's idle pageant closing,
No more shall grief assail,
Nor sorrow longer wail.

PATTY CLOVER.

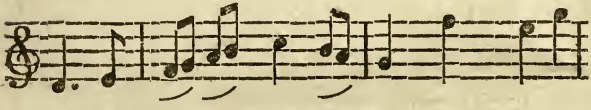
From the Opera of "Marian."—Composed by Mr. Shield.



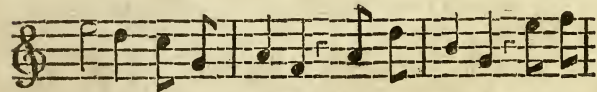
When lit-tle, on the village green We



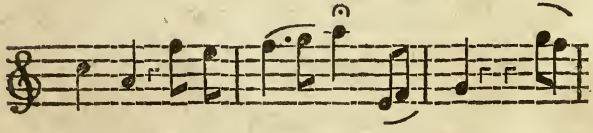
play'd, I learn'd to love her, She seem'd to



me some fai - ry queen, So light tripp'd Pat-ty



Clover, Pat-ty Clo-ver, Pat-ty Clover, Patty



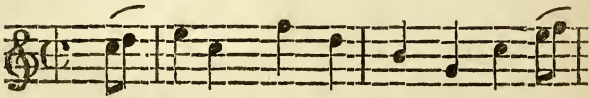
Clo-ver, Pat-ty Clo - ver So light, so

light, so light tripp'd Pat-ty Clo-ver.

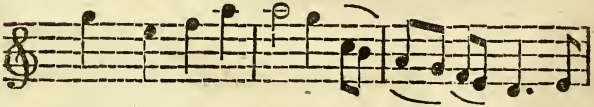
2

With ev'ry simple childish art
I try'd each day to mover her,
The cherry pluck'd the bleeding heart
To give to Patty Clover;
To give to Patty, little Patty, Patty Clover, Patty Clover,
To give, to give, to give to Patty Clover.

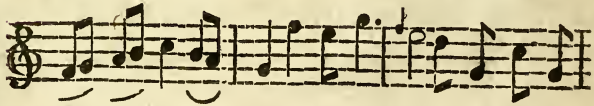
3d Verse.



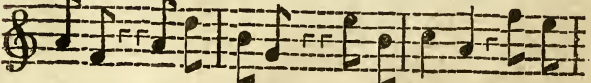
The fairest flow'rs to deck her breast I



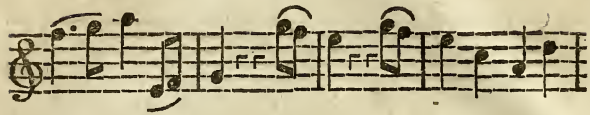
chose, an in-fant lo-ver, I stole the goldfinch

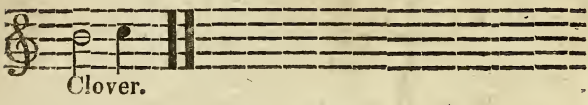


from its nest to sing to Patty Clover, to sing to



Pat-ty, lit-tle Patty, Patty Clover, Pat-ty



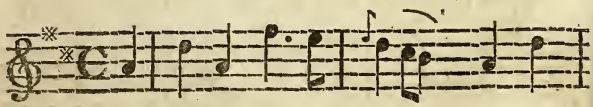


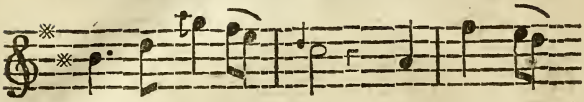
4

Tho' stout, I'll sure be constant still,
Nor ever be a rover:
If means increase and coffers fill,
'Tis all for Patty Clover;
'Tis all for Patty, little Patty, Patty Clover, Patty Clover,
'Tis all, 'tis all, 'tis all for Patty Clover.

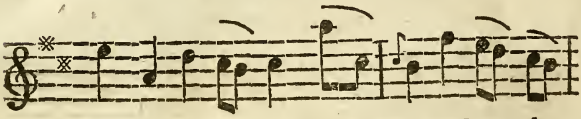
The Glasses sparkle on the Board.

A favourite Song, written by W. D. Diggs, Esq.
Composed by T. A Geary.

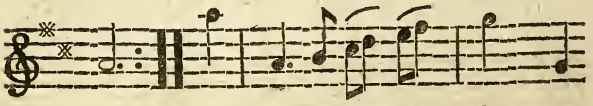




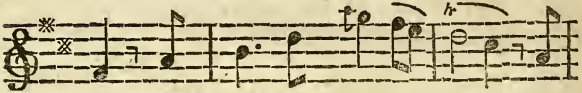
Wine is ru - by bright; The reign of



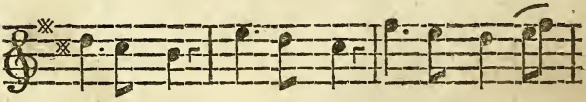
pleasure is re-stor'd, Of ease and gay de-



light. The day is gone, the night's our

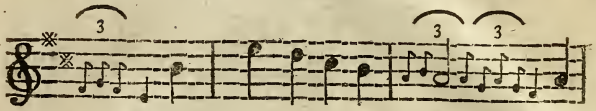


own, Then let us feast the soul; If



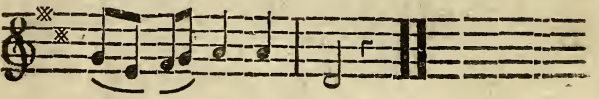
a - ny pain, a - ny pain, a - ny pain, or

care remain, Why, drown it in the bowl,



--- Why, drown it in the bowl, ---- If

a--y pain or care re-main, Why,



drown it in the bowl.

2

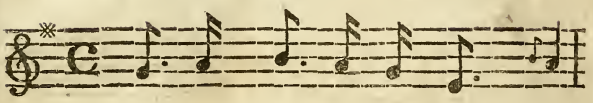
This world, they say's a world of woe,
  But that I do deny;
Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
  Or pain from beauty's eye?
The wise are fools, with all their rules,
  When they would joy controul;
If life's a pain, I say again,
  Let's drown it in the bowl.

3

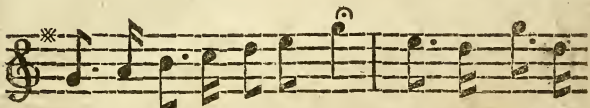
That time flies fast the poet singe,
  Then surely it is wise
In rosy wine to dip his wings,
  And seize him as he flies.
This night is ours, then strew with flow'rs
  The moments as they roll;
If any pain or care remain,
  Why, drown it in the bowl.

LEWIS GORDON.

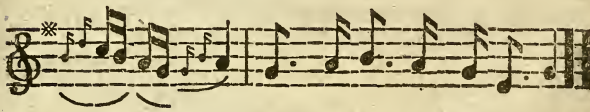
A favourite old Scotch Song.



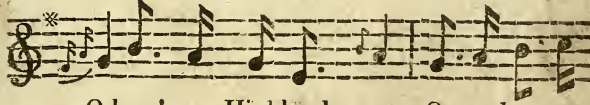
Oh! send Lew - is Gor - don hame,



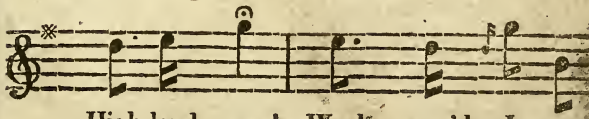
And the lad I win-na name, Tho' his back be



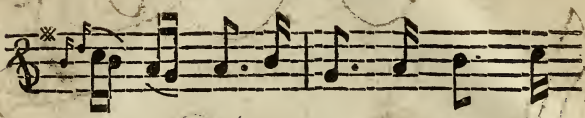
at the wa,' Here's to him that's far a - wa.

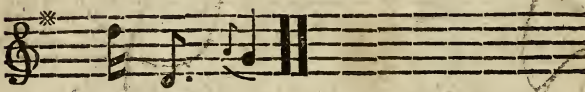


O hon! my Highland- man. O my bon-ny



High-land - man! Weel wou'd I my





2

Oh, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and leigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon! &c.

3

The princely youth that I do mean
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd tak' him for the god of war.
O hon! &c.

4

Oh, to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne,
Disasters a' wou'd disappear,
Then begin the jub'lee year.
O hon! &c.

T. Hamblin, Printer, Sugar-Loaf Court, Garlick-Hill.

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